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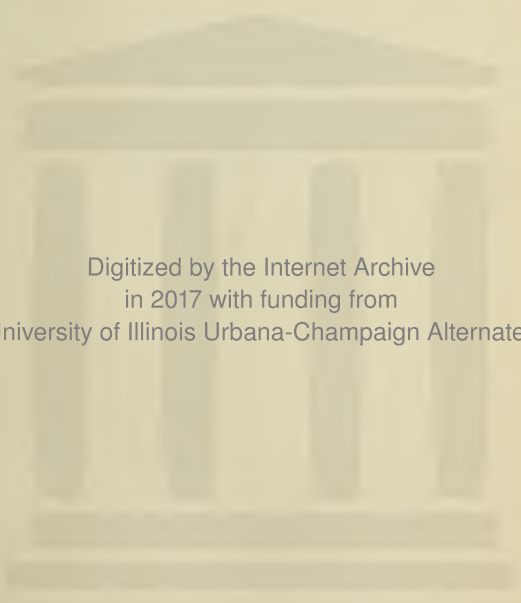
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THE HISTORY

OF

SANDFORD AND MERTON.

BY T. DAY.

New and Revised Edition.

LONDON:

HENRY G. BOHN, YORK STREET, COVENT GARDEN.

1860.

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THE HISTORY

OF

SANDFORD AND MERTON.

IN the West of England lived Mr. Merton, a gentleman of considerable fortune, who owned a large estate in Jamaica, cultivated sugar, and was master of many servants. Having resided abroad during the greater part of his life, he came over to England for the purpose of educating his only son, of whom he was excessively fond. Tommy Merton, who, at the time he came from Jamaica, was only six years old, was naturally a very good-natured boy, but had been spoiled by over-indulgence. > While in Jamaica, he had several black servants to wait upon him, who were forbidden ever to contradict him. When he walked, there always went two negroes with him, one of whom carried a large umbrella to keep the sun from him, and the other to carry him in his arms when he was tired. Besides this, he had a fine gilded carriage, in which he made visits to his playfellows. His mother was so fond of him, that she gave him everything he cried for, and would not let him learn to read, because he complained that it made his head ache.

The consequence of this was, that, though Master Merton had all he wanted, he became unhappy. Sometimes he ate sweetmeats till he made himself sick, and then he suffered a great deal of pain, because he would not take physic to make him well. Sometimes he cried for things that it was impossible to give him, and then, as he had never been contradicted, it was many hours before he could be pacified. When any company came to dine, he was always to be helped first, and to have the most

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delicate parts of the meat, otherwise he would disturb the whole company. When his father and mother were sitting at the tea-table with their friends, instead of waiting till they were at leisure to attend to him, he would scramble upon the table, seize the cake and bread-and-butter, and upset the tea-cups. By these pranks he made himself disagreeable to everybody, and often met with very dangerous accidents. Frequently he cut himself with knives, at other times threw heavy things upon his head, and once narrowly escaped being scalded to death by a kettle of boiling water. He was also so delicately brought up, that the least wind or rain gave him cold, and the least sun threw him into a fever. Instead of playing about, and jumping, and running, like other children, he was taught to sit still for fear of spoiling his clothes, and to stay in the house for fear of spoiling his complexion. By this kind of education, when Master Merton came to England, he could neither write, read, nor cipher; he could use none of his limbs with ease, nor bear any degree of fatigue; but was proud, fretful, and impatient.

Near Mr. Merton's seat lived a plain, honest farmer, named Sandford. This man had, like Mr. Merton, an only son, whose name was Harry. Harry was about the same age as Master Merton, and, as he had always been accustomed to run about in the fields, to follow the labourers while they were ploughing, and to drive the sheep to their pasture, was active, hardy, and fresh-coloured. He was neither so fair nor so delicately shaped as Master Merton, but he had an honest, good-natured countenance, which made everybody love him, was never out of temper, and took the greatest pleasure in obliging everybody. If little Harry saw a poor man who wanted victuals, he was sure to give him half of his dinner, and sometimes the whole—nay, so very good-natured was he to everything, that he would never take the eggs of poor birds, or their young ones, nor practise any kind of sport which gave pain to poor animals, who are as capable of feeling as ourselves, though they have no words to express their sufferings. Once, indeed, Harry was caught twirling a cockchafer round, which he had fastened by a crooked pin to a long piece of thread: but this was through want of thought; for, as soon as his father told him that the poor helpless insect felt as much or more than he would if a knife were thrust through his hand, he burst into tears, and took the poor animal

home, and fed him for a fortnight upon fresh leaves ; and when he was perfectly recovered, turned him out to enjoy liberty and the fresh air. Ever since that time, Harry was so considerate that he would step out of the way for fear of hurting a worm, and employed himself in doing kind offices to all the animals in the neighbourhood. He used to stroke the horses when they were at work, and fill his pockets with acorns for the pigs ; if he walked in the fields, he was sure to gather green boughs for the sheep, who were so fond of him that they followed him wherever he went. In the winter, when the ground was covered with snow, and the poor little birds could get no food, he would often go supperless to bed, that he might feed the robin-red-breasts. Even toads, and frogs, and spiders, which most people destroy wherever they find them, were perfectly safe with Harry ; he used to say, they had a right to live as well as we, and that it was cruel to kill creatures only because we did not like them.

These sentiments made Harry a great favourite with everybody ; particularly with the clergyman of the parish, who became so fond of him, that he taught him to read and write, and had him almost always with him. Indeed, it was not surprising that Mr. Barlow showed so particular an affection for him ; for, besides learning everything that he was taught with the greatest readiness, little Harry was the most obliging creature in the world. He was never discontented. You might believe Harry in everything he said ; for, if he could have gained a plum-cake by telling an untruth, and was sure that speaking the truth would expose him to a whipping, he never hesitated in declaring it. Nor was he like many other children, who place their whole happiness in eating ; for give him but a morsel of dry bread for his dinner, and he would be satisfied, though sweetmeats, fruit, and every other delicacy were placed in his way.

★ With this boy Master Merton became acquainted in the following manner :—As he and the maid-servant were walking in the fields one fine summer's morning, gathering wild flowers, and running after butterflies, a large snake, on a sudden, started from some long grass, and coiled itself round little Tommy's leg. You may imagine the fright they were both in : the maid ran away shrieking for help, while the child, in an agony of terror, did not dare to stir from the place where he was standing. Harry, who happened to be walking near, came

running up, and asked what was the matter. Tommy, who was sobbing piteously, could not find words to tell him, but pointed to his leg, and made Harry sensible of what had happened. Harry, who was a boy of a most courageous spirit, told him not to be frightened, and seizing the snake by the neck, with as much dexterity as resolution, tore it from Tommy's leg, and threw it to a great distance.

Just at this moment, Mrs. Merton and the family came running breathless to the place, as Tommy was recovering his spirits, and thanking his brave little deliverer. Her first impulse was to catch her darling in her arms, and after giving him a thousand kisses, to ask him whether he was hurt. "No," said he, "indeed I am not, mamma; but I believe the ugly beast would have bitten me, if that little boy had not come and pulled it off." "And who are you, my dear," said she, "to whom we are all so much obliged?" "Harry Sandford, madam." "Well, my child, you are a dear, brave little fellow, and you shall go home and dine with us." "No, thank you, madam: my father will want me." "And who is your father, my sweet boy?" "Farmer Sandford, madam, who lives at the bottom of the hill." "Well, my dear, you shall be my child henceforth: will you?" "If you please, madam, if I may have my own father and mother too."

Mrs. Merton instantly despatched a servant to the farmer's; and, taking little Harry by the hand, led him to her own house, where she found Mr. Merton, whom she entertained with a long account of Tommy's danger and Harry's bravery.

Harry was now in a new scene of life. He was conducted through costly apartments, where he saw large looking-glasses in gilded frames, carved tables and chairs, curtains made of the finest silk, and plates and knives and forks of silver. At dinner he sat close to Mrs. Merton, who took care to supply him with the nicest bits, and engaged him to eat with the most endearing kindness; but, to the astonishment of everybody, he neither appeared pleased nor surprised at anything he saw. Mrs. Merton could not conceal her disappointment; for as she had always been used to finery herself, she had expected it should make the same impression upon everybody else. At last, seeing him eye a small silver cup with great attention, out of which he had been drinking, she asked him whether he would not like to have such a fine thing to drink out of; and added,

that though it was Tommy's cup, she was sure he would give it with great pleasure to his little friend. "Yes, that I will," said he; "for you know, mamma, I have a much finer one than that, made of gold, besides two large ones of silver." "Thank you, with all my heart," said Harry; "but I will not rob you of it, for I have a much better one at home." "How!" said Mrs. Merton, "does your father eat and drink out of silver?" "I don't know, madam, what you call this; but we drink at home out of long things made of horn, such as the cows wear upon their heads." "The child is a simpleton, I think," said Mrs. Merton; "and why are those better than silver ones?" "Because," said Harry, "they never make us uncomfortable." "Make you uncomfortable, my child!" said Mrs. Merton: "what do you mean?" "Why, madam, when the man threw that great thing down, which looks just like this, I saw that you were very sorry about it, and looked as if you had been just ready to drop. Now, ours at home are thrown about by all the family, and nobody minds it." "Really," said Mrs. Merton to her husband, "I do not know what to say to this boy, he makes such strange observations."

The fact was, that during dinner one of the servants had thrown down a large piece of plate, which, as it was very valuable, had made Mrs. Merton not only look very uncomfortable, but give the man a severe scolding for his awkwardness.

After dinner, Mrs. Merton filled a large glass with wine, and giving it to Harry, bade him drink it; but he thanked her, and said he was not thirsty. "But, my dear," said she, "this is very sweet and pleasant, and, as you are a good boy, you may drink it." "Ah! but, madam, Mr. Barlow says, that we must only eat when we are hungry, and drink when we are thirsty; and that we must only eat and drink such things as are easily met with; otherwise we shall grow peevish and vexed when we cannot get them."

"Upon my word," said Mr. Merton, "this little man is a philosopher, and we should be much obliged to Mr. Barlow if he would take our Tommy under his care; for he grows a great boy, and it is time that he should learn something. What say you, Tommy, should you like to be a philosopher?" "Indeed, papa, I don't know what a philosopher is, but I should like to be a king; because he's finer and richer than anybody else, and has nothing to do, and everybody is afraid of him."

"Well said, my dear," said Mrs. Merton, and rose and kissed him: "and a king you deserve to be with such a spirit; and here's a glass of wine for you, for making such a pretty answer. And should not you like to be a king too, little Harry?" "No, indeed, madam; but I hope I shall soon be old enough to go to plough, and get my own living; and then I shall want nobody to wait upon me." "What a difference there is between the children of farmers and gentlemen!" whispered Mrs. Merton to her husband, looking rather contemptuously upon Harry. "I am not sure," said Mr. Merton, "that for this time the advantage is on the side of our son. But should you not like to be rich, my dear?" said he to Harry. "No, indeed, sir." "No, simpleton!" said Mrs. Merton; "and why not?" "Because the only rich man I ever saw is Squire Chase, and he rides among people's corn, and breaks down their hedges, and shoots their poultry, and kills their dogs, and lames their cattle, and hates the poor; and they say he does all this because he's rich; but everybody dislikes him, though they dare not tell him so to his face." "But should not you like to have a coach to carry you about, and servants to wait upon you?" "As to that, madam, I don't want to ride, because I can walk where I choose; and as to servants, I should have nothing for them to do, if I had a hundred of them." Mrs. Merton continued to look at him with a sort of contemptuous astonishment, but did not ask him any more questions.

In the evening little Harry was sent home, and his father asked him what he had seen at the great house, and how he liked being there. "Why," said Harry, "they were all very kind to me, for which I'm much obliged to them; but I had rather have been at home, for I never was so troubled in all my life to get my dinner. There was one man to take away my plate, and another to give me drink, and another to stand behind my chair, just as if I were lame or blind, and could not help myself. And then, there was so much to do with putting this thing on, and taking another off, I thought it would never have been over; and, after dinner, I was obliged to sit two whole hours without stirring, while the lady was talking to me, wanting me to love fine clothes, and to be a king, and to be rich, that I may be hated like Squire Chase."

At Mr. Merton's, much of the conversation, in the meantime, was about little Harry. Mrs. Merton acknowledged his bravery

and openness of temper : she was also struck with the general good nature of his character ; but she contended there was a certain grossness and indelicacy in his ideas, which distinguish the children of the lower classes of people from those of persons of fashion. Mr. Merton, on the contrary, declared that he had never before seen a child whose sentiments would do so much honour even to the most elevated situations. “The seat of all superiority,” added he, “must be placed in the mind : dignified sentiments, superior courage, and universal courtesy constitute the real gentleman ; and where these are wanting it is absurd to think they can be supplied by affected tones of voice, or extravagant modes of dress. I cannot help, therefore, asserting,” said he, very seriously, “that this little peasant has within his mind the seeds of true gentility, and, though I shall also wish that our son may possess all the accomplishments common to his rank, nothing would give me more pleasure than to know that he would never in any respect fall below the son of Farmer Sandford.”

Whether Mrs. Merton fully acceded to these observations of her husband, I cannot decide ; but without waiting to hear her sentiments, he went on :—“Should I appear more warm than usual upon this subject, you must pardon me, my dear, and attribute it to the interest I feel in the welfare of our dear child. I am sensible that our mutual fondness has hitherto treated him with too much indulgence. While we have been solicitous to remove from him every painful and disagreeable impression, we have made him too delicate and fretful : our desire of consulting his inclinations has made us gratify even his caprices and humours ; and, while we have been studious to preserve him from restraint and opposition, we have in reality prevented him from acquiring even the common information that might be expected from his age and situation. All this I have long observed in silence ; but have hitherto concealed, both from my fondness for our child, and my fear of hurting your feelings ; but at length my anxiety for his real interests has prevailed over every other motive, and has compelled me to form a resolution which I hope will not be disagreeable to you—that of sending him directly to Mr. Barlow, provided he will take charge of him : and I think this acquaintance with young Sandford may prove a very happy circumstance, as he is so nearly the age of our boy. I shall therefore

propose to pay for the board and education of this farmer's son for some years, that he may be the companion of our Tommy during his residence with Mr. Barlow."

As Mr. Merton said this with firmness, and the proposal was in itself reasonable, Mrs. Merton made no objection, but consented, although very reluctantly, to part with her son. Mr. Barlow was accordingly invited to dinner the next Sunday, and Mr. Merton took an opportunity of making the proposal to him; assuring him, at the same time, that though there was no return within the bounds of his fortune which he would not willingly make, yet the education and improvement of his son were objects of so much importance to him, that he should always consider himself the obliged party.

"Pardon me," replied Mr. Barlow, "if I interrupt you. I am contented to take your son for some months under my care, and to endeavour to improve him. But there is one circumstance which is indispensable; that you permit me to have the pleasure of serving you as a friend. If you approve of my ideas and conduct, I will keep him as long as you desire. In the meantime, as there are, I fear, some little circumstances, which have grown up by too much indulgence, to be altered in his character, I think that I shall possess more of the necessary authority, if I for the present appear to him and your whole family rather in the light of a friend than that of a school-master."

However adverse this proposal was to the generosity of Mr. Merton, he was obliged to consent to it: and little Tommy was accordingly sent the next day to the vicarage, which was about two miles from his father's house.

The day after Tommy and Harry came to Mr. Barlow's, that gentleman took them into the garden directly after breakfast, and, when there, gave Harry a hoe, took a spade in his own hand, and set to work eagerly. "Every body that eats," said Mr. Barlow, "ought to assist in procuring food; and therefore Harry and I begin our daily work. This is my bed, and that is his. We work upon it every day; and he that raises the most, will fare the best. Now, Tommy, if you choose to join us, I will mark you out a piece of ground, which you shall have to yourself, and all the produce shall be your own." "No, indeed," said Tommy, very sulkily, "I am a gentleman, and don't choose to work like a ploughboy." "Just as you please,

Mr. Gentleman," said Mr. Barlow, "but Harry and I, who are not above being useful, will mind our work."

In about two hours Mr. Barlow said it was time to leave off, and taking Harry by the hand, he led him into a very pleasant summer-house, where they sat down, and Mr. Barlow bringing out a dish of fine ripe cherries, divided them between Harry and himself. Tommy, who had followed, and expected his share, could no longer restrain his passion, but burst into a violent fit of sobbing. "What is the matter?" said Mr. Barlow very coolly to him. Tommy looked upon him sulkily, but returned no answer. "Oh! sir, if you don't choose to answer, you may be silent; nobody is obliged to speak here." Tommy became still more enraged at this, and, being unable to conceal his anger, ran out of the summer-house, and wandered very disconsolately about the garden; equally surprised and vexed to find that he was now in a place where nobody cared whether he was pleased or not. When all the cherries were eaten, little Harry said, "You promised to be so good as to hear me read when we had done working in the garden; and, if agreeable to you, I will now read the story of the 'Flies and the Ants.'" "With all my heart," said Mr. Barlow; "remember to read it slowly and distinctly, without hesitating or pronouncing the words wrong; and be sure to read it in such a manner as to show that you understand it." Harry then took up the book and read as follows:—

THE FLIES AND THE ANTS.

In a corner of a farmer's garden, there was once a nest of ants, who, during all the summer, were employed in drawing little seeds and grains of corn into their hole. Near them was a bed of flowers, upon which a great multitude of flies used to be always sporting, humming, and diverting themselves. The farmer's son used frequently to observe these insects; and, as he was very young and ignorant, he one day thus expressed himself: "Can any creature be so foolish as these ants! All day long they are working and toiling, instead of enjoying the fine weather, and diverting themselves like these flies, who are the happiest creatures in the world." Some time after he had made this observation, the weather grew extremely cold, the sun was scarcely seen to shine, and the nights became chill and

frosty. The same little boy, walking in the garden with his father, could not see a single ant, but all the flies lay on the ground, either dead or dying. As he was very good-natured, he could not help pitying the unfortunate insects, and asked at the same time what had happened to the ants that he used to see in the same place. His father said, "The flies are all dead, because they were careless insects, who gave themselves no trouble about laying up provisions, and were too idle to work; but the ants, who had been busy all the summer, in providing against the winter, are all alive and well; and you will see them again, as soon as the warm weather returns."

"Very well, Harry," said Mr. Barlow; "we will now take a walk." They accordingly rambled into the fields, where Mr. Barlow made Harry take notice of several kinds of plants and told him the names and qualities of them. At last Harry, who had observed some pretty purple berries upon a plant that bore a purple flower, and grew in the hedges, brought them to Mr. Barlow, and asked whether they were good to eat. "It is very well, Harry," said Mr. Barlow, "that you asked that question before you put them into your mouth; for, had you tasted them, they would have given you violent pains in your head and stomach, and perhaps have killed you, for they grow upon a poisonous plant called the deadly nightshade, and have caused the death of a great many persons." "Sir," said Harry, "I never eat any thing without knowing what it is; and I hope, if you will be so good as to teach me, I shall very soon know the names and qualities of every herb that grows."

As they were returning home, Harry saw a very large bird, called a kite, upon the ground, that seemed to have something in his claws, which he was tearing to pieces. Harry, who knew him to be one of those ravenous creatures which prey upon others, ran up to him, shouting as loud as he could; and the bird, being frightened, flew away, leaving a chicken behind him, terribly hurt, but still alive. "Look, sir," said Harry, "that cruel creature has almost killed this poor chicken! See how he bleeds and hangs his head! I will carry him home, and he shall have part of my dinner every day, till he is well, and able to provide for himself."

As soon as they came home, Harry's first care was to put his wounded chicken into a basket, with some fresh straw, some

water, and some bread. After that, Mr. Barlow and he went to dinner. In the meantime, Tommy, who had been sulking about all day, came in, and being very hungry, was going to sit down to table with the rest; but Mr. Barlow stopped him, and said, "No, sir, as you are too fine a gentleman to work, we, who are not so, do not choose to work for the idle." Upon this, Tommy retired into a corner, crying as if his heart would break, but more from grief than passion, as he began to perceive that nobody minded his ill-temper. Then little Harry, who could not bear to see his friend unhappy, looked up, half crying, into Mr. Barlow's face, and said, "Pray, sir, may I do as I please with my dinner?" "Yes, to be sure, child." "Why then," said he, "I will give it to poor Tommy, who wants it more than I do." Saying this, he gave it to him as he sat in the corner. Tommy took it and thanked him, without ever lifting his eyes from the ground. "I see," said Mr. Barlow, "that though gentlemen are above being useful themselves, they are not above taking the bread that other people have been working hard for." At this Tommy cried more bitterly than ever.

The next day Mr. Barlow and Harry went to work as before; but they had scarcely begun, before Tommy came and begged that he might have a hoe too, which Mr. Barlow gave him; but, as he had never before tried to handle one, he was very awkward in the use of it, and hit himself several times upon the legs. Mr. Barlow then showed him how to use it; by which means, in a short time, he became very expert, and worked with the greatest pleasure. When their work was over, they all retired to the summer-house. The fruit was brought out as before, and Tommy, who was invited this time to take his share, thought it the most delicious that he had ever tasted—but this was because the air and exercise had given him a healthy appetite.

As soon as they had done eating, Mr. Barlow took up a book, and asked Tommy whether he would read them a story; but he, looking a little ashamed, said he had never learned to read. "I am sorry for it," said Mr. Barlow, "because you lose a great pleasure: but Harry shall read to you." Harry accordingly took up the book, and read the following tale.

THE GENTLEMAN AND THE BASKET-MAKER.

There once lived in a distant part of the world, a rich man, who spent his whole time in eating, drinking, sleeping, and amusing himself. As he had many servants to wait upon him, and as he had never been taught the truth, or accustomed to hear it, he grew very proud, insolent, and capricious: imagining that he had a right to rule all the world, and that the poor were only born to obey him. Near this rich man's house there lived an honest and industrious man, who gained his livelihood by making little baskets out of the rushes which grew close to his cottage. But though he was obliged to labour from morning till night, and though he seldom ate anything nicer than dry bread, or rice, and had no other bed than the remains of the rushes of which he made baskets, yet was he always cheerful, and contented; for his labour gave him so good an appetite, that the coarsest fare appeared to him delicious; and he went to bed so tired, that he would have slept soundly even on the ground. Besides this, he was a good and virtuous man, honest in his dealings, accustomed to speak the truth, and beloved and respected by his neighbours.

The rich man, on the contrary, though he lay upon the softest bed, could not sleep, because he had passed the day in idleness; and though the nicest dishes were placed before him, he could not eat with any pleasure, because he did not use exercise, nor go into the open air. Besides this, as he was a great sluggard and glutton, he was almost always ill: and, as he did good to nobody, he had no friends. Even his servants spoke ill of him behind his back, and all his neighbours despised him. For these reasons, he was sullen, melancholy, and unhappy, and became displeased with all who appeared more cheerful than himself. When he was carried out in his palanquin (a sort of couch carried on men's shoulders), he frequently passed by the cottage of the poor basket-maker, who was always sitting at the door, and singing as he wove the baskets. The rich man could not behold this without envy. "What!" said he, "shall a wretch, a peasant, a low-born fellow that weaves bulrushes, be always happy, while I, a gentleman possessed of riches and power, am always melancholy and discontented?" This reflection arose so often in his mind, that

at last he began to feel the greatest hatred towards the poor man; and, as he had never been accustomed to conquer his own passions, however unjust they might be, he at last determined to punish the basket-maker for being happier than himself.

With this wicked design he one night ordered his servants (who did not dare to disobey him), to set fire to the rushes which surrounded the poor man's house. As it was summer, the fire soon spread over the whole marsh, and not only consumed all the rushes, but soon extended to the cottage itself, and the poor basket-weaver was obliged to run out almost naked to save his life.

Imagine his surprise and grief, when he found himself entirely deprived of his subsistence by his rich neighbour, whom he had never offended! Being unable to punish him for this injustice, he went on foot to the chief magistrate of that country, to whom, with many tears, he told his pitiful case. This magistrate was a good and just man, so he immediately ordered the rich man to be brought before him; and when he found that he could not deny the wickedness of which he was accused, he thus addressed the basket-maker:—"As this proud and wicked man has been puffed up from the opinion of his own importance, and has committed a flagrant injustice from his contempt of the poor, I am willing to teach him of how little value he is to anybody, and how vile and contemptible a creature he really is; but, for this purpose, it is necessary that you should consent to the plan I have formed, and go with him to the place where I intend to send you both."

The basket-maker replied, "I never had much, but I am now entirely ruined; I have no means left in the world to procure myself a morsel of bread the next time I am hungry: therefore, I am ready to go wherever you please to send me; and though I would not treat this man as he has treated me, yet should I rejoice to teach him more humanity, and to prevent him from injuring the poor a second time."

The magistrate then ordered them both to be carried to a distant country, which was inhabited by a rude and savage kind of men, who lived in huts, and gained their living by fishing. As soon as they were set on shore, the inhabitants of the country crowded round them in great numbers. The rich man, seeing himself in the midst of a barbarous people, whose

language he did not understand, began to weep and wring his hands in the most abject manner ; but the poor man, who had been always accustomed to hardships from his infancy, made signs to the savages that he was their friend, and was willing to work for them, and be their servant. Upon this, the natives made signs that they would do them no hurt, but would employ them in fishing and carrying wood.

Accordingly, they led them both to a forest at some distance, and showing them several logs, ordered them to transport them to their cabins. They both immediately set to work, and the poor man, who was strong and active, very soon had finished his share ; while the rich man, whose limbs were tender and delicate, had scarcely done a quarter as much. The savages, who were witnesses to this, began to think that the basket-maker would prove very useful to them, and presented him with a large portion of fish, and several of their choicest vegetables ; while to the rich man they gave scarcely enough to support him, because they found he would be of very little service to them. However, as he had now fasted several hours, he ate what they gave him with a better appetite than he had ever felt at his own table.

The next day they were set to work again, and as the basket-maker had the same advantage over his companion, he was well-treated by the natives ; while they showed every mark of contempt towards the other, whose delicate and luxurious habits had rendered him unfit for labour.

The rich man now began to perceive, with how little reason he had before valued himself, and how wrong he was to despise his fellow-creatures ; and an accident which happened shortly after, completed his mortification. It happened that one of the savages had found something like a fillet, with which he adorned his forehead, and seemed to think himself extremely fine ; the basket-maker, who had perceived this vanity, pulled up some reeds, and in a short time finished a very elegant wreath, which he placed upon the head of the first inhabitant he met. This man was so delighted with his new acquisition, that he danced and capered for joy, and ran away to seek the rest, who were all struck with astonishment at this new and elegant piece of finery. It was not long before another came to the basket-maker, making signs that he wanted to be ornamented like his companion ; and so much were these chaplets adm.

by the whole nation, that, from this time, the basket-maker was released from his former drudgery, and continually employed in weaving them. In return for his services, the grateful savages brought him every kind of food which their country afforded, built him a hut, and gave him many proofs of kindness. But the rich man, who possessed neither talents to please, nor strength to labour, was condemned to be the basket-maker's servant, and to cut reeds to supply the continual demand for chaplets.

After having passed some months in this manner they were transported back to their own country by the orders of the magistrate, and brought before him. He then looked sternly upon the rich man and said :—"Having now taught you how contemptible and feeble a creature you are, as well as how inferior to the man you insulted, I shall now make reparation to him for the injury you have inflicted upon him. Did I treat you as you deserve I should take from you all the riches that you possess; but, hoping that you will become more humane for the future, I sentence you to give half your fortune to this man, whom you endeavoured to ruin."

Upon this, the basket-maker, after thanking the magistrate for his goodness, said: "Having been brought up in poverty, and accustomed to labour, I have no wish for riches, which I should not know how to use; all, therefore, that I require of this man is, that he restore me to my former situation, and that he learn more humanity."

The rich man could not help being astonished at this generosity; and, having acquired wisdom by his misfortunes, not only treated the basket-maker as a friend during the rest of his life, but employed his riches in relieving the poor and benefiting his fellow-creatures.

The story being ended, Tommy said it was very pretty; but had he been the basket-maker, he would have taken the naughty rich man's fortune and kept it. "I would never have done that," said Harry, "for fear of growing as proud and wicked as the other."

From this time forward Mr. Barlow and his two pupils used to work in their garden every morning, and when they were tired they withdrew to the summer-house, where little Harry, who improved every day in reading, used to entertain them

with some pretty story, which Tommy always listened to with great pleasure. But by-and-by Harry went home for a week's holiday, and Tommy and Mr. Barlow were left alone.

The next day, after they had done work and retired to the summer-house as usual, Tommy expected Mr. Barlow would read to him, but, to his great disappointment, found that he was busy and could not. The same thing happened for three days in succession, and at length Tommy lost all patience, and said to himself: "Now, if I could but read like Harry Sandford, I should not have occasion to ask anybody to do it for me, and then I could amuse myself; and why," thought he, "may not I do what another has done? To be sure, little Harry is very clever, but he could not have read if he had not been taught; and if I am taught I can learn to read as well as he. Well, as soon as he comes home, I am determined to ask him about it."

The next day Harry returned, and as soon as Tommy was alone with him, "Pray, Harry," said he, "how did you learn to read?" "Mr. Barlow first taught me my letters, and then spelling; and afterwards, by putting syllables together, I learned to read."

Tommy. And could not you show me my letters?

Harry. Yes, very willingly.

Harry then took up a book, and Tommy was so eager and attentive that at the very first lesson he learned the whole alphabet. He was greatly delighted with this first experiment, and could scarcely forbear running to Mr. Barlow to let him know the improvement he had made; but he thought he should surprise him more if he said nothing about it till he was able to read a whole story. He therefore applied himself with such diligence, and Harry was so good a master, that in about two months he determined to surprise Mr. Barlow with a display of his talents. Accordingly, one day, when they were all assembled in the summer-house, and the book was given to Harry, Tommy stood up and said that, if Mr. Barlow pleased, he would try to read. "Oh! very willingly," said Mr. Barlow; "but I should as soon expect you to be able to fly as to read." Tommy smiled with a consciousness of his own achievements, and, taking up the book, read with fluency:—

THE HISTORY OF THE TWO DOGS.

In a part of the world where there are many wild beasts, a poor man brought up two puppies of that kind which is most valued for size and courage. As they seemed to possess more than common strength and agility, he thought that he should make an acceptable present to his landlord, who was a rich man, living in a great city, by giving him one of them, called Jowler, while he brought up the other, named Keeper, to guard his flocks. From this time the two dogs were very differently fed. Jowler was sent into a plentiful kitchen, where he became the favourite of all the servants, who diverted themselves with his little tricks and wanton gambols, and rewarded him with great quantities of broken victuals; by which means, as he was eating from morning till night, he increased considerably in size, and grew sleek and comely. He became, indeed, rather unwieldy, and so cowardly that he would run away from a dog only half as big as himself. He was much addicted to gluttony, and often beaten for the thefts he committed in the pantry; but as he had learned to fawn upon the footmen, and would stand upon his hind legs to beg, and, besides this, would fetch and carry, he was forgiven and petted by all the neighbourhood.

Keeper, in the meantime, who lived at a cottage in the country, neither fared so well, looked so plump, nor learned all these pretty little tricks to recommend him. But as his master was too poor to maintain anything but what was useful, and was obliged to be continually in the air, exposed to every change of weather, and labouring hard for a livelihood, Keeper grew hardy, active, and diligent: he was also exposed to continual danger from the wolves, from which he had received many a bite while guarding the flocks. These continual combats gave him that degree of intrepidity that no enemy could make him turn his back. His care and assiduity so well defended his master's sheep that no one had ever been missing since they were placed under his care. His honesty too was so great, that though he was left alone in the kitchen while the meat was roasting, he never attempted to taste it, but received with thankfulness whatever his master chose to give him. From a continual life in the air, he had become so hardy

that no tempest could drive him to shelter, when he ought to be watching the flocks; and he would plunge into the most rapid river, in the coldest weather, at the slightest sign from his master.

About this time, the landlord of the poor man went to examine his estate in the country, and brought Jowler with him to the place of his birth. At his arrival there, he could not help looking with great contempt on the rough, ragged appearance of Keeper, and his awkward look, which showed nothing of the address for which he admired Jowler. This opinion, however, was altered by the following accident. As he was one day walking in a thick wood, with no other company than the two dogs, a savage wolf, with eyes that sparkled like fire, bristling hair, and a horrid snarl that made the gentleman tremble, rushed out of a neighbouring thicket, and seemed ready to devour him. The unfortunate man gave himself up for lost, more especially when he saw that Jowler, instead of coming to his assistance, ran sneaking away, with his tail between his legs, howling with fear. But in this moment of despair, the undaunted Keeper, who had followed him humbly and unobserved, flew to his assistance, and attacked the wolf with so much courage and skill, that he was compelled to exert all his strength in his own defence. The battle was long and bloody, but in the end Keeper laid the wolf dead at his feet, though not without receiving several severe wounds himself, and presenting a very pitiful spectacle to the eyes of his master, who came up at that instant. The gentleman was filled with joy for his escape, and gratitude to his valiant deliverer; and learned, by his own experience, that appearances are not always to be trusted, and that great virtues may sometimes be found in cottages, while they are totally wanting among the great.

"Very well, indeed," said Mr. Barlow: "I find that when young gentlemen choose to take pains, they can do things as well as other people. But what do you say to the story you have been reading, Tommy? Would you rather have owned the genteel dog, that left his master to be slain, or the poor, rough, ragged, meagre, neglected cur, that risked his own life in his defence?" "Indeed, sir," said Tommy, "I would rather have had Keeper; but then I would have fed him, and washed him, and combed him, till he looked as well as Jowler."

"But then, perhaps, he would have grown fat and cowardly, like him," said Mr. Barlow : "but here is some more of it ; let us read to the end of the story." Tommy then continued :—

The gentleman was so pleased with the noble behaviour of Keeper, that he desired the poor man to make him a present of the dog, with which he reluctantly complied. Keeper was therefore taken to the city, where he was caressed and fed by everybody, and the disgraced Jowler was left at the cottage, with strict injunctions to the man to hang him up, as a worthless, unprofitable cur.

As soon as the gentleman had departed, the poor man was going to execute his commission ; but considering the noble size and handsome appearance of the dog, and, above all, being moved with pity for the poor animal, who wagged his tail, and licked his new master's feet, just as he was putting the cord about his neck, he determined to spare his life, and try whether a different treatment might not produce different manners. From this day, Jowler was treated as his brother Keeper had been before. He was fed scantily, and soon grew more active and fond of exercise. The first shower he was in, he ran away as he had been accustomed to do, and sneaked to the fireside ; but the farmer's wife drove him out of doors, and compelled him to put up with the inclemency of the weather. In consequence of this, he daily became more vigorous and hardy, and, in a few months, regarded cold and rain no more than if he had been brought up in the country. Changed as he already was for the better, he still retained, however, an insurmountable dread of wild beasts, till one day, as he was wandering through a wood alone, he was attacked by a large and fierce wolf, which sprung out of a thicket and seized him by the neck. Jowler would fain have run, but his enemy was too swift and violent to suffer him to escape. Necessity makes even cowards brave. Jowler, being thus stopped in his retreat, turned upon his enemy, and, seizing him by the throat, strangled him in an instant. His master then coming up, and being witness of his exploit, praised him and stroked him with a degree of fondness he had never done before. Encouraged by this victory, and by the approbation of his master, Jowler, from that time, became as brave as he had before been cowardly, and there was very soon no dog in the country which was so great a terror to beasts of prey.

In the meantime, Keeper, instead of hunting wild beasts, or looking after sheep, did nothing but eat and sleep, which he was permitted to do from a remembrance of his past services. As all qualities, both of mind and body, are lost, if not exercised, he soon ceased to be that hardy, courageous, enterprising animal he was before, and acquired all the faults of idleness and gluttony. About this time, the gentleman went again into the country, and taking his dog with him, was willing that he should exercise his prowess once more against his old enemies the wolves. Accordingly, the country people having quickly found one, in a neighbouring wood, the gentleman went thither with Keeper, expecting to see him behave as he had done the year before. But how great was his surprise, when, at the first onset, he saw his beloved dog run away, with every mark of timidity. At this moment another dog sprang forward, seized the wolf with the greatest intrepidity, and, after a bloody contest, left him dead upon the ground. The gentleman could not help lamenting the cowardice of his favourite, and admiring the noble spirit of the other dog, which, to his very great surprise, he found to be the same Jowler that he had discarded the year before.

"I now see," said the farmer, "that it is in vain to expect courage in those who live a life of indolence; and that constant exercise and proper discipline are frequently able to change contemptible characters into good ones."

"Indeed," said Mr. Barlow, when the story was ended, "I am sincerely glad to find that Tommy has made this acquisition; he will now be able to divert himself whenever he pleases. All that has ever been written in our language, will be from this time in his power; whether he chooses to read little entertaining stories like what we have heard to-day, or the actions of great and good men in history, or to make himself acquainted with the nature of wild beasts and birds, which are found in other countries, and have been described in books: in short, I know of scarcely anything which from this moment will not be in his power, and I do not despair of one day seeing him a very sensible man, capable of teaching and instructing others."

"Yes," said Tommy, elated by all this praise, "I am determined now to make myself as clever as anybody; and I do not

doubt, though I am such a little fellow, that I know more already than many grown-up people. I am sure, though there are no less than six blacks in our house, that there is not one of them who can read a story like me." Mr. Barlow looked a little grave at this sudden display of vanity, and said, rather coolly: "Pray, who has attempted to teach them anything?" "Nobody, I believe," said Tommy. "Where is the great wonder, then, if they are ignorant?" replied Mr. Barlow: "you would never have known anything had you not been assisted; and even now you know very little."

In this manner did Mr. Barlow begin the education of Tommy Merton, who notwithstanding his bad habits had an excellent heart and good abilities. He was, however, very passionate, and thought he had a right to command everybody who was not dressed as fine as himself. This opinion often led him into trouble, and once was the occasion of his being very severely mortified. This accident happened in the following manner:—One day, as Tommy was striking a ball with his bat, it flew over a hedge, into an adjoining field, and seeing a little ragged boy walking along on that side, he ordered him, in a very peremptory tone, to bring it to him. The little boy, without taking any notice of what was said, walked on, and left the ball; upon which Tommy called out more loudly than before, and asked if he did not hear what was said. "Yes," said the boy, "I am not deaf." "Oh! are you not?" replied Tommy; "then bring me my ball directly." "I don't choose it," said the boy. "Sirrah," said Tommy, "if I come to you I shall make you choose it." "Perhaps not, my pretty little master," said the boy. "You little rascal," said Tommy, who now began to be very angry, "if I come over the hedge, I will thrash you within an inch of your life." To this the other only answered by a loud laugh, which provoked Tommy so much, that he clambered over the hedge, and jumped down, intending to have leaped into the field; but unfortunately his foot slipped, and down he rolled into a wet ditch, full of mud and water. There poor Tommy tumbled about for some time, endeavouring to get out, but to no purpose; for his feet stuck in the mud, or slipped off from the bank: his fine waistcoat was dirtied all over, his white stockings covered with mire, and his trousers filled with puddle water. To add to his distress, he first lost one shoe, and then the other; his hat tumbled off from his

head, and was completely spoiled. In this distress he must probably have remained a long time, had not the little ragged boy taken pity on him, and helped him out. Tommy was so vexed and ashamed, that he could not say a word, but ran home in such a dirty plight, that Mr. Barlow, who happened to meet him, was afraid he had been considerably hurt. When he heard of the accident which had happened, he could not help smiling, and advised Tommy to be more careful for the future how he attempted to thrash little ragged boys.

The next day, Mr. Barlow desired Harry to read the following story of

ANDROCLES AND THE LION.

Once upon a time there lived a slave named Androcles, who was so ill-treated by his master, that his life became insupportable. Finding no remedy for what he suffered, he said to himself, "It is better to die, than to live in such hardships as I am obliged to suffer. I am determined, therefore, to run away from my master. If I am taken again, I know I shall be punished with a cruel death; but it is better to die at once, than to live in misery. If I escape I must fly to deserts and woods, inhabited only by wild beasts; but they cannot use me more cruelly than I have been used by my fellow-creatures; therefore, I will rather trust myself to them than continue to be a slave."

Having formed this resolution, he took an opportunity of leaving his master's house, and hid himself in a thick forest, some miles distant from the city. But here the unhappy man found that he had only escaped from one kind of misery to another. He wandered about all day, through a vast wood, where his flesh was continually torn by thorns and brambles; he was hungry, but could find no food: at length he was ready to die with fatigue, and lay down in despair in a large cavern.

"Poor man," said Harry, whose little heart could scarcely contain itself at this mournful recital, "I wish I could have met with him; I would have given him all my dinner, and he should have had my bed. But pray, sir, why should one person be the slave of another, and bear so much ill-treatment?" "As to that," said Tommy, "some are born gentlemen, and they must command others; and some are born servants, and must obey. I remember, before I came here, there were a great many black

men and women, that my mother said were only born to wait upon me, and I used to beat them, and kick them, and throw things at them, and they never dared strike me again, because they were slaves." "And pray, master Tommy," said Mr. Barlow, "how came these people to be slaves?"

Tommy. Because my father bought them. *Mr. Barlow.* So then, people that are bought with money are slaves, are they? *T.* Yes. *Mr. B.* And those that buy them have a right to kick them, and beat them, and do as they please with them? *T.* To be sure they have. *Mr. B.* Then, if I were to take you, and sell you to Farmer Sandford, he would have a right to do what he pleased with you? "No sir," said Tommy rather warmly; "because you would have no right to sell me, nor he to buy me." *Mr. B.* Then it is not a person's being bought or sold that gives another a right to use him ill; but one person's having a right to sell another, and the man who buys having a right to purchase? *T.* Yes, sir. *Mr. B.* And what right had any one to sell negroes to your father? or what right had your father to buy them? Here Tommy seemed to be a good deal puzzled; but at length he said, "They are brought from a country that is a great way off, and so they become slaves." "Then," said Mr. Barlow, "if I take you to another country I shall have a right to sell you?" *T.* No, you won't, sir, because I am born a gentleman. *Mr. B.* What do you mean by that, Tommy? "Why," said Tommy, a little confused, "a gentleman has a fine house, and fine clothes, and a coach, and a great deal of money, as my papa has." *Mr. B.* Then, if you were no longer to have a fine house, nor fine clothes, nor a great deal of money, somebody that had all these things might make you a slave, and use you ill, and beat you, and do whatever he liked with you? *T.* No, sir, that would not be right, neither. *Mr. B.* Then one person should not use another ill? *T.* No, sir. *Mr. B.* To make a slave of anybody, is to use him ill, is it not? *T.* I think so. *Mr. B.* Then no one ought to make a slave of you? *T.* No, indeed, sir. *Mr. B.* But if no one should use another ill, and making a slave of a person is using him ill, neither ought you to make a slave of any one else. *T.* Indeed, sir, I think not; and for the future, I will never use our black William ill; nor pinch him, nor kick him, as I used to do. "Then you will be a very good boy," said Mr. Barlow. "But let us continue our story."

This unfortunate man had not been long in the cavern, before he heard a dreadful noise, which seemed to be the roar of some wild beast, and terrified him very much. He started up to escape, and had already reached the mouth of the cave, when he saw coming towards him a lion of prodigious size. The unfortunate man now believed he must die; but to his great astonishment the beast advanced towards him without any mark of rage, and uttered a kind of mournful cry, as if he demanded the assistance of the man. Androcles, who was naturally of a resolute disposition, acquired courage from this circumstance to examine his monstrous guest. He saw, as the lion approached him, that he seemed to limp upon one of his legs, and that the foot was exceedingly swelled, as if it had been wounded. Acquiring still more courage from the gentle demeanour of the beast, he advanced towards him, and took hold of the wounded paw, as a surgeon would examine his patient. He then perceived that a great thorn had penetrated the ball of the foot, and was the occasion of the swelling and lameness which he had observed. Androcles found that the beast, far from resenting his familiarity, received it with the greatest gentleness, and seemed to invite him to proceed. He, therefore, extracted the thorn, and, pressing the swelling, discharged a considerable quantity of matter, which had been the cause of so much pain and uneasiness. As soon as the beast felt himself relieved, he began to testify his joy and gratitude by every expression within his power. He jumped about like a gigantic spaniel, wagged his enormous tail, and licked the feet and hands of his physician. Nor was he contented with these demonstrations of kindness; from this moment Androcles became his guest; nor did the lion ever sally forth in quest of prey without bringing home some game and sharing it with his friend. In this savage state of hospitality, the man continued to live during several months. At length, wandering unguarded through the woods, he met with a company of soldiers sent out to apprehend him, and was taken prisoner, and conducted back to his master. The laws of that country being very severe against slaves, he was tried and found guilty, and sentenced to be torn in pieces by a furious lion, kept many days without food to inspire him with greater savageness.

When the moment arrived, the unhappy man was exposed unarmed, in the midst of a spacious area, enclosed on every

side, round which many thousand people were assembled to view the mournful spectacle. Presently a dreadful yell was heard, which struck the spectators with horror, and a monstrous lion rushed out of a den, with erected mane, and flaming eyes, and jaws that gaped like an open sepulchre. A mournful silence instantly prevailed and all eyes were turned upon the miserable victim. But what was the amazement of the multitude when they beheld the lion, instead of destroying his defenceless prey, couch submissively at his feet, fawn upon him as a faithful dog would do upon his master, and rejoice over him as a mother that unexpectedly recovers her offspring. The governor of the town, who was present, then called out with a loud voice, and ordered Androcles to explain how a beast of the fiercest and most un pitying nature, should thus in a moment be converted into a harmless and inoffensive animal. Androcles then related to the assembly every circumstance of his adventures, and concluded by saying, that the very lion which now stood before them, had been his friend and entertainer in the woods. All present were so astonished and delighted with the story, that they unanimously joined to entreat for the pardon of the unhappy man. This was immediately granted by the governor of the city, and Androcles was presented with the lion who had twice saved his life.

“Indeed,” said Tommy, “this is a very pretty story—but I never should have thought that a lion could have grown so tame; I thought that they, and tigers, and wolves, were so fierce and cruel, that they would have torn everything they met to pieces.”

“When they are hungry,” said Mr. Barlow, “they kill every animal they meet; but this is to devour it; for they live upon flesh like dogs and cats, and other kinds of animals. When they are not hungry, they seldom do unnecessary mischief; therefore, they are much less cruel than many persons that I have seen, who plague and torment animals without any reasons whatever.”

“Indeed, sir,” said Harry, “I think so—and I remember, as I was walking along the road, some days past, I saw a naughty boy, that used a poor donkey very ill, indeed. The poor animal was so lame that he could hardly stir, and yet the boy beat him with a great stick to make him go faster.”

"And what did you say to him?" said Mr. Barlow. *Harry.* I told him, sir, how naughty and cruel it was—and I asked him how he would like to be beaten in that manner by somebody that was stronger than himself. *Mr. B.* And what answer did he make you? *H.* He said that it was his father's ass, and that he had a right to beat it, and that, if I said a word more, he would beat me. *Mr. B.* And what answer did you make? *H.* I told him, if it was his father's ass, he should not use it ill; and that, as to beating me, if he struck me, I had a right to strike him again, and would do it, though he was almost twice as tall as I was. *Mr. B.* And did he strike you? *H.* Yes, sir; he tried to strike me upon the head with his stick, but I avoided the stroke, and it fell upon my shoulder. He was going to strike me again, but I darted at him and knocked him down, and then he began blubbering, and begged me not to hurt him. *Mr. B.* It is not uncommon for those who are most cruel, to be at the same time most cowardly. But how did you act? *H.* Sir, I told him, I did not want to hurt him; but that I would not let him rise till he had promised me not to hurt the poor beast any more, which he did, and then I let him go about his business.

"You did very right," said Mr. Barlow; "and I suppose the boy looked as foolish as Tommy did the other day, when the little ragged boy, that he was going to beat, helped him out of the ditch." "Sir," answered Tommy, a little confused, "I should not have attempted to beat him, only he would not bring me my ball." *Mr. B.* And what right had you to oblige him to bring your ball? *T.* Sir, he was a little ragged boy, and I am a gentleman. *Mr. B.* So, then, every gentleman has a right to command little ragged boys? *T.* To be sure, sir. *Mr. B.* Then, if your clothes should wear out and become ragged, every gentleman will have a right to command you? Tommy looked a little foolish, and said: "But he might have done it, as he was on that side of the hedge." *Mr. B.* And so he probably would if you had asked him civilly; but when persons speak in a haughty tone, they will find few inclined to serve them. But as the boy was poor and ragged, I suppose you offered him money to fetch your ball? *T.* Indeed, sir, I did not: I neither gave him anything nor offered him anything. *Mr. B.* Probably you had nothing to give him? *T.* Yes I had, though: I had several shillings. *Mr. B.* Perhaps

the boy was as rich as you? *T.* No he was not, sir, I am sure; for he had no coat, and no stockings, and his shoes were full of holes. *Mr. B.* So, now I see what it is to be a gentleman. A gentleman has abundance of everything, keeps it all to himself; beats poor people if they do not wait upon him for nothing; and, when they have done him the greatest favour, in spite of his insolence, never feels any gratitude, or does them any good in return. I find that Androcles' lion was no gentleman.

Tommy was so affected with this rebuke, that he could hardly restrain his tears, and, as he was really a boy of generous temper, he determined to give the little boy something, the very first time he saw him again. He did not long wait for an opportunity; for, as he was walking out that very afternoon, he saw him at some distance gathering blackberries, and going up to him, accosted him thus: "Little boy, I want to know why you are so ragged: have you no other clothes?" "No, indeed," said the boy, "I have seven brothers and sisters, and they are all as ragged as myself; but I should not much mind that, if I could have plenty of victuals." *T.* And why have you not plenty of victuals? *Little Boy.* Because father's ill of a fever, and can't work this harvest? so that mother says we must all starve, if God Almighty does not take care of us. Tommy made no answer, but ran full speed to the house, whence he presently returned, loaded with a loaf of bread, and a complete suit of his own clothes. "Here, little boy," said he, "you were very good-natured to me, and so I will give you all this, because I am a gentleman, and have many more."

Nothing could equal the joy which appeared in the boy's countenance at receiving this present, excepting what Tommy himself felt at the idea of doing a generous action. He strutted away without waiting for the little boy's acknowledgments, and happening to meet Mr. Barlow, told him, with an air of exultation, what he had done. Mr. Barlow coldly answered: "You have done well in giving the little boy clothes, because they are your own: but what right have you to give away my loaf of bread without asking my consent?" *T.* Why, sir, I did it because the little boy said he was very hungry, and had seven brothers and sisters, and that his father was ill, and could not work. *Mr. B.* This is a very good reason why you should give them what belongs to yourself; but not why you should give away what is another's. What would

you say if Harry were to give away your clothes without asking leave? T! I should not like it at all; and I will not give away your things any more without asking your leave. "You will do well," said Mr. Barlow; "and here is a little story you may read upon this very subject.

THE STORY OF CYRUS.

Cyrus was a little boy of a very humane temper. He had many masters, who endeavoured to teach him everything that was good, and he was educated with several little boys about his own age. One evening, his father asked him what he had done or learned that day. "Sir," said Cyrus, "I was punished to-day for deciding unjustly." "How so?" said his father. *Cyrus.* There were two boys, one of whom was a great and the other a little boy. Now it happened that the little boy had a coat that was too big for him; but the great boy had one that scarcely reached below his waist and was too tight for him in every part; upon which the great boy proposed to the little boy to change coats with him, "because then," said he, "we shall be both exactly fitted; for your coat is as much too big for you as mine is too little for me." The little boy would not consent to the proposal; upon which the great boy took his coat away by force, and gave his own to the little boy in exchange. While they were disputing upon this subject, I chanced to pass by, and they agreed to make me judge of the affair. But I decided that the little boy should keep the little coat, and the great boy the great coat, for which judgment my master punished me. "Why so," said Cyrus's father: "was not the little coat most proper for the little boy, and the large coat for the great boy?"

"Yes, sir," answered Cyrus; "but my master told me I was not made judge to examine which coat best fitted either of the boys, but to decide whether it was just that the great boy should take away the coat of the little one against his consent; and therefore I decided unjustly, and deserved to be punished."

Just as the story was finished, they were surprised to see a little ragged boy come running up to them, with a bundle of clothes under his arm. His eyes were black, as if he had been severely beaten, his nose was swelled, his shirt was bloody,

and his waistcoat did but just hang upon his back, so much was it torn. He came running up to Tommy, and threw down the bundle before him saying: "Here, master, take your clothes again, and I wish they had been at the bottom of the ditch I pulled you out of, instead of upon my back; but I never wear such fine things again as long as I have breath in my body."

"What is the matter?" said Mr. Barlow, who perceived that some unfortunate accident had happened in consequence of Tommy's present. "Sir," answered the little boy, "my little master here was going to beat me, because I would not fetch his ball. Now, as to the matter of that, I would have brought his ball with all my heart, if he had asked me civilly. But though I am poor I am not bound to be his slave, and so I would not obey him; upon which little master here was jumping over the ditch, to lick me; but instead of that he tumbled into the ditch, and there he lay rolling about till I helped him out. And so he gave me these clothes here, all out of good will, and I put them on, like a simpleton as I was, for they are too fine for a poor boy like me; and all the boys in the village, when they saw me, began making game of me, and throwing dirt at me. This put me in a great passion, and so we began fighting, and I beat them till they gave up; but I don't choose to be pointed at wherever I go, and so I have brought master his clothes again."

Mr. Barlow asked the little boy where his father lived; and he replied, that he lived about two miles off, across the common, at the end of Runny Lane; upon which Mr. Barlow told Harry that he would send the poor man some broth and victuals, if he would carry them when they were ready. "That I will," said Harry, "if it were five times as far." Mr. Barlow then went into the house to give orders about it, and Tommy, who had been looking at the little boy for some time in silence, said: "So, my poor boy, you have been beaten and hurt only because I gave you my clothes: I am really very sorry for it." "Thank you, little master," said the boy, "but it can't be helped: you did not intend me any hurt, I am not such a chicken as to mind a beating; so I wish you good-bye with all my heart." As soon as the little boy was gone, Tommy said: "I wish I had some clothes that the poor boy could wear, for he seems very good-natured." "That you may very easily have," said

Harry; "for there is a shop in the village, where they sell clothes for poor people; and, as you have money, you may soon buy some."

Harry and Tommy then agreed to go early the next morning to buy some clothes for the poor children. They accordingly set out before breakfast, and had proceeded nearly half way, when they heard the noise of a pack of hounds at some distance. Tommy asked Harry if he knew what they were about. "Yes," said Harry, "I know well enough what they are about: it is Squire Chase and his dogs worrying a poor hare. But I wonder they are not ashamed to meddle with an inoffensive creature, that cannot defend itself; if they have a mind to hunt, why don't they hunt lions and tigers, and such fierce, mischievous creatures, as they do in other countries?" "Oh! dear," said Tommy, "how is that? It must be very dangerous." "Why, you must know," said Harry, "the men are accustomed in some places to go almost naked, and that makes them so prodigiously nimble, that they can run like a deer; and when a lion or tiger comes into their neighbourhood, and devours their sheep or oxen, they go out six or seven together, armed with spears; and they run through all the woods, and examine every place till they have found him. Then they make a noise and provoke him to attack them; upon which he begins roaring and foaming, and springs at the man that is nearest to him." "Oh! dear," said Tommy, "he must certainly be torn to pieces." "No such thing," answered Harry: "he jumps, as nimbly as a greyhound, out of the way, while the next man throws his spear at the lion, and perhaps wounds him in the side. This enrages him still more: he springs again, like lightning, upon the man that wounded him; but this man avoids him like the other. At last the poor beast drops down dead, with the number of wounds he has received." "Oh!" said Tommy, "it must be a very strange sight: I should like to see it out of a window, where I was safe." "And I should not like to see it at all," answered Harry, "for it must be a great pity to see such a noble animal killed. But they are obliged to do it in their own defence, while these poor hares do nobody any harm, excepting the farmers, by eating a little of their corn sometimes." As they were talking in this manner, Harry, casting his eyes on one side, said, "Ah! there is the poor hare skulking along. I hope

they will not be able to find her; and if they ask me, I will never tell them which way she is gone." Presently up came the dogs, who had lost all scent of their game, and a gentleman mounted on a fine horse, who asked Harry if he had seen the hare. Harry made no answer; but, upon the gentleman's repeating the question in a louder tone of voice, he answered that he had. "And which way is she gone?" said the gentleman. "Sir, I don't choose to tell you," answered Harry, after some hesitation. "Not choose!" said the gentleman, leaping off his horse; "but I'll make you choose it in an instant;" and coming up to Harry, who never moved from the place where he had been standing, began to lash him with his whip, continually repeating, "Now! you little rascal, do you choose to tell me now?" To which Harry only replied, "If I would not tell you before, I won't now, though you should kill me." But this fortitude of Harry, and the tears of Tommy, who cried in the bitterest manner to see the distress of his friend, made no impression upon this barbarian, who continued to beat him till another gentleman rode up at full speed, and said: "Squire, what are you about? You will kill the child if you do not take care." "And the little dog deserves it," said the other; "he has seen the hare, and will not tell me which way she is gone." "Take care," replied the gentleman, in a low voice, "you don't involve yourself in a disagreeable affair; I know the other to be the son of a gentleman of great fortune in the neighbourhood:" and then, turning to Harry, said, "Why would you not tell which way the hare had gone, if you saw her?" "Because," answered Harry, as soon as he had recovered breath enough to speak, "I don't choose to betray the unfortunate." "This boy," said the gentleman, "is a prodigy; and it is well for you, squire, that his age is not equal to his spirit. But you are always passionate."—At this moment the hounds recovered the scent, and bursting into a full cry, the squire mounted his horse and galloped away, attended by all his companions.

When they were gone, Tommy came up to Harry in the most affectionate manner, and asked him how he felt. "A little sore," said Harry, "but that does not signify." "Oh!" said Tommy, "I wish I had had a pistol or sword!" *H.* Why, what would you have done with it? *T.* I would have killed that good-for-nothing man who treated you so cruelly. *H.*

That would have been wrong, Tommy; for I am sure he did not want to kill me. *T.* But how could you bear to be so severely whipped, without crying out? *H.* Why, crying out would have done me no good, would it? And this is nothing to what many little boys have suffered, without ever complaining. *T.* Well, I should have thought it a great deal. *H.* Oh! it's nothing to what the young Spartans used to suffer. *T.* Who were they? *H.* They were a very brave set of people, who lived a great while ago; and as they were but few in number, and were surrounded by a great many enemies, they used to endeavour to make their little boys very brave and hardy. And these little boys used to be always running about half naked in the open air, and wrestling, and jumping, and exercising themselves; and they had very coarse food, and hard beds to lie upon, and were never pampered and indulged: and all this made them more strong, hardy, and brave, than any other nation. *T.* What! and had they no sweetmeats, nor wine, nor anybody to wait upon them? Oh dear! no: their fathers thought that would spoil them: they all fared alike, and ate together in great rooms; and there they were taught to behave properly, and when dinner was over they all went to play together. And if they committed any faults they were very severely whipped; but they never minded it, and scorned to cry out, or make a wry face.

As they were conversing in this manner, they came to the village, where Tommy laid out all his money, amounting to fifteen shillings and sixpence, in buying some clothes for the little ragged boy and his brothers, which were made up in a bundle and given to him; but he asked Harry to carry them for him. "That I will," said Harry; "but why don't you carry them yourself?" *T.* Because it is not fit for a gentleman to carry things himself. *H.* Why, what hurt does it do him, if he is but strong enough? *T.* I do not know; but I believe it is that he may not look like the common people. *H.* The he should not have hands, or feet, or eyes, or ears, or mouth because the common people have all those. *T.* No, no, he must have those, because they are useful. *H.* And is it not useful to be able to do things for ourselves? *T.* Yes, but gentlemen have others to do what they want for them. *H.* Then I should think it must be a bad thing to be a gentleman. *T.* Why so? *H.* Because, if all were gentlemen, nobody would



They saw a horse galloping violently along.

do anything, and then we should all be starved. *T.* Starved ! *H.* Yes ; you could not live, could you, without bread ? *T.* No, I know that very well. *H.* And bread is made of a plant that grows in the earth, and is called wheat. *T.* Why then I would gather it, and eat it. *H.* Then you must do something for yourself : but that would not do, for wheat is a small hard grain, and you would not like to eat that ? *T.* No, certainly ; but how comes bread, then ? *H.* They send the corn to the mill. *T.* What is a mill ? *H.* What ! did you never see a mill ? *T.* No, never ; but I should like to see one, that I may know how they make bread. *H.* There is one at a little distance, and if you ask Mr. Barlow, he will go with you, for he knows the miller very well. *T.* That I will, for I should like to see them make bread.

Just at this moment they heard a great outcry, and saw a horse that was galloping violently, and dragging his rider along with him, who had fallen off, and was unable to disengage his foot from the stirrup. Providentially it was wet ground and the side of a hill, which prevented the horse from going very fast, and the rider from being much hurt. But Harry, who was always ready to do an act of humanity, even at the risk of his life, and, besides, was a boy of extraordinary courage, ran up towards a gap which he saw the horse approaching, and just as he made a little pause, before he vaulted over, caught him by the bridle, and stopped him from proceeding.

In an instant another gentleman came up with two or three servants, who disengaged the fallen person, and set him upon his legs. He stared wildly about him for some time ; but he soon recovered his senses, and the first use he made of them was to swear at his horse, and to ask who had stopped the jade. " Who ! " said his friend, " why the very little boy that you used so scandalously this morning : had it not been for his dexterity and courage, that numskull of yours would have had more flaws in it than it ever had before." The squire looked at Harry with a countenance in which shame and humiliation seemed yet to struggle with his natural insolence ; but at length, putting his hand into his pocket, he pulled out a guinea, which he offered to Harry, telling him at the same time he was very sorry for what had happened. But Harry, with a look of more contempt than his features had ever worn

before, rejected the present, and walked away with his companion.

As it was not far out of their way, they agreed to call at the poor man's cottage, whom they found much better, Mr. Barlow having given him such medicines as he judged proper for his disease. Tommy then asked for the little boy, and when he came in told him that he had now brought him some clothes which he might wear without the fear of being hallooed after, as well as some more for his little brothers. The pleasure with which they were received was so great, and the acknowledgments and blessings of the good woman and the poor man, who had just begun to sit up, were so many, that little Tommy could not help shedding tears of compassion. As they were returning, Tommy said that he had never spent any money with so much pleasure, and that, for the future, he would take care of all the money that was given him, for that purpose, instead of laying it out in eatables and playthings.

Some few days after this, as Mr. Barlow and the two boys were walking out together, they happened to pass near a windmill; and Tommy begged leave to go up and look at it. To this Mr. Barlow consented, and they all went in, and examined every part of it with great curiosity; and there Tommy saw with astonishment, that the sails of the mill, being continually turned round by the wind, moved a great flat stone, which bruised all the corn till it became a fine powder. "Oh! dear," said Tommy, "is this the way they make bread?" Mr. Barlow told him this was the method by which the corn was prepared for making bread; but that many other things were necessary before it arrived at that state. "You see, that what runs from these millstones is only a fine powder, very different from bread, which is a solid and tolerably hard substance."

As they were going home, Harry said to Tommy, "So you see now, that if nobody chose to work, or do anything for himself, we should have no bread to eat. But you could not even have the corn to make it of, without a great deal of pains and labour." "Why not?" said Tommy; "does not corn grow in the ground of itself?" *H.* Corn grows in the ground, but then first it is necessary to plough the ground. *T.* What is ploughing? *H.* Did you never see three or four horses drawing something along the fields in a straight line, while one

man drove, and another walked behind, holding the thing by two handles? *T.* Yes, I have; and is that ploughing? *H.* It is; and there is a sharp iron underneath, which runs into the ground, and turns it up as it goes along. *T.* Well, and what then? *H.* When the ground is thus prepared, they sow the seed all over it, and afterwards rake it in by means of a large square frame filled with iron teeth, called a harrow; this is drawn by horses, and the seed thus covered with earth soon begins to grow, and shoots up very high; and at last the corn ripens, and they reap it and carry it home. "This," said Tommy, "must be very curious: I should like to sow some seed myself, and see it grow. Do you think I could?" "Yes, certainly," said Harry; "and if you will dig the ground tomorrow, I will go home to my father, to get some seed for you."

The next morning Tommy was up almost as soon as it was light, and went to work in a corner of the garden, where he dug with great perseverance till breakfast; when he came in he could not help asking Mr. Barlow whether he was not a very good boy for working so hard to raise corn? "That," said Mr. Barlow, "depends upon the use you intend to make of it, when you have raised it. What do you intend doing with it?" "Sir," said Tommy, "I intend to send it to the mill, and have it ground into flour, and then I will get you to show me how to make bread of it: and then I will eat it, that I may tell my father I have eaten bread out of corn of my own sowing." "That will be very well done," said Mr. Barlow; "but where will be the great merit if you sow corn for your own eating? That is no more than all the people continually do: and if they did not do it, they would be obliged to fast." "But then," said Tommy, "they are not gentlemen, as I am." "What, then," answered Mr. Barlow, "must not gentlemen eat as well as others? and, therefore, is it not for their interest to know how to procure food as well as other people?" "Yes, sir," answered Tommy, "but they are not obliged to work themselves." "How does that happen?" said Mr. Barlow. *T.* Why, sir, they pay other people to work for them; or buy bread, when it is made, as much as they want. *Mr. B.* Then they pay for it with money? *T.* Yes, sir. *Mr. B.* Then they must have money before they can buy corn? *T.* Certainly, sir. *Mr. B.* But have all gentlemen money? Tommy hesitated some time

at this question ; at last he said, " I believe not always, sir." *Mr. B.* Then, if they have not money, they will find it difficult to procure corn, unless they raise it for themselves?" " Indeed," said Tommy, " I believe they will ; for, perhaps, they may not find anybody good-natured enough to give it them." " But," said *Mr. Barlow*, " as we are talking upon this subject, I will tell you a story, that I read a little time past, if you would like to hear it." Tommy said he should be very glad to hear it, and *Mr. Barlow* related the following story.

THE TWO BROTHERS.

At that time, when such great numbers of people flocked to South America in the hope of finding gold and silver, a Spaniard, whose name was Pizarro, had an inclination to try his fortune like the rest. But having an elder brother, for whom he had a great affection, he went to him, told him his design, and solicited him to go with him, promising that he should have an equal share of all the riches they found. The brother, whose name was Alonzo, was a man of a contented temper and good understanding ; he did not, therefore, much approve of the project, and endeavoured to dissuade Pizarro from it, by explaining to him the danger and uncertainty attending the enterprise. Finding all was in vain, he agreed to go with him, but told him at the same time, that he wanted no part of the riches which he might find, and would ask no other favour than to have his baggage and a few servants taken on board the vessel with him. Pizarro then sold all that he had, bought a vessel, and embarked with several other adventurers who had all great expectations of soon becoming rich. As to Alonzo, he took nothing with him but a few ploughs, harrows, and other tools, and some corn, together with a large quantity of potatoes, and seeds of different vegetables. Pizarro thought this a very odd preparation for the voyage ; but did not think proper to expostulate with his brother.

After sailing some time with prosperous winds, they put into the last port at which they were to stop, before they reached South America. Here Pizarro bought more pickaxes, shovels, and various other tools for digging, melting, and refining the gold he expected to find, besides hiring an additional number of labourers to assist him in the work. Alonzo, on the con-

trary, bought only a few sheep and four stout oxen, with their harness, and food enough to subsist them during their continuance on shipboard. They had a favourable voyage, and all landed in perfect health. Alonzo then told his brother, that, as he had only come to accompany and serve him, he would stay near the shore with his servants and cattle, while he went to search for gold, and when he had accumulated as much as he desired, should be ready to embark for Spain with him. Pizarro accordingly set out, not without feeling so great a contempt for his brother, that he could not help expressing it to his companions. "I always thought," said he, "that my brother had been a man of sense; but I find people were strangely mistaken in him. Here he is going to divert himself with his sheep and his oxen, as if he were living quietly upon his farm at home, and had nothing to do but to raise cucumbers and melons. But we know better what to do with our time; so come along, my lads, and if we have but good luck, we shall soon be enriched for the rest of our lives."

All that were present applauded Pizarro's speech, and declared themselves ready to follow him wherever he went. One old Spaniard, however, shook his head, and told him he doubted whether he would find his brother so devoid of prudence as he thought him. They then travelled into the country, being sometimes obliged to cross rivers, at others to pass mountains and forests where they could find no paths: sometimes scorched by the intense heat of the sun, and then wetted to the skin by violent showers of rain. These difficulties, however, did not discourage them from trying in several places for gold, which they were at length fortunate enough to find in a considerable quantity. This success animated them very much, and they continued working upon that spot till all their provisions were consumed; they gathered daily large quantities of ore, but they suffered very much from hunger. Still they persevered in their labours, and sustained themselves with such roots and berries as they could find. At last even this resource failed them; and, after several of their company had died from want and hardship, the rest were just able to crawl back to the place where they had left Alonzo, carrying with them the gold. to acquire which they had suffered so many miseries.

But while they had been employed in this manner, Alonzo, who foresaw what would happen, had been toiling to a very

different purpose. His skill in husbandry had enabled him to find a spot of considerable extent and very fertile soil, which he ploughed with the assistance of his servants. He then sowed his seeds, and planted the potatoes, which prospered beyond his expectations, and yielded him an abundant harvest. His sheep he turned into a fine meadow near the sea, and every one of them brought him a couple of lambs. Besides which, he and his servants employed themselves in fishing; and the fish they caught were all dried and salted, so that by the time of Pizarro's return they had laid up a very considerable quantity of provision. His brother received him with the greatest cordiality, and asked him what success he had had. Pizarro told him that they had found an immense quantity of gold, but that several of his companions had perished, and that the rest were almost starved from the want of provisions: he then requested his brother would immediately give him something to eat, as he assured him he had tasted no food the last two days, excepting the roots and bark of trees. Alonzo very coolly answered, that he should remember, that when they set out they had made an agreement, that neither should interfere with the other; that he had never wished for any share of the gold which Pizarro might acquire, and therefore he wondered that Pizarro should expect to be supplied with the provisions that he had procured with so much labour. But (added he) if you choose to exchange some of your gold for my provisions, I shall perhaps be able to accommodate you.

Pizarro thought this behaviour very unkind in his brother; but as he and his companions were almost starved, they were obliged to comply with his demands, which were so exorbitant, that they had soon parted with all the gold they had brought with them. Alonzo then proposed to his brother to embark for Spain in the vessel which had brought them thither, as the winds and weather seemed to be favourable: but Pizarro, with an angry look, told him, that since he had deprived him of everything he had gained, and treated him in so unfriendly a manner, he should go without him; for, as to himself, he would rather perish upon that desert shore, than embark with so inhuman a brother. Alonzo, instead of resenting these reproaches, embraced his brother with the greatest tenderness, and said, "Could you then believe, my dearest Pizarro, that I really meant to deprive you of what you have acquired with so

much toil and danger? Rather may all the gold in the universe perish, than I should be capable of such behaviour to my brother! But I saw the rash desire you had for riches, and wished to correct this fault in you, and serve you at the same time. You despised my prudence, and believed that he who had acquired wealth could want for nothing more. But you have now learned, that, without foresight and industry, all the gold you have brought with you would not have prevented you from perishing. You are now wiser; therefore take back your riches, of which I hope you have learned to make a proper use." Pizarro was filled with gratitude and astonishment at his brother's generosity; and acknowledged that industry was better than gold. They then embarked for Spain, where they all safely arrived. During the voyage Pizarro often solicited his brother to accept of half his riches, which Alonzo constantly refused, telling him that he who could raise food enough to maintain himself, was in no want of gold.

"Indeed," said Tommy, when Mr. Barlow had finished the story, "I think Alonzo was a very sensible man; and, if it had not been for him, his brother and all his companions must have been starved; but then, this was only because they were in a desert country. This could never have happened in England; there they could always have had as much bread as they chose for their money." "But," said Mr. Barlow, "is a man sure to be always in England, or some country where he can purchase bread?" *T.* I believe so, sir. *Mr. B.* Are there not countries in the world where there are no inhabitants, and where no corn is raised? *T.* Certainly, sir; this country, to which the two brothers went, was such a place. *Mr. B.* And there are many other such countries in the world. *T.* But then a man may stay at home. *Mr. B.* Then he must not pass the seas in a ship. *T.* Why so, sir? *Mr. B.* Because the ship may happen to be wrecked upon some country where there are no inhabitants, and then what will he do for food? *T.* And have such accidents sometimes happened? *Mr. B.* Yes, several: there was, in particular, one Selkirk, who was shipwrecked, and obliged to live several years on a desert island. *T.* That was extraordinary, indeed; and how did he get victuals? *Mr. B.* He sometimes procured roots

sometimes fruits: he also became so active, that he was able to catch wild goats, with which the island abounded. *T.* And did not such a hard life kill him at last? *Mr. B.* By no means. He never enjoyed better health in his life. But a still more extraordinary story is that of some Russians, who were left upon the coast of Spitzbergen for several years. *T.* Where is Spitzbergen, sir? *Mr. B.* It is a northern country which is constantly covered with snow and ice. Scarcely any vegetables will grow upon the soil, and very few animals are found in the country. Besides this, it is dark there for many months in the year, and is inaccessible to ships: so that it is impossible to conceive a more dreary country, or one where it must be more difficult to support human life. Yet four men were capable of struggling with all these difficulties during several years, and three of them returned at last safe to their native country. *T.* This must be a very curious story indeed; I would give anything to be able to see it. "That you may very easily," said Mr. Barlow: "when I read it I copied such parts of it as I thought most interesting, which I will show you. But I must first inform you, that those northern seas are so full of ice as to render it extremely dangerous to ships, lest they should be crushed between two pieces of immense size, or so completely surrounded as not to be able to extricate themselves. Having given you this information, you will easily understand the terrible situation of a Russian ship, which, as it was sailing in those seas, was, on a sudden, so surrounded by ice as not to be able to move. My extracts begin here, and you may read them."

Extracts from a Narrative of the extraordinary Adventures of four Russian Sailors, who were cast away on the desert Island of East Spitzbergen.

"In this alarming state (that is, when the ship was surrounded with ice) a council was held, when the mate, Alexis Himkof, informed them, that he recollected to have heard, that some of the people of Mesen, some time before, having formed a resolution of wintering upon this island, had carried from that city timber proper for building a hut, and had actually erected one at some distance from the shore. This information induced the whole company to resolve on wintering

there, if the hut still existed; for they perceived that they must inevitably perish if they continued in the ship. They therefore despatched four of their crew in search of the hut, or any other succour they could meet with. These were Alexis Himkof the mate, Iwan Himkof his godson, Stephen Scharrassof, and Feodor Weregine. As the shore on which they were to land was uninhabited, it was necessary that they should make some provision for their expedition. They had almost two miles to travel over loose ridges of ice, which, being raised by the waves, and driven against each other by the wind, rendered the way equally difficult and dangerous; prudence, therefore, forbade their loading themselves too much, lest, by being overburdened, they might sink in between the pieces of ice, and perish. Having thus considered the nature of their undertaking, they provided themselves with a musket, and a powder-horn containing twelve charges of powder, with as many balls, an axe, a small kettle, a bag with about twenty pounds of flour, a knife, a tinder-box and tinder, a bladder filled with tobacco, and every man his wooden pipe. Thus accoutred, these four sailors arrived on the island, little suspecting the misfortunes that would befall them. They began by exploring the country, and soon discovered the hut of which they were in search. It was situated about a mile and a half from the shore, and measured thirty-six feet in length, eighteen feet in height, and as many in breadth. It contained a small ante-chamber, about twelve feet broad, which had two doors, the one to shut it up from the outer air, the other to form a communication with the inner room: this contributed greatly to keep the larger room warm when heated. In the large room was an earthen stove, constructed in the Russian manner; which is, a kind of oven without a chimney, which serves occasionally either for baking, for heating the room, or, as is customary amongst the Russian peasants, in very cold weather, for a place to sleep upon. They rejoiced greatly at having discovered the hut, which had, however, suffered much from the weather, it having now been built a considerable time. Our adventurers, notwithstanding, contrived to pass the night in it. Early next morning they hastened to the shore, impatient to inform their comrades of their success, and also to procure from their vessel such provisions, ammunition, and other necessaries, as might

better enable them to winter on the island. I leave my readers to conceive the astonishment and agony of mind these poor people must have felt, when, on reaching the place of their landing, they saw nothing but an open sea, free from the ice, which but a day before had covered the ocean. A violent storm, which had arisen during the night, had been the cause of this disastrous event. But they could not tell whether the ice which had before hemmed in the vessel, agitated by the violence of the waves, had been driven against her, and shattered her to pieces; or whether she had been carried by the current into the open sea. Whatever accident had befallen the ship, they saw her no more; and, as no tidings were ever afterwards received of her, it is most probable that she sunk, and that all on board perished.

"This melancholy event having deprived the unhappy men of all hope of ever being able to quit the island, they returned to the hut, full of horror and despair."

"Oh! dear," cried Tommy at this passage, "what a dreadful situation these poor people must have been in! To be in such a cold country, covered with snow and frozen with ice, without anybody to help them or give them victuals: I should think they must all have died." "That you will soon see," said Mr. Barlow, "when you have read the rest of the story. But tell me one thing, Tommy, before you proceed. These four men were poor sailors, who had always been accustomed to work for their living; do you think it would have been better for them to have been bred up gentlemen, that is, to do nothing, and to have other people wait upon them in everything?" "On the contrary," answered Tommy, "it was much better for them that they had been used to do something to assist themselves: for, without that, they must certainly have perished."

"Their first attention was employed in devising means of providing subsistence, and repairing their hut. The twelve charges of powder, which they had brought with them, soon procured them as many reindeer; and the island, fortunately for them, abounded in these animals. I have before observed that the hut had sustained some damage, and it was this: there were cracks in many places which admitted the air. This inconvenience was, however, easily remedied, as they had an axe, and the beams were still sound, for wood, in these cold climates, continues through a length of years unimpaired by worms or

decay ; besides which they stopped up the crevices with moss, of which the island produced a great abundance. Repairs of this kind cost the unhappy men less trouble, as they were Russians ; for all Russian peasants are good carpenters. They build their own houses, and are very expert in handling the axe. The intense cold which makes these climates habitable to so few species of animals, renders them equally unfit for the production of vegetables. No species of tree or shrub is found in any of the islands of Spitzbergen ; a circumstance of the most alarming nature to our sailors.

“ Without fire, it was impossible to resist the rigour of the climate ; and without wood, how was that fire to be produced or supported ? However, in wandering along the beach, they collected plenty of wood, which had been driven ashore by the waves, and which at first consisted of the wrecks of ships, and afterwards of whole trees with their roots, the produce of some more hospitable climate, which the overflowings of rivers, or other accidents, had sent into the ocean.

“ Nothing proved of more essential service to these unfortunate men, during the first year of their exile, than some boards they found upon the beach, having a long iron hook, some nails of about five or six inches long, and proportionably thick, and other bits of old iron fixed in them ; the melancholy relics of vessels cast away in those remote parts. These were thrown ashore by the waves at the time when the want of powder gave our men reason to apprehend that they must fall a prey to hunger, as they had nearly consumed those reindeer they had killed. About this time also they found on the shore the root of a fir-tree, nearly in the figure of a bow. As necessity has ever been the mother of invention, they soon fashioned this root to a good bow, by the help of a knife ; but still they wanted a string and arrows. Not knowing how to procure these at present, they resolved upon making a couple of lances, to defend themselves against the white bears, by far the most ferocious of their kind, whose attacks they had great reason to dread. Finding they could neither make the heads of their lances nor arrows without the help of a hammer, they contrived to adapt the large iron hook to that purpose, by heating it and widening a hole it happened to have about the middle, with the help of one of their largest nails : this received the handle, and a round button at one end of the hook served for the face of the

hammer. A large stone supplied the place of an anvil, and a couple of reindeer's horns made the tongs. With these tools they formed two spear-heads; and after polishing and sharpening them on stones, they tied them fast, with thongs made of reindeer skins, to sticks about the thickness of a man's arm, which they obtained from some branches of trees that had been cast on shore. Thus equipped, they resolved to attack a white bear; and after a most dangerous encounter, they killed the formidable creature, and thereby made a new supply of provisions. The flesh resembled beef in flavour, and was relished exceedingly by these hungry exiles. The tendons, they saw, with much pleasure, could with little or no trouble be divided into filaments. This perhaps was the most fortunate discovery these men could have made; for, besides other advantages, which will be hereafter mentioned, they were hereby furnished with strings for their bow.

"The success of our islanders in making the spears encouraged them to proceed, and to forge some pieces of iron into arrow-heads of the same shape, though somewhat smaller than the spears. Having ground and sharpened these, they tied them to pieces of fir, to which they fastened feathers of sea-fowl; and thus became possessed of a complete bow and arrows. Their ingenuity in this respect was crowned with unexpected success; for during the time of their continuance upon the island, with these arrows they killed no less than two hundred and fifty reindeer, besides a great number of blue and white foxes. The flesh of these animals served them for food, and their skins for clothing, and other necessary preservatives against the intense coldness of a climate so near the pole. They killed, however, only ten white bears in all, and that not without the utmost danger; for these animals defended themselves with astonishing vigour and fury. The first our men attacked designedly: the other nine they slew in defending themselves from their assaults; for some of these creatures even ventured to enter the outer room of the hut, in order to devour them. It is true that all the bears did not show equal intrepidity, either owing to some being less pressed by hunger, or to their being by nature less carnivorous than the others; for some of them betook themselves to flight, on the first attempt of the sailors to drive them away. A repetition, however, of these ferocious attacks threw the poor fellows into great terror

and anxiety, as they were in perpetual danger of being devoured."

"Such a life as that must have been dreadful indeed!" exclaimed Tommy. "Why so?" said Mr. Barlow. *T.* Because, being always in danger of being devoured by wild beasts, those men must have been very unhappy. *Mr. B.* And yet they never were devoured. *T.* No, sir, because they knew how to defend themselves. *Mr. B.* Perhaps, then, a person is not unhappy merely because he is exposed to danger, for he may escape from it; but because he does not know how to defend himself. *T.* I do not exactly understand you, sir. *Mr. B.* I will give you an instance. Were you not very unhappy when the snake coiled itself round your leg, because you imagined it would bite you? *T.* Yes, sir. *Mr. B.* But Harry was not unhappy, although he was in more danger of being bitten than yourself, because he took hold of it. *T.* Indeed he did. *Mr. B.* But he knew that by boldly seizing it and flinging it away he was in very little danger: had you therefore known the same, you probably would neither have feared so much nor have been so unhappy as you were. *T.* Indeed, sir, that is true; and were such an accident to happen again I think I should have courage enough to do the same. *Mr. B.* Should you, then, be as unhappy now as you were the first time? *T.* By no means: because I have a great deal more courage. *Mr. B.* It is possible, then, that these men, finding they were so well able to defend themselves against the bears, might no longer be afraid of them; and, not being afraid, they would not be unhappy. *T.* Indeed, I believe so. *Mr. B.* Let us now continue.

"The reindeer, the blue and white foxes, and the white bears, were the only food these wretched sailors tasted during their continuance in this dreary abode. They were for some time reduced to the necessity of eating their meat almost raw, and without either bread or salt; for they were destitute of both. The intenseness of the cold, together with the want of proper conveniences, prevented them from cooking their victuals in a proper manner. There was but one stove in the hut, and that (according to the Russian plan) was more like an oven, and consequently not well adapted for boiling anything. Wood also was too precious to be wasted in keeping up

two fires, and the one they might have made out of doors to dress their victuals would in no way have served to warm them. Another reason against their cooking in the open air was the continual danger of an attack from the white bears. To obviate, therefore, in some degree, the hardship of eating their meat half raw, they adopted the plan of drying some of their provisions in the open air, and afterwards of hanging them in the upper part of the hut, which was continually filled with smoke as low as the windows: it was thus dried thoroughly by means of that smoke. The meat so prepared they used for bread, and it made them relish their other flesh the better, as they could only half dress it. Water they had in summer from small rivulets that fell from the rocks, and in winter from the snow and ice thawed. This was, of course, their only beverage; and their small kettle was the only vessel they could make use of for this and other purposes. I have already mentioned that our sailors brought a small bag of flour with them to the island. Of this they consumed about one-half with their meat; the remainder they employed in a different manner, equally useful. They soon saw the necessity of keeping up a continual fire in so cold a climate. In their excursions through the island they had met with a slimy kind of clay. Out of this they found means to form a utensil which might serve for a lamp, and they proposed to keep it constantly burning with the fat of the animals they should kill. This was certainly the most rational scheme they could have thought of; for to be without light in a climate where, during winter, darkness reigns for several months together, would have added much to their other hardships."

"Pray, sir, stop," said Tommy: "are there countries in the world where it is night for several months together?" "In deed there are," answered Mr. Barlow. *T.* How can that be? *Mr. B.* How happens it that there is night at all? *T.* It must be so: must it not? *Mr. B.* That is only saying that you do not know the reason. But do you observe no difference here between the night and day? *T.* Yes, sir; it is light in the day and dark in the night. *Mr. B.* And why is it dark in the night? *T.* I do not know, sir. *Mr. B.* Does the sun shine every day? *T.* Yes, sir. Every day, I believe; only sometimes the clouds prevent you from seeing it. *Mr. B.* And

what becomes of it in the night? *T.* It goes away, so that we cannot see it. *Mr. B.* And when the sun comes again, what happens? *T.* Then it is day again; for I have seen the day break, and the sun always rises presently after. *Mr. B.* Then, if the sun were not to rise for several months together, what would happen? *T.* It would always remain night, and be dark. *Mr. B.* That is exactly the case with the countries we are reading about.

“Having, therefore, fashioned a kind of lamp, they filled it with reindeer’s fat, and stuck into it some twisted linen, shaped into a wick. But they had the mortification to find that, as soon as the fat melted, it soaked into the clay on all sides. Their next object was to find some means of preventing this inconvenience, not arising from cracks, but from the substance of which the lamp was made being too porous. They therefore made a new one; dried it thoroughly in the air, heated it red hot, and afterwards quenched it in their kettle, wherein they had boiled a quantity of flour to the consistence of thin starch. The lamp being thus dried, and filled with melted fat, they now found, to their great joy, it did not leak. But for greater security they dipped linen rags in their paste, and with them covered the outside. Succeeding in this attempt, they immediately made another lamp for fear of any accident, and reserved the remainder of their flour for similar purposes. As they had carefully collected whatever happened to be cast on shore, they had found amongst the wrecks of vessels some cordage, and a small quantity of oakum, a kind of hemp used for caulking ships, which served them to make wicks for their lamps. When these stores began to fail, their shirts and drawers, which are worn by almost all Russian peasants, were employed to make good the deficiency. By these means they kept their lamp burning, without intermission, from the day they first made it until that of their embarkation for their native country. Having been forced to tear up their shirts and drawers, they found themselves more than ever exposed to the rigour of the climate. They were also in want of shoes, boots, and other articles of dress; and as winter was approaching, they were again obliged to have recourse to that ingenuity which necessity suggests, and which seldom fails in the hour of distress.

“The skins of reindeer and foxes, which had hitherto served

them for bedding, they now thought of employing to a more useful purpose; and so adopted the following method: they soaked the skins for several days in fresh water, till they could pull off the hair pretty easily; they then rubbed the wet leather with their hands till it was nearly dry, when they spread some melted reindeer fat over it, and again rubbed it well. By this process the leather became sufficiently soft and supple for their purpose. Those skins which they designed for furs they only soaked for one day, and then proceeded in the manner before mentioned, except that they did not remove the hair. Thus they soon provided themselves with materials for all the parts of dress they wanted. But here another difficulty occurred: they had neither awls for making shoes or boots, nor needles for sewing their garments. This want, however, they supplied by means of the bits of iron they had occasionally collected. Out of these they made both, and by their industry even brought them to a certain degree of perfection. Making the eyes to their needles gave them some trouble, but this they performed with their knife; for, having ground it to a very sharp point, and heated red-hot a kind of wire forged for that purpose, they pierced a hole through one end, and by whetting and smoothing it on stones, brought the other to a point, and thus gave the whole needle a very tolerable form. Scissors to cut out the skin were what they next had occasion for, but having none, they supplied their place with the knife; and though there was neither shoemaker nor tailor amongst them, they contrived to cut out their leather and furs well enough for their purpose. The sinews of the bears and the reindeer served them for thread; and thus provided with the necessary implements, they proceeded to make their new clothes."

"These," said Mr. Barlow, "are the extracts which I have made from this very extraordinary story; and they are sufficient to show both the accidents to which men are exposed, and the wonderful expedients which may be devised, even in the most dismal circumstances." "It is very true, indeed," answered Tommy; "but pray what became of these poor sailors at last?" "After they had lived more than six years upon this dreary coast," answered Mr. Barlow, "a ship providentially arriving there, took three of them on board, and carried them in safety to their own country." "And what became of the

fourth?" asked Tommy. "He," said Mr. Barlow, "was seized with a dangerous disease called the scurvy; and being of an indolent temper, and not using the exercise which was necessary to preserve his life, died, and was buried in the snow by his companions."

Here little Harry came in from his father's house, and brought with him the chicken which he had saved from the claws of the kite. The little animal was now perfectly recovered, and showed so great a degree of affection to its protector, that it would run after him like a dog, hop upon his shoulder, nestle in his bosom, and eat crumbs out of his hand. Tommy was extremely pleased with its tameness and docility, and asked by what means it had been made so gentle. Harry told him he had taken no particular pains about it; but that, as the poor little creature had been sadly hurt, he had fed it every day till it was well; and that it had conceived a great degree of affection towards him. "Indeed," said Tommy, "that is very surprising—for I thought all birds flew away whenever a man came near them—and that even the fowls which are kept at home would never let you touch them." *Mr. B.* And what do you imagine is the reason of that? *T.* Because they are wild. *Mr. B.* And what is a fowl's being wild? *T.* Indeed, sir, I cannot tell, unless it is because they are naturally so. *Mr. B.* But if they were naturally so, this fowl could not be fond of Harry. *T.* That is because he has been so good to it. *Mr. B.* Very likely—then it is not natural for an animal to run away from a person that is good to him? *T.* No, sir, I believe not. *Mr. B.* But when a person endeavours to hurt him, it is natural for an animal to run away from him, is it not? *T.* Yes. *Mr. B.* And then you say that he is wild—do you not? *T.* Yes, sir. *Mr. B.* Why, then it is probable, that animals are only wild because they are afraid of being hurt, and that they only run away from the fear of danger. I believe you would do the same from a lion or a tiger. *T.* Indeed I should, sir. *Mr. B.* And yet you do not call yourself a wild animal. Tommy laughed heartily at this, and said, "No." "Therefore," said Mr. Barlow, "if you want to tame animals you must treat them kindly, and then they will no longer fear you, but come to you and love you." "Indeed," said Harry, "that is very true; for I knew a little boy that took a great fancy to a snake that lived in his father's garden, and when he had his milk for

breakfast he used to sit under a nut-tree and whistle, and the snake would come to him, and eat out of his bowl." *T.* And did it not bite him? *H.* No—he sometimes used to give it a pat with his spoon, if it ate too fast—but it never hurt him.

Tommy was much pleased with this conversation, and being desirous of making experiments, he determined to try his skill in taming animals. Accordingly, he took a large slice of bread in his hand, and went out to seek some animal that he might give it to. The first thing that he met was a sucking pig, that had rambled from its mother, and was basking in the sun. Tommy, therefore, called "Pig, pig, gig, come hither, little pig!" But the pig, which did not exactly comprehend his intentions, only grunted and ran away. "You little ungrateful thing," said Tommy, "do you treat me in this manner when I want to feed you? If you do not know your friends I must teach you." Saying this, he sprang at the pig and caught him by the hind leg, intending to give him the bread which he had in his hand; but the pig began struggling and squeaking so violently that the sow, which was within hearing, came running to the place, with all the rest of the litter at her heels. As Tommy could not tell whether she would be pleased with his civilities to her young one, he thought it most prudent to let it go; and the pig, endeavouring to escape as speedily as possible, ran between his legs and threw him down. The place where this accident happened was extremely wet; therefore, Tommy, in falling, dirtied himself from head to foot, and the sow which came up at that instant passed over him as he attempted to rise, and rolled him back again into the mire. Tommy was extremely provoked at this ungrateful return, and losing all patience, seized the sow by the hind leg, and began pommeling her with all his might. The sow, as may be imagined, did not relish such treatment, but struggled with such violence as to drag him several yards, squeaking in the most lamentable manner all the time, in which she was joined by her whole litter of pigs. During the heat of this contest, a large flock of geese happened to be crossing the road, into the midst of which the affrighted sow ran headlong, dragging the enraged Tommy at her heels. The goslings retreated with the greatest precipitation, joining their mournful cackling to the general noise; but a gander of more than common size and courage, resenting the unprovoked attack which had been made upon his family,

flew at Tommy's hinder parts, and gave him several severe blows with his bill, whereupon Tommy not only suffered the sow to escape, but joined his vociferations to the general scream. This alarmed Mr. Barlow, who, coming up to the place, found his pupil in a most woeful plight, daubed from head to foot, with his face and hands as black as a chimney-sweeper's. He inquired what was the matter, and Tommy, as soon as he had recovered breath enough to speak, answered: "Sir, all this is owing to what you told me about taming animals. I wanted to make them love me, and you see the result!" "Indeed," said Mr. Barlow, "I see you have been very ill-treated, but I hope you are not hurt; and if it is owing to anything I have said, I shall feel very sorry." "No," said Tommy, "I cannot say that I am much hurt." "Why, then," said Mr. Barlow, "you had better go and wash yourself; and when you are clean, we will talk over the affair."

When Tommy returned, Mr. Barlow asked him, how the accident happened, and having heard the story, he said, "I am very sorry for your misfortune, but I do not remember that I ever advised you to catch pigs by the hinder legs." *T.* No, sir; but you told me that feeding animals was the way to make them love me, and so I wanted to feed the pig. *Mr. B.* But it was not my fault that you attempted it in a wrong manner. The animal did not know your intentions, and therefore, when you seized him he naturally attempted to escape; and his mother hearing his cries, very naturally came to his assistance. All that happened was owing to your inexperience. Before you meddle with any animal, you should make yourself acquainted with its habits and disposition, otherwise you may fare like the little boy, who, in attempting to catch flies, was stung by a wasp; or, like another, who, seeing an adder sleeping upon a bank, took it for an eel, and was bitten by it, which nearly cost him his life. *T.* But, sir, I think I have heard Harry speak of a little boy that used to feed a snake without receiving any hurt from it. *Mr. B.* That might be: there is scarcely any creature that will do hurt, unless it is attacked or wants food, and some of these reptiles are entirely harmless; others, on the contrary, are very venomous; therefore, the best way is not to meddle with anything till you are perfectly acquainted with its nature. Had you observed this rule, you

never would have attempted to catch the pig by the hinder leg, and it is very fortunate that you did not make the experiment upon a larger animal, otherwise you might have been as badly treated as the tailor was by the elephant. *T.* Pray, sir, what is an elephant? "An elephant," said Mr. Barlow, "is the largest land animal with which we are acquainted. It is many times larger than an ox, and grows to the height of eleven or twelve feet. Its strength is enormous, but it is, at the same time, so very gentle, that it rarely does hurt to anything, even in the woods where it resides. It lives upon the fruits and branches of trees. Instead of a nose, it has a long, hollow piece of flesh, which grows over its mouth to the length of three or four feet. This is called the proboscis or trunk, and the animal is capable of bending it in every direction. When he wants to break off the branch of a tree, he twists this trunk round it, and snaps it off directly. When he wishes to drink, he lets it down into the water, sucks up several gallons at a time, and then, doubling the end of it back, discharges it into his mouth."

"But if he is so large," said Tommy, "how is it possible ever to tame him?"

"It might, perhaps, be difficult," replied Mr. Barlow, "did they not instruct those that have been already tamed to assist in catching others." *T.* How is that, sir? *Mr. B.* When they have discovered a forest where these animals resort, they make a large enclosure with strong pales and a deep ditch, and a gate which is left purposely open. They then let one or two of their tame elephants loose, which join the wild ones, and gradually entice them into the enclosure. As soon as one of these has entered, a man who stands ready shuts the gate and takes him prisoner. The animal, finding himself entrapped, grows furious, and attempts to escape, but immediately two of the tame elephants, of the largest size and greatest strength, come up to him, and beat him with their trunks, till he becomes quiet. A man then goes behind him, ties very large cords to his legs, and fastens him by means of them to two great trees. He is then left without food for some hours, and, in that time, generally becomes so docile, as to suffer himself to be conducted to the stable prepared for him, where he lives the rest of his life like a horse, or any other domestic animal. *T.* And pray, sir, what did the elephant do to the tailor? *Mr. B.* There

once lived at Surat, a city where many of these tame elephants are kept, a tailor that used to sit and work in his shed, near the place where the elephants were led every day to drink. This man contracted a kind of acquaintance with one of the largest of these beasts, and used to feed him with fruits and vegetables, whenever the elephant passed by his door. He was accustomed to put his long trunk in at the window, and to receive in that manner whatever his friend chose to give. But one day, the tailor happened to be in an ill-humour, and when the elephant put his trunk in at the window as usual, instead of giving him anything to eat, he pricked him with his needle. The elephant instantly withdrew his trunk, and went on with the rest to drink ; but, after he had quenched his thirst, he collected a large quantity of the dirtiest water he could find, in his trunk, which, I have already told you, is capable of holding several gallons, and when he passed by the tailor's shop on his way back, he discharged it full in his face, with so true an aim, that he wetted him all over, and almost drowned him ; thus justly punishing the man for his ill-nature and breach of friendship.

"Indeed," said Harry, "considering the strength of the animal, he must have had great moderation and generosity, not to have punished the man more severely ; and I think it a very great shame for men ever to be cruel to animals, when they are so affectionate and humane to them." "You are very right," said Mr. Barlow : "I remember another story of an elephant, which, if true, is still more extraordinary. These animals, although in general they are as docile and obedient as a dog, are sometimes seized with a species of impatience which makes them absolutely ungovernable. It is then dangerous to come near them, and very difficult to restrain them. I should have mentioned, that, in the eastern parts of the world, the kings and princes keep them to ride upon, as we do horses. A kind of tent or pavilion is fixed upon the back of the animal, in which one or more persons are placed, and the keeper that is used to manage him, sits upon the neck of the elephant, and guides him by means of a pole with an iron hook at the end. Now, as these animals are of great value, the keeper is frequently severely punished, if any accident happens to the animal by his carelessness. One day, one of the largest elephants being seized with a sudden fit of passion, had broken

loose, and, as the keeper was not in the way, nobody dared to come near him. While he was running about in this manner, he saw the wife of his keeper (who had often fed him as well as her husband), with her young child in her arms, endeavouring to escape from his fury. The woman ran as fast as she was able; but finding that it was impossible for her to escape, (because these beasts run very fast,) she resolutely turned about, and throwing her child down before the elephant, thus accosted him: 'You ungrateful beast, is this the return you make for all the benefits we have bestowed? Have we fed you, and taken care of you, by day and night, during so many years, only that you may at last destroy us all? Crush, then, this poor innocent child and me, in return for the services that my husband has done you!' While she was making these passionate exclamations, the elephant approached the place where the little infant lay, but, instead of trampling upon him, he stopped short, and looked at him with earnestness, as if he had been sensible of shame and compassion. His fury then subsided, and he suffered himself to be led to his stable."

Tommy thanked Mr. Barlow for these two stories, and promised, for the future, to use more discretion in his kindness to animals.

The next day Tommy and Harry went into the garden, to sow the wheat which Harry had brought from his father's.

While they were at work, Tommy said: "Pray, Harry, did you ever hear the story of the men that were obliged to live six years upon that terrible cold country where there is nothing but snow and ice, and great bears that are ready to eat men up? *H.* Yes, I have. *T.* And did not the very thought of it frighten you dreadfully? *H.* No, I cannot say it did. I am very happy that I was born in such a country as this, where the weather is scarcely ever too hot or too cold. But a man must bear patiently whatever is his lot in this world. *T.* That is true. But should you not cry, if you were left upon such a country? *H.* I should certainly be very sorry, if I were left there alone, more especially as I am not strong enough to defend myself against such savage animals. But crying would do me no good: it would be better to do something, and endeavour to help myself. *T.* I think it would; but what could you do? *H.* Why, I would endeavour to build myself a house, if I

could find any materials. *T.* And what materials is a house made of? I thought it had been impossible to make a house without having a great many carpenters and bricklayers. *H.* You know there are houses of different sizes. The houses that the poor people live in are very different from your father's. *T.* Yes, they are little, dirty, disagreeable hovels: I should not like to live in them at all. *H.* And yet the poor are as strong and healthy as the rich. But if you could have no other, you would rather live in one of them than be exposed to the weather. *T.* Yes, certainly. And how would you make one of them? *H.* If I could get any wood, and had a hatchet, I would cut down some branches of trees, and stick them upright in the ground, near to each other. *T.* And what next? *H.* I would next get some smaller branches, and these I would interweave between them, just as we make hurdles to confine the sheep: and then as that might not be warm enough to resist the wind and cold, I would coat them with clay. *T.* Clay, what is that? *H.* It is a particular kind of earth, that sticks to your feet when you tread upon it, or to your hands when you touch it. *T.* I did not think it had been so easy to make a house. And do you think that people could really live in such houses? *H.* Certainly they might, because I have been told, that in many parts of the world they have not any other. "Really," said Tommy, "I should like to try to make a house; do you think, Harry, that you and I could make one?" "Yes," said Harry, "if I had wood and clay enough, I think I could, and a small hatchet to sharpen the stakes, and make them enter the ground."

Mr. Barlow then called them in to read, and told Tommy, that, as he had been talking so much about good nature to animals, he had looked him out a very pretty story upon the subject, and begged that he would read it well. "I will do my best," said Tommy; "for I begin to like reading extremely: and I think I am happier too since I learned it; for now I can always amuse myself." "Indeed," answered Mr. Barlow, "most people find it so. When any one can read, he will not find the knowledge any burden to him; and it is his own fault if he is not constantly amused." Tommy then read with a clear and distinct voice, the following story of

THE GOOD-NATURED LITTLE BOY.

A little boy went out, one morning, to walk to a village about five miles from the place where he lived, and carried with him a basket containing the provision that was to serve him the whole day. As he was walking along, a poor little half-starved dog came up to him, wagging his tail, and seeming to entreat him to take compassion on him. Seeing how lean and famished the poor animal looked, this good-natured boy said to himself, "This animal is certainly very hungry : if I give him part of my provision I shall be obliged to go home hungry myself ; however, as he seems to want it more than I do, he shall share with me." Saying this he gave the dog part of what he had in his basket, and it ate as if it had not tasted victuals for a fortnight. The little boy went on, his dog still following him with the greatest gratitude and affection, when he saw a poor old horse lying upon the ground, and groaning as if he were very ill. He went up to him, and saw that he was almost starved, and so weak that he was unable to rise. "I am very much afraid," said the little boy, "if I stay to assist this horse that it will be dark before I can return, and I have heard there are several thieves in the neighbourhood : however, I will try ; it is doing a good action, and God Almighty will take care of me." He then went and gathered some grass, and the horse ate it ravenously, as if his chief disease were hunger. He then fetched some water in his hat, which the animal drank, and he seemed to be so much refreshed, that, after a few trials, he got up and began grazing. He then went on a little further, and saw a man wading about in a pond of water, without being able to get out. "What is the matter, good man," said the little boy to him ; "can't you find your way out of this pond ?" "No, my kind master, or miss," said the man, "for such I take you to be by your voice : I have fallen into this pond, and know not how to get out again, for I am quite blind, and I am afraid of being drowned." "Well," said the little boy, "though I shall be wetted to the skin, if you will throw me your stick, I will try to help you out of it."

The blind man then threw the stick to that side on which he heard the voice, and the little boy caught it, and went into the water, feeling very carefully before him, lest he should go

beyond his depth ; at length he reached the blind man, took him by the hand, and led him out. The blind man gave him a thousand blessings, and told him he could grope his way home ; and the little boy ran on as fast as he could, that he might get home before night. But he had not gone far before he saw a poor sailor, who had lost both his legs in battle, hopping along upon crutches. " My little sir," said the sailor, " I have fought many a battle with the French to defend Old England, but now I am crippled, and have neither victuals nor money, although I am almost famished."

The little boy could not resist his inclination to relieve him, so he gave him all his remaining victuals, and said, " My good man ! this is all I have, or you should have more." He then ran along, and having arrived at the town he was going to, did his business, and returned towards his own home as fast as he could. He had not gone much more than half way, before the night closed in, without either moonlight or starlight to guide him. The poor little boy then missed his way in turning down a lane which brought him into a wood, where he wandered about a great while, without being able to find any path to lead him out. Tired at last, and hungry, he felt that he could go no further, but sat down upon the ground, crying bitterly. In this situation he remained for some time, till at last the little dog, which had never forsaken him, came up, wagging his tail, and holding something in his mouth. The little boy took it from him, and found it was a handkerchief nicely pinned together, which somebody had dropped, and the dog had picked up ; and in it he found several slices of bread and meat, which he ate with great satisfaction. " So," said the little boy, " I see that if I have given you a breakfast, you have given me a supper, and a kindness is always returned, even by a dog. He then once more attempted to escape from the wood, but it was to no purpose ; he only scratched his legs with briars, and slipped down in the dirt, without being able to find his way out. He was just going to give up in despair, when he saw a horse feeding before him, and found, by the light of the moon, which just then began to shine a little, that it was the very same he had fed in the morning. " Perhaps," said the little boy, " this creature, as I have been so good to him, will let me get upon his back, and he may bring me out of the wood, as he is accustomed to feed in this neighbourhood." The little boy

then went up to the horse, speaking to him and stroking him, and the horse let him mount his back without opposition, and proceeded slowly through the wood, grazing as he went, till he brought him to an opening which led to the high road. The little boy was much rejoiced at this, and said, "If I had not saved this creature's life in the morning, I should have been obliged to stay here all night: I see by this, that a good turn is never lost."

But the poor little boy had yet a greater danger to undergo: for as he was passing along a solitary lane, two men rushed out, laid hold of him, and were going to strip him of his clothes; but just as they were beginning to do it, the little dog bit the leg of one of the men with so much violence, that he left the little boy, and pursued the dog, which ran howling and barking away. At this instant, a voice was heard that cried out, "There the rascals are, let us knock them down!" which frightened the remaining man so much, that he fled, and his companion followed him. The little boy then looked up, and saw that it was the sailor, whom he had relieved in the morning, carried upon the shoulders of the blind man whom he had helped out of the pond. "There, my little dear," said the sailor, "we have come in time to do you a service, in return for what you did for us in the morning. As I lay under a hedge, I heard these villains talk of robbing you; but I was so lame that I should not have been able to come time enough to help you, if I had not met this honest blind man, who took me upon his back, while I showed him the way."

The little boy thanked them very gratefully for thus defending him; and they went all together to his father's house, which was not far off, where they were entertained with a supper and a bed. The little boy took care of his faithful dog as long as he lived, and never forgot the importance and necessity of doing good to others, if we wish them to do the same to us.

"Indeed," said Tommy, when he had finished, "I like that story very much, and I think that it may very likely be true, for I have observed myself that everything seems to love little Harry, merely because he is good-natured. I was quite surprised to see the great dog the other day, which I have never dared to touch, for fear of being bitten, licking him all

over: it put me in mind of Androcles and the Lion." "That dog," said Mr. Barlow, "will be equally fond of you if you are kind to him; for nothing equals the sagacity and gratitude of a dog. But since you have read a story about a good-natured boy, Harry shall read you the story of

THE ILL-NATURED BOY.

There was once a little boy who was so unfortunate as to have a very bad man for his father, who gave his children no good example: in consequence of which this little boy, who might otherwise have been happier and better, became ill-natured, quarrelsome, and disagreeable. He very often was beaten by boys that were bigger than himself for his impertinence, and sometimes by those that were less: for, though he was very quarrelsome, he generally trusted more to his heels than his courage, when he had engaged himself in a quarrel. This little boy had a dog that was the exact image of himself: he was the most troublesome, surly animal in the world, always barking at the heels of every horse, and worrying every sheep he could meet with; for which reason both the dog and the boy were disliked by all the neighbours.

One morning his father got up early to go to the alehouse, where he intended to stay till night, as it was a holiday; but before he went out he gave his son some bread and cold meat, and sixpence, and told him that he might go and amuse himself as he pleased the whole day. The little boy was delighted with this liberty; and, as it was a fine morning, he called his dog Tiger to follow him, and began his walk. He had not gone far before he met a little boy, who was driving a flock of sheep towards a gate that he wanted them to enter. "Pray, master," said the little boy, "stand still, and keep your dog close to you, for fear you should frighten my sheep." "Oh yes, to be sure," answered the ill-natured boy; "I suppose I am to wait here all the morning, till you and your sheep have passed! Here, Tiger, seize them, boy!" Tiger, at this, sprang into the middle of the flock, barking and biting on every side; and the poor sheep fled away in confusion. Tiger seemed to enjoy this sport as much as his master; but, in the midst of his triumph, he happened to attack an old ram that had more courage than the rest of the flock: who, instead of running away, faced about, and aimed a blow at his enemy, with so much force and

dexterity, that he knocked Tiger over and over, and obliged him to limp howling away. The ill-natured little boy, who was not capable of loving anything, had been very much diverted with the trepidation of the sheep, and now laughed heartily at the misfortune of his dog; and he would have laughed much longer had not the other little boy, provoked at this treatment, thrown a stone at him, which hit him full upon the temples and almost knocked him down. He immediately began to cry, in concert with his dog, and perceiving a man whom he fancied might be the owner of the sheep, he thought it most prudent to escape as speedily as possible. But he had scarcely recovered from the smart which the blow had occasioned, before he felt as mischievous as ever.

He had not gone far before he saw a little girl standing by a stile with a large pot of milk at her feet. "Pray," said the little girl, "help me up with this pot of milk: my mother sent me out to fetch it this morning, and I have brought it above a mile upon my head; but I am so tired that I have been obliged to stop at this stile to rest; and if I don't return home presently, we shall have no pudding to-day, and, besides, my mother will be very angry with me." "What," said the boy, "you are to have a pudding to-day, are you, miss?" "Yes," said the girl, "and a fine piece of roast beef; for there's Uncle Will, and Uncle John, and grandfather, and all my cousins to dine with us; and we shall be very merry this evening, I assure you: so pray, help me up, as speedily as possible." "That I will," said the boy; and taking up the jug, he pretended to fix it upon her head; but just as she had hold of it, he gave it a little push, as if he had stumbled, and overturned it upon her. The little girl began to cry, but the mischievous boy ran away laughing heartily, saying, "Good-bye, little Miss; give my kind love to Uncle Will, and grandfather, and the dear little cousins."

This prank encouraged him very much; for he thought that now he had certainly escaped without any bad consequences: so he went on, applauding his own ingenuity, and came to a green where several little boys were at play. He desired leave to play with them, which they allowed him to do. But he could not be contented long without mischief; so, taking an opportunity, when it was his turn to fling the ball, he threw it into a deep muddy ditch: the little boys ran in a great hurry

to see what was become of it, and as they were standing all together upon the brink, he gave the outermost boy a violent push against his neighbour ; he tumbled against the next, that next against another, by which means they all fell into the ditch together. They soon scrambled out, although in a dirty plight, and were going to punish him, but he patted Tiger upon the back, and he began snarling and growling in such a manner as made them desist. Thus the ill-natured boy escaped a second time with impunity.

The next thing that he met with was a poor jackass feeding very quietly in a ditch. The little boy, seeing that nobody was within sight, went and cut a large bunch of thorns, which he fixed to the poor beast's tail, and then set the dog to worry him, which amused him greatly. But it did not fare so well with Tiger, who, while he was biting the animal's heels, received so severe a kick upon his head, that he fell dead upon the spot. The boy, who had no affection for his dog, left him with the greatest unconcern, and, finding himself hungry, sat down by the way-side to eat his dinner. He had not been long there before a poor blind man came groping his way with a couple of sticks. "Good morning to you," said the boy, "pray, did you see a little girl come this way, dressed in a green gown, and with a straw hat upon her head?" "Alas! master," said the beggar, "I have been blind these twenty years, and they call me poor, old, blind Richard." Though this poor man was such an object of compassion, yet the little boy determined, as usual, to play him some trick ; and as he was a great liar and deceiver, he spoke to him thus : "Poor old Richard ! I am heartily sorry for you : I am just eating my dinner, and if you will sit down by me, I will give you part, and feed you myself." "Thank you, with all my heart," said the poor man : "if you will give me your hand, I will sit by you with great pleasure, my dear !" The little boy then gave him his hand, and guided him to sit down in a large heap of wet dung that lay by the road side. "There," said he, "now you are nicely seated, and I will feed you." So, taking a little in his fingers, he was going to put it into the blind man's mouth. But the man, who now perceived the trick, made a sudden snap at his fingers, and getting them between his teeth, bit them so severely, that the wicked boy roared out for mercy. At last the blind man, after he had put him to severe pain, consented to let him go, saying as he went,

"Are you not ashamed, you little scoundrel, to attempt to hurt one who has never injured you? Although you escape now, be assured, that, if you do not repent, you will meet with a severe punishment." One would imagine that he had enough of the consequences of his ill-nature by this time; but, alas! nothing is so difficult to overcome as bad habits that have been long indulged. He had not gone far, before he saw a lame beggar, who was just able to support himself by means of a couple of sticks. The beggar asked him to give him something, and the little mischievous boy, pulling out his sixpence, threw it down before him, as if he intended to make him a present of it; but while the poor man was stooping with difficulty to pick it up, this wicked little boy knocked the stick away, by which means the beggar fell upon his face. He then snatched up the sixpence and ran away, laughing heartily.

This was the last trick this little wicked boy had it in his power to play; for seeing two men come up to the beggar, he was afraid of being pursued, and therefore ran away as fast as he was able. At last he came into a lane which led to a farmer's orchard, and as he was preparing to clamber over the fence, a large dog seized him by the leg, and held him fast. He cried out in an agony of terror, which brought the farmer out, who seized him very roughly, saying: "So! sir, you are caught at last, are you? You thought you might come, day after day, and steal my apples, without detection; but now you shall receive the punishment you deserve!"

The farmer then began to chastise him very severely with a whip he had in his hand. The boy in vain protested he was innocent, and begged for mercy. At last the farmer asked who he was, and where he lived; but when he heard his name, he cried out: "What! are you the little rascal that frightened my sheep this morning, by which means several of them are lost? and do you think to escape?" Saying this, he lashed him more severely than before, in spite of all his cries and protestations. At length, thinking he had punished him enough, he turned him out of the orchard. The little boy slunk away, weeping bitterly; for he had been very severely beaten, and now began to find that no one can long hurt others with impunity; so he determined to go home, and behave better for the future.

But his sufferings were not yet at an end; for as he jumped down from a stile, he felt himself seized again, and, looking up,

found that he was in the power of the lame beggar whom he had thrown upon his face. It was in vain that he now cried, entreated, and begged pardon; the man, who had been much hurt by his fall, thrashed him very severely with his stick, before he would part with him. He then went on again, crying and roaring with pain, but at least expected to escape without further damage. But here he was mistaken; for just as he turned the corner of a lane, he found himself in the middle of the very troop of boys that he had used so ill in the morning. They all set up a shout as soon as they saw him in their power without his dog, and began persecuting him in a thousand ways. Some pulled him by the hair, others pinched him; some whipped his legs with their handkerchiefs, while others covered him with handfuls of dirt. At length, while he was in this disagreeable situation, he happened to see the same jackass he had teased in the morning, and, making a sudden spring, jumped upon his back, hoping to escape. The boys immediately renewed their shouts, and the ass began galloping with all his might, and presently bore him away from his enemies. But he found it impossible to stop the animal, and was every instant afraid of being dashed upon the ground. After he had been thus hurried along a considerable time, the ass stopped short at a cottage-door, and began kicking and prancing with so much fury, that the little boy was thrown to the ground, and had his leg broken in the fall. His cries immediately brought the family out, among whom was the same little girl he had used so ill in the morning. But she, with the greatest good nature, seeing him in such a pitiable situation, assisted in bringing him in, and laying him upon the bed. There this unfortunate boy had leisure to reflect upon his own bad behaviour, which in one day's time had exposed him to such a variety of misfortunes; and he determined with great sincerity, that, if ever he recovered from his present accident, he would be as careful to take every opportunity of doing good as he had before been anxious to commit every species of mischief.

When the story was ended, Tommy said it was very surprising to see how differently the two little boys fared. The one was good-natured, and everyone became his friend; the other, who was ill-natured, made everyone his enemy, ex-

cepting the poor little girl that assisted him at last, which was very kind indeed of her, considering how ill she had been used.

"That is very true," said Mr. Barlow: "nobody is loved in this world unless he loves others and does good to them; and nobody can tell but one time or other he may want the assistance of the meanest and lowest. I could show you a story to that purpose, but you have read enough, and therefore you must now take some exercise." "Oh! pray, sir," said Tommy, "do let me hear the story." "No," said Mr. Barlow, "everything has its turn: to-morrow you shall read, but now we must work in the garden."

"Then, pray, sir," said Tommy, "may I ask a favour of you?" "Surely," answered Mr. Barlow, "if it is proper for you to have, there is nothing can give me a greater pleasure than to grant it." "Why, then," said Tommy, "I have been thinking that a man should know how to do everything in this world." *Mr. B.* Very right: the more knowledge he acquires, the better. *T.* And, therefore, Harry and I are going to build a house. *Mr. B.* To build a house! Well, and have you laid in a sufficient quantity of brick and mortar?" "No, no," said Tommy smiling, "Harry and I can build houses without brick and mortar." *Mr. B.* Of cards, I suppose, then, Tommy? "Dear sir," answered Tommy, "do you think we are such little children as to want card-houses? No, we are going to build real houses, and then, you know, if ever we should be thrown upon a desert coast, we shall be able to supply ourselves with necessaries, till some ship come to take us away." *Mr. B.* If you wish to prepare yourself against that event, I think you are right, for nobody knows what may happen to him. What do you want to make your house? *T.* The first thing we want, sir, is wood and a hatchet. *Mr. B.* Wood you shall have in plenty; but did you ever use a hatchet? *T.* No, sir. *Mr. B.* Then I am afraid to let you have one, because it is a very dangerous tool; and you may wound yourself severely. But if you will let me know what you want, I will take the hatchet, and cut the wood for you.

"Thank you, sir," said Tommy; "you are very good indeed." And away Harry and he ran to the copse at the bottom of the garden. Mr. Barlow went to work, and presently, by Harry's direction, cut down several poles about as thick as a man's

wrist, and about eight feet long : these he sharpened at the end, in order to run into the ground ; and so active were the two little boys, that in a very short time they had transported them all to the bottom of the garden, and Tommy entirely forgot he was a gentleman, and worked with the greatest eagerness. "Now," said Mr. Barlow, "where will you fix your house?" "Here," answered Tommy, "I think, just at the bottom of this hill, because it will be warm and sheltered." So Harry took the stakes, and thrust them into the ground at about the distance of a foot from each other, and in this manner he enclosed a piece of ground which was about ten feet long and eight wide, leaving an opening in the middle for a door. After this was done, they gathered up the brushwood that was cut off, and wove it between the poles in such a manner as to form a compact fence. This labour took them several days : however, they worked at it very hard, and Tommy thought himself the happiest little boy in the universe.

But this employment did not make Tommy unmindful of the story which Mr. Barlow had promised to relate. It ran thus:—

THE STORY OF THE GRATEFUL TURK.

It is too much to be lamented, that nations will frequently go to war with each other ; and when they take any of their enemies prisoners, instead of using them well, and restoring them to liberty, they confine them in prisons, or sell them as slaves. It once happened that a Venetian ship had taken many Turks prisoners, and, according to this barbarous custom, these unhappy men had been sold to different persons in the city. By accident one of the slaves named Hamet lived opposite to the house of a rich Venetian, who had an only son, of about the age of twelve years. Hamet, who remarked in the face of the child the appearance of good-nature and compassion, used always to salute him with the greatest courtesy, and testified much pleasure in his company. At length the little boy took such a fancy to the slave, that he used to visit him several times in the day, and brought him such little presents as he thought would be of use to his friend. But though, Hamet seemed to take the greatest delight in the caresses of his little friend, yet the child could not help remarking that Hamet was extremely sorrowful, and he often surprised him

when tears were trickling down his face, although he did his utmost to conceal them. The little boy was at length so much affected with the repetition of this sight, that he spoke of it to his father, and begged him, if he had it in his power, to make poor Hamet happy. The father, who was extremely fond of his son, determined to see the Turk himself and talk to him.

Accordingly he went to him the next day, and was struck with the mildness and honesty of his countenance. At length he said to him, "Are you that Hamet of whom my son is so fond, and of whose gentleness and courtesy I have so often heard him speak?" "Yes," said the Turk, "I am that unfortunate Hamet, who has now been for three years a captive: during that space of time, your son is the only human being that seems to have felt any compassion for my sufferings; therefore, he is the only object to which I am attached in this barbarous country; and night and morning I pray that he may be preserved from all the miseries I suffer." "Indeed, Hamet," said the merchant, "he is much obliged to you, although he does not appear much exposed to danger. But tell me, in what can I assist you, for my son informs me that you are the prey of continual sorrow?" "Is it wonderful," answered the Turk, with a glow of generous indignation, "is it wonderful that I should mourn my fate, when I am bereft of my liberty?" "And yet," answered the Venetian, "how many thousands of our nation do you retain in fetters!" "I am not answerable," said the Turk, "for the cruelty of my countrymen, any more than you are for the barbarity of yours. But I have never enslaved my fellow-creatures; I have never spoiled Venetian merchants of their property to increase my riches; and therefore it is the more severe——" Here he recollected himself, and folding his arms upon his bosom, added, "God is good, and man must submit to His decrees."

The Venetian was affected with this manly fortitude, and said, "Hamet, I pity your sufferings, and may, perhaps, be able to relieve them. What would you do to regain your liberty?"

"What would I do!" answered Hamet; "gladly would I confront every pain and danger that can appal the heart of man." "Nay," answered the merchant, "you will not be exposed to such a trial. The means of your deliverance are certain, provided your courage does not belie your appearance.



"Scorn and shame flashed from the kindling eye of Hamet."

I have in this city an inveterate foe, that has heaped upon me every injury, and who is as brave as he is haughty. Now, Hamet, your words convince me that you are daring. Take this dagger, and as soon as it is night I will conduct you to the place, where you may revenge your friend, and regain your freedom." At this proposal, scorn and shame flashed from the eye of Hamet, and passion deprived him of the power of utterance; at length he lifted up his arm as high as his chains would permit, and cried with an indignant tone, "Go, base Christian, and know that Hamet would not stoop to the vile trade of an assassin for all the wealth of Venice! no! not to purchase the freedom of all his race!" Hereupon the merchant, without seeming much abashed, told him he was sorry he had offended him, but that he thought freedom had been dearer to him than he found it was. "However," added he, as he turned away, "you will reflect upon my proposal, and perhaps by to-morrow you may change your mind." Hamet disdained to answer, and the merchant left him.

The next day, however, he returned in company with his son, and accosted Hamet thus: "The abruptness of the proposal I yesterday made you, might, perhaps, astonish you: but I am now come to discourse the matter more calmly with you, and I doubt not, when you have heard my reason——" "Christian," interrupted Hamet, with a severe countenance, "cease to insult the miserable with proposals more shocking than chains, and let us break off all further intercourse, and be strangers to each other." "No," answered the merchant, flinging himself into the arms of Hamet; "let us from this moment be more closely linked than ever! Generous man, from the moment that I saw thee yesterday, I determined to set thee free; therefore, pardon me this trial of thy virtue, which has only raised thee higher in my esteem. From this moment, generous man, thou art free: thy ransom is already paid, and perhaps, hereafter, when thou seest an unhappy Christian groaning in Turkish fetters, thy generosity may make thee think of Venice."

It is impossible to describe the gratitude of Hamet at this unexpected deliverance. I will only add, that he was that day set free; and embarked on board a ship which was going to one of the Grecian islands. Nor was it without the greatest regret that Hamet parted from his young friend, whose disin-

terested kindness had thus procured his freedom ; he embraced him, wept over him, and prayed for every blessing upon his head.

It was about six months after this transaction, that a sudden fire burst forth in the house of this generous merchant. It was early in the morning, when sleep is most profound, and none of the family perceived it till the whole building was involved in flames. The affrighted servants had just time to waken the merchant, and hurry him down-stairs ; and the instant he was down, the staircase itself gave way, and sank into the midst of the fire. But if Francisco congratulated himself for an instant upon his escape, it was only to resign himself immediately after to the deepest despair, when he found that his son had been neglected in the general tumult, and was yet amidst the flames. No words can describe the father's agony ; he would have rushed into the fire, but was restrained by his servants ; he then raved in an agony of grief, and offered half his fortune to the man that would save his child. As Francisco was known to be immensely rich, several ladders were raised, and several daring spirits, incited by the vast reward, attempted the adventure. The violence of the flames, however, which burst forth at every window, together with the ruins that fell on every side, drove them all back ; and the unfortunate youth, who now appeared upon the battlements, stretching out his arms, and imploring aid, seemed destined to destruction. The unhappy father now sank down in a state of insensibility ; when a man rushed through the crowd, mounted the tallest of the ladders, and instantly disappeared. A sudden gust of smoke and flame burst forth immediately after, which made the people imagine he was lost ; when, on a sudden, they beheld him emerge again with the child in his arms, and descend the ladder without any material injury. A universal shout of applause now resounded to the skies ; but what words can depict the father's feelings, when, upon recovering his senses, he found his darling safe within his arms !

After the first delight was over, he asked for his deliverer, and was shown a man of a noble stature, but dressed in mean attire, and his features so begrimed with smoke that it was impossible to distinguish them. Francisco, however, accosted him with courtesy, and presenting him a purse of gold, begged he would accept of that for the present, and

assured him that next day he should receive his promised reward. "No," answered the stranger, "generous merchant, I do not sell my blood." "Gracious heavens!" cried the merchant, "surely I should know that voice! It is——." "Yes," exclaimed the son, throwing himself into the arms of his deliverer; "it is Hamet!" It was indeed Hamet who stood before them, in the same mean attire which he had worn six months before, when the generosity of the merchant had redeemed him from slavery. Nothing could equal the astonishment and gratitude of Francisco, but as they were then surrounded by a large concourse of people, he desired Hamet to go with him to the house of one of his friends; and when they were alone, he inquired by what extraordinary chance he had been enslaved a second time; adding a kind of reproach for his not informing him of his captivity. "I bless God for that captivity," answered Hamet, "since it has given me an opportunity of preserving the life of that dear youth, which I value a thousand times beyond my own. Know that when the unfortunate Hamet was taken by your galleys, his aged father shared his captivity: and when your unexampled bounty had set me free, I flew to find the Christian that had purchased him. I represented to him that I was young and vigorous, while he was aged and infirm: I added the gold which I had received from your bounty: in a word, I prevailed upon the Christian to send back my father in that ship which was intended for me, and since that time I have remained a willing slave."

At this part of the story Harry and Tommy were so much affected that Mr. Barlow desired them to leave off for the present, and go to some other employment. They therefore went into the garden to resume the building of their house, but found, to their unspeakable regret, that an accident had entirely destroyed all their labours. A violent storm of wind and rain had levelled their house with the ground. Tommy could scarcely refrain from crying when he saw the ruins lying around; but Harry, who bore the loss with more calmness, told him not to mind it, for it could be easily repaired, and they would build it stronger the next time. Harry then examined the spot, and told Tommy that he believed he had found out the cause of their misfortune. "What is it?" said Tommy. "Why," said Harry, "it is only because we did not

drive these stakes far enough into the ground ! and, therefore, when the wind blew against the flat side of it, it could not resist. And now I remember to have seen the workmen, when they begin a building, dig deeply into the ground, to lay the foundation firm ; and I should think that, if we drove these stakes a great way into the ground, it would produce the same effect, and we should have nothing to fear from future storms."

Mr. Barlow then came into the garden, and the two boys asked him whether he did not think that driving the stakes further into the ground would prevent such an accident for the future. Mr. Barlow told them he thought it would ; and that he would assist them. He then brought a wooden mallet, with which he struck the top of the stakes, and drove them so firmly into the ground, that there was no longer any danger of their being shaken by the wind. Harry and Tommy then applied themselves to their work, and in a very short time had repaired all the damage. The next thing to be done, was to put on a roof ; for hitherto they had constructed only the walls. For this purpose, they took several other long poles, which they laid across their building, and upon these they placed straw in considerable quantities, so that now they imagined they had constructed a house that would completely screen them from the weather. But in this they were again mistaken ; for a very violent shower of rain coming just as they had finished their building, they took shelter under it, and remarked, for some time, with infinite pleasure, how dry and comfortable it kept them ; but at last the straw that covered it became soaked through, and the rain began to penetrate in considerable quantities. For some time Harry and Tommy bore the inconvenience ; but it increased so much that they were obliged to seek shelter in the house. When thus secured, they began again to consider the affair of the house, and Tommy said that it must be because they had not put straw enough upon it. "No," said Harry, "I rather imagine that it must be owing to our roof lying so flat ; for I have observed, that all houses have their roofs in a shelving position, by which means the wet continually runs off them, and falls to the ground ; whereas ours is quite flat, and the rain, instead of running off, soaks deeper and deeper into the straw, till at last it comes through." They therefore agreed to re-

medy this defect; and for this purpose they took several poles of an equal length, the one end of which they fastened to the side of their house, and let the other two ends meet in the middle, by which means they formed a roof, exactly like that which we commonly see upon buildings. And, lastly, they covered the whole with straw or thatch; and, for fear the thatch should be blown away, they secured it with pegs in different places, and put small pieces of stick crosswise, to keep the straw in its place. When this was done, they found they had a very tolerable house; only the sides, being formed of brushwood alone, did not sufficiently exclude the wind. To remedy this inconvenience, Harry procured some clay; and, mixing it with water, to render it sufficiently soft, he daubed it all over the walls, both within and without, by which means the wind was excluded, and the house rendered much warmer than before.

Some time had now elapsed since the seeds of the wheat were sown, and they began to shoot so vigorously, that the blade of the corn appeared green above the ground, and increased every day. Tommy went to look at it every morning with the greatest satisfaction. "Now," said he to Harry, "I think we should soon be able to live, if we were upon a desert island. Here is a house to shelter us from the weather, and we shall soon have some corn for food." "Yes," answered Harry, "but there are a great many things still wanting to enable us to make bread."

Mr. Barlow had a very large garden, and an orchard full of the finest fruit trees; and he had another piece of ground where he used to sow seeds, in order to raise trees. They were afterwards carefully planted out in beds, till they were large enough to be moved into the orchard. Tommy had often eaten of the fruit of the orchard, and thought it delicious; and this led him to think that it would be a great improvement to their house if he had a few trees which he might plant near it, and which would shelter it from the sun, and produce fruit: he therefore requested Mr. Barlow to give him a couple of trees, and Mr. Barlow told him to go into the nursery, and take his choice. Accordingly, Tommy went, and chose two of the strongest-looking trees he could find, which, with Harry's assistance, he transplanted into the garden in the following manner. They took their spades, and carefully dug up the trees without injuring their roots. Then they dug two large

holes in the place where the trees were to stand, and broke the earth to pieces, that it might lie light upon the roots; then placing the tree in the middle of the hole, Tommy held it upright, while Harry gently threw the earth over the roots, which he trod down with his feet, in order to cover them well: lastly, he stuck a large stake in the ground, and tied the tree to it, for fear that the wind might injure it, or perhaps blow it out of the ground. Nor was this all. There was a little spring of water which burst forth from the upper ground in the garden, and ran down the side of the hill in a small stream. Harry and Tommy laboured very hard for several days to form a new channel, to lead the water near the roots of their trees; for it happened to be hot and dry weather, and they feared their trees might perish from the want of moisture. Mr. Barlow saw them employed in this manner with the greatest satisfaction. He told them that in many parts of the world the excessive heat burned up the ground so that nothing would grow unless the soil was watered in that manner. There is a country, in particular, called Egypt, which has always been famous for its fertility and for the quantity of corn which grows in it, which is naturally watered in the following manner. There is a great river, called the Nile, which flows through the whole extent of the country. This river, at a particular time of the year, overflows its banks; and, as the whole country is flat, it is very soon covered by the waters. This inundation lasts for many weeks, and leaves the soil so rich that it produces everything in the greatest abundance.

"Is it not in that country, sir," said Harry, "where the crocodile is found?" "Yes," answered Mr. Barlow. "What is that, sir?" said Tommy. "It is an animal," replied Mr. Barlow, "that lives upon the land and in the water. It comes originally from an egg which the old one lays and buries in the sand. The heat of the sun warms it during several days, and at last a young crocodile is hatched. This animal is at first very small: it has a long body and four short legs, which serve it to walk with upon the land, and to swim with in the waters. It has a long tail; or, rather, the body is extremely long, and gradually grows thinner till it ends in a point. Its shape is exactly like that of a lizard; and, as it grows older, it gradually becomes bigger, till at last it reaches the length of twenty or thirty feet." "That is very large," said Tommy: and does it do any harm?" "Yes,"

said Mr. Barlow, "it devours everything it can seize. It frequently comes out of the water and lives upon the shore, where it resembles a large log of wood; and if any animal comes near, it snaps at it on a sudden and devours it." *T.* And does it never devour men? *Mr. B.* Sometimes, if it surprises them. But those that are accustomed to meet with them easily escape. They run round in a circle, or turn short on a sudden, by which means the animal is left far behind; because, although he can run tolerably fast in a straight line, the great length of his body prevents him from turning with ease. *T.* This must be a very dreadful animal to meet with: is it possible for a man to defend himself against it? *Mr. B.* Everything is possible to those that have courage and coolness; therefore, many of the inhabitants of those countries carry long spears in their hands in order to defend themselves from those animals. The crocodile opens his jaws in order to devour the man, who takes this opportunity to thrust his spear into the creature's mouth, by which means he is generally killed upon the spot. Nay, I have even heard that some will go into the water in order to fight the crocodile there. They take a large splinter of wood, about a foot in length, strong in the middle, and sharpened at both ends; to this they tie a long tough cord. The man then takes this piece of wood in his right hand, and goes into the river, where he waits till one of these creatures perceives him. As soon as that happens, the animal comes up to seize him, extending his wide and horrid jaws, which are armed with several rows of pointed teeth; but the man, with the greatest intrepidity, waits for his enemy, and the instant he approaches, thrusts his hand, armed with the splinter of wood, into his terrible mouth, which the creature closes directly, and by this means forces the sharp points into each of his jaws, where they stick fast. He is then incapable of doing hurt, and they pull him to the shore by the cord. "Pray, sir," said Tommy, "can this dreadful animal be tamed?" "Yes," answered Mr. Barlow; "I believe there is no animal that may not be rendered mild and inoffensive by good usage. There are several parts of Egypt where tame crocodiles are kept: these animals, though of the largest size, never do hurt to anything, but suffer every one to approach them, and even little children to play about them, and ride securely upon their enormous backs."

This account diverted Tommy very much. He thanked Mr. Barlow for giving him this description of the crocodile, and

said he should like to see every animal in the world. "That," answered Mr. Barlow, "will be extremely difficult, as almost every country produces some kind which is not found in other parts of the world; but if you will be contented to read descriptions of them, you may easily gratify your curiosity."

About this time, Tommy and Harry rose early one morning, and went to take a long walk before breakfast, as they used frequently to do. They rambled so far that at last they found themselves tired, and sat down under a hedge to rest. While there, a very clean and decently-dressed woman passed by, who, seeing two little boys sitting by themselves, stopped to look at them, and said: "You seem, my dear boys, to be either tired, or to have lost your way." "No, madam," said Harry, "we have not lost our way; but we have walked further than usual this morning, and we wait here a little while to rest ourselves." "Well," said the woman, "if you will come into my cottage, you may sit more comfortably; and as my daughter has by this time milked the cows, she shall give you a mess of bread and milk." Tommy, who was hungry as well as tired, told Harry that he should like to accept the woman's invitation; so they both followed her to a small farm-house at a little distance. Here they were desired to sit down by a warm and comfortable fire, which was made of turf. Tommy, who had never seen such a fire, could not help inquiring about it, and the good woman told him that poor people, like her, were unable to purchase coals; "therefore," said she, "we go and pare the surface of the commons, which is full of grass, and heath, and other vegetables, with their roots all matted together. These we dry in small pieces, by leaving them exposed to the summer's sun; and we bring them home and put them under a shed, and use them for our fires." "But," said Tommy, "I should think that you would hardly have fire enough by these means to dress your dinner; for I have been in my father's kitchen when they were dressing the dinner, and I saw a fire that blazed up to the very top of the chimney." The poor woman smiled at this, and said: "Your father, I suppose, master, is some rich man, who has a great deal of victuals to dress; but we poor people must be more easily contented." "Why," said Tommy, "you must at least want to roast meat every day?" "No," said the poor woman, "we seldom see roast meat in our house; but we are very well contented if we can have a bit of fat pork every day boiled in a pot with turnips; and we are

thankful that we fare so well, for there are many poor souls, who are as good as we are, that can scarcely get a morsel of dry bread."

As they were conversing in this manner, Tommy happened to cast his eyes on one side, and saw a room that was almost filled with apples. "Pray," said he, "what can you do with all these apples? I should think you would never be able to eat them, though you were to eat nothing else." "That is very true," said the woman; "but we make cider of them." "What!" cried Tommy, "are you able to make that pleasant liquor called cider? and is it made of apples?" *The Woman.* Yes, indeed it is. *Tommy.* And pray, how is it made? *The Woman.* We take the apples when they are ripe, and squeeze them in a machine we have for that purpose. Then we take the pulp and put it into large hair bags, which we press in a great press, till all the juice runs out. *Tommy.* And is this juice cider? *The Woman.* You shall taste, little master, as you seem so curious.

She then led them into another room, where there was a great tub full of the juice of apples, and taking some up in a cup, she desired him to taste whether it was cider. Tommy tasted, and said it was very sweet and pleasant, but not cider. "Well," said the woman, "let us try another cask." Tommy, when he had tasted that, said it really was cider. "But pray," said he, "what do you do to the apple-juice to make it into cider?" *The Woman.* Nothing at all. *T.* How then should it become cider? for I am sure what you gave me at first was not cider. *The Woman.* We put the juice into a large cask, and let it stand in some warm place, where it soon begins to ferment. *T.* Ferment! pray what is that? *The Woman.* You shall see. She then showed him another cask, and bid him observe the liquor that was in it. This he did, and saw it was covered all over with a thick scum and froth. *T.* And is this what you call fermenting? *The Woman.* Yes, master. *T.* And what is the reason of it? *The Woman.* That I do not know; but when we have pressed the juice out, as I told you, we put it into a cask, and let it stand in some warm place, and in a short time it begins to work or ferment of itself, as you see; and after this fermentation has continued some time, it becomes cider; and then we draw it off into casks and sell it, or keep it for our own use. And I am told, this is the manner in which they

make wine in other countries. *T.* What, is wine made of apples then? *The Woman.* No, my dear; wine is made of grapes, but they squeeze the juice out, and treat it in the same manner as we do the apples. *T.* This is very curious, indeed. Then cider is nothing but wine made of apples.

While they were conversing in this manner, a clean little girl came and brought Tommy an earthen porringer full of new milk, with a large slice of brown bread. Tommy took it, and ate it with so good a relish, that he thought he had never made a better breakfast in his life.

When Harry and he had eaten their breakfast, Tommy told him it was time they should go home; so he thanked the good woman for her kindness, and putting his hand into his pocket, pulled out a shilling, which he desired her to accept. "No, my little dear," said the woman, "I will not take a farthing of you for the world. Though my husband and I are poor, we are able to get our living by our labour, and give a mess of milk to a traveller without hurting ourselves." Tommy thanked her again, and was just going away, when a couple of surly-looking men came in, and asked the woman if her name was Tosset. "Yes, it is," said the woman; "I have never been ashamed of it." "Why then," said one of the men, pulling a paper out of his pocket, "here is an execution against you, on the part of Mr. Richard Gruff; and if your husband does not instantly discharge the debt, with interest, and all costs, amounting altogether to the sum of thirty-nine pounds ten shillings, we shall take an inventory of all you have, and sell it by auction for the discharge of the debt." "Indeed," said the poor woman, looking a little confused, "this must certainly be a mistake; for I never heard of Mr. Richard Gruff in all my life, nor do I believe that my husband owes a farthing in the world, unless to his landlord; and I know that he has almost made up half a year's rent for him, so that I do not think he would go to trouble a poor man." "No, no, mistress," said the man, shaking his head; "we know our business too well to make this kind of mistakes; but when your husband comes in, we'll talk with him; in the meantime we must go on with our inventory." The two men then went into the next room; and, immediately after, a stout, comely-looking man, of about the age of forty, came in, with a good-humoured countenance, and asked if his breakfast was ready. "Oh! my poor dear

William," said the woman, "here is a sad breakfast for you; but I think what the fellows told me must be false about Richard Gruff." At this name the man instantly started, and his countenance, which was before ruddy, became as pale as a sheet. "Surely," said the woman, "it cannot be true that you owe forty pounds to Richard Gruff!" "Alas!" answered the man, "I do not know the exact sum; but when your brother Peter failed, and his creditors seized all that he had, this Richard Gruff was going to send him to a jail, had not I agreed to be bound for him, which enabled him to go to sea; he indeed promised to remit his wages to me, but you know it is now three years since he went, and in all that time we have heard nothing of him." "Then," said the woman, bursting into tears, "you and all your poor dear children are ruined for my ungrateful brother; for here are two bailiffs in the house, who are come to take possession of all we have." At this, the man's face became scarlet; and seizing an old sword which hung over the chimney, he cried out, "No, it shall not be—I will die first—I will make these villains know what it is to make honest men desperate." He then drew the sword, and was going out in a fit of madness, which might have proved fatal, either to himself or to the bailiffs, but his wife flung herself upon her knees before him, and besought him to be more composed. "Oh! my dear, dear husband, consider what you are doing," cried she. "You can do none of us any service by this violence; instead of that, should you be so unfortunate as to kill either of these men, would it not be murder? And would not our lot be a thousand times harder than it is at present?" This remonstrance seemed to have some effect upon the farmer: his children too, although too young to understand the cause of all this confusion, hung about him, sobbing in concert with their mother. Little Harry, too, although a stranger to the poor man before, yet with the tenderest sympathy took him by the hand and bathed it with his tears. At length, softened and overcome by the sorrows of those he loved so well, he resigned the fatal instrument, and sat down upon a chair, covering his face with his hands, and only saying, "The will of God be done!"

Tommy had beheld this affecting scene with the greatest attention, although he had not said a word; and now beckoning Harry away, he went silently out of the house, and took the

road which led to Mr. Barlow's. While he was upon the way, he seemed to be so full of the scene which he had just witnessed, that he did not open his lips: but when he came home, he instantly went to Mr. Barlow, and desired that he would directly send him to his father's. Mr. Barlow was surprised at the request, but ordered a careful servant to saddle a horse directly, and take Tommy home before him. Mr. and Mrs. Merton were extremely surprised at the sight of their son; but Tommy, whose mind was full of the project which he had formed, as soon as he had answered their first questions, accosted his father thus: "Pray, sir, will you be angry with me, if I ask you a great favour?" "No, surely," said Mr. Merton, "that I will not." "Why, then," said Tommy, "as I have often heard you say that you were very rich, and that if I were good, I should be rich too, will you give me some money?" "Money!" said Mr. Merton, "yes to be sure: how much do you want?" "Why, sir," said Tommy, "I want a very large sum." "Perhaps a guinea," answered Mr. Merton. *Tommy.* No, sir, a great deal more—a great many guineas. *Mr. Merton.* Let us, however, see. *T.* Why, sir, I want at least forty pounds. "Bless the boy!" answered Mrs. Merton, "surely Mr. Barlow must have taught him to be ten times more extravagant than he was before." *T.* Indeed, madam, Mr. Barlow knows nothing about the matter. "But," said Mr. Merton, "what can such an urchin as you want with so large a sum of money?" "Sir," answered Tommy, "that is a secret; but I am sure, when you hear it, you will approve of the use I intend to make of it. *Mr. Merton.* That I very much doubt. "But," replied Tommy, "sir, if you please to let me have this money, I will pay you again by degrees." *Mr. Merton.* How will you ever be able to pay me such a sum? *T.* Why, sir, you know you frequently give me new clothes and pocket-money; now, if you will only let me have this money, I will neither want new clothes nor anything else, till I have made it up. *Mr. Merton.* But what can such a child as you want with all this money? *T.* Pray, sir, wait a few days, and you shall know, and if I make a bad use of it, never believe me again as long as I live. Mr. Merton was extremely struck with the earnestness with which his son persevered in his demand; and as he was both very rich and very liberal, he determined to hazard the experiment, and comply with his request. He accordingly put the money he

asked into his hands, telling him at the same time, that he expected to be acquainted with the use he made of it, and if not satisfied with the account, that he would never trust him again. Tommy appeared in ecstasies at the confidence reposed in him, and, after thanking his father for his extraordinary goodness, he desired leave to go back again with Mr. Barlow's servant. When he arrived at Mr. Barlow's, his first care was to beg Harry to accompany him again to the farmer's house. Thither the two little boys went with the greatest expedition ; and, upon entering the house, they found the unhappy family in the same situation as before. But Tommy went up to the good woman of the house, who sat sobbing in a corner of the room, and taking her gently by the hand, said, " My good woman, you were very kind to me in the morning, and, therefore, I am determined to be kind to you in return." " Bless you, my little master," said the woman, " you were very welcome to what you had ; but you are not able to do anything to relieve our distress." " How do you know that ?" said Tommy ; " perhaps I can do more for you than you imagine." " Alas !" answered the woman, " I believe you would do all you could ; but all our goods will be seized and sold, unless we can immediately raise the sum of forty pounds ; and that is impossible, for we have no earthly friend to assist us ; therefore, my poor babes and I must be turned out of doors, and God alone can keep them from starving." Tommy was too kind-hearted to leave the poor woman any longer in suspense, so he emptied the money into her lap, saying, " Here, my good woman, take this and pay your debts." It is impossible to express her surprise at the sight ; she stared wildly round her, then turned her eyes upon her little benefactor, and clasping her hands together in an agony of gratitude and feeling, she fell back in her chair with a convulsive motion. Her husband, who was in the next room, seeing her in this condition, ran to her, and asked her, with the greatest tenderness, what was the matter ; but she threw herself upon her knees before the little boy, sobbing and blessing him, embracing his knees, and kissing his feet. The husband, who did not know what had happened, imagined that his wife had lost her senses ; and the little children ran up to their mother, pulling her by the gown, and hiding their faces in her bosom. The woman, at sight of them seemed to recollect herself, and cried out, " Oh ! my children,

who must all have been starved without the assistance of this little angel, why do you not fall down, and join with me in thanking him?" At this the husband said, "Surely, Mary, you must have lost your senses!" "Oh!" said the woman, "William, I am not mad, though I may appear so; but see what Providence has sent us by the hands of this little angel, and then wonder that I should be wild." Saying this, she held up the money, and at the sight her husband looked as much astonished as she did. But Tommy went up to the man, and taking him by the hand said, "My good friend, you are very welcome to this; I freely give it you, and I hope it will enable you to pay what you owe, and to preserve these poor little children." But the man, who had before appeared to bear his misfortunes with silent dignity, now burst into tears, and sobbed like his wife and children. Tommy, who began to be pained with this excess of gratitude, went silently out of the house, followed by Harry, and before the poor family perceived what was become of him, was out of sight.

When he came back to Mr. Barlow's, that gentleman received him with the greatest affection; and when he had inquired after the health of Mr. and Mrs. Merton, asked Tommy whether he had forgotten the story of the grateful Turk. Tommy told him he had not, and should be very glad to hear the remainder, which Mr. Barlow gave him to read, and it was as follows:

THE CONTINUATION OF THE HISTORY OF THE GRATEFUL TURK.

When Hamet had finished his story, the Venetian was astonished at the virtue and elevation of his mind; and after saying everything that his gratitude suggested, he concluded with pressing him to accept the half of his fortune, and to settle in Venice for the remainder of his life. This offer Hamet refused, with the greatest respect, but with a generous disdain; and told his friend that in what he had done, he had only discharged a debt of gratitude and friendship. "You were," said he, "my generous benefactor; you had a claim upon my life, and that life would have been well bestowed, had it been lost in your service; but since Providence has otherwise decreed, it is a sufficient recompense to me to have been instrumental in the preservation of your happiness."

But though Hamet undervalued his own services, the merchant could not remain contented without showing his gratitude by every means within his power. He therefore once more purchased the freedom of Hamet, and freighted a ship on purpose to send him back to his own country: he and his son then embraced him with all the affection that gratitude could inspire, and bade him adieu.

Many years then elapsed since the departure of Hamet without their seeing him, or receiving any intelligence from him. In the meantime, the young Francisco, the son of the merchant, grew up to manhood: and was generally beloved and esteemed.

It happened that some business about this time made it necessary for him and his father to go to a neighbouring maritime city, and as they thought a passage by sea would be more expeditious, they embarked in a Venetian vessel, which was bound for that place. They set sail with favourable winds, but they had not proceeded more than half way, before a Turkish corsair, a ship purposely fitted out for war, was seen bearing down upon them; and they soon found that it was impossible to escape. The greater part of the crew belonging to the Venetian vessel was struck with consternation; but young Francisco drawing his sword, reproached his comrades with their cowardice, and so encouraged them, that they determined to defend their liberty by a desperate resistance. The Turkish vessel now approached in awful silence; but in an instant the dreadful noise of the artillery was heard, and the heavens were obscured with smoke intermixed with flashes of fire. Three times did the Turks leap upon the deck of the Venetian vessel, and three times were they driven back by the desperate resistance of the crew, headed by young Francisco. At length the slaughter of their men was so great, that they seemed disposed to discontinue the fight, and were actually taking another course. The Venetians beheld their flight with the greatest joy, and were congratulating each other upon their escape, when two more ships appeared in sight, bearing down upon them with incredible swiftness before the wind. Every heart was now chilled with new terrors, when, upon their nearer approach, they discovered the fatal ensigns of their enemies, and knew that there was no longer any possibility of resistance. They therefore lowered their

flag, and surrendered themselves to their enemies, who came pouring in on every side, with the rage and violence of beasts of prey.

All that remained alive of the brave Venetian crew were loaded with fetters, and closely guarded in the hold of the ship, till it arrived at Tunis. They were then brought out in chains, and exposed in the public market to be sold for slaves. They had there the mortification to see their companions picked out, one by one, according to their strength and vigour, and sold to different masters. At length a Turk approached, who appeared to be of superior rank; and after glancing at the rest, with an expression of compassion he stopped before young Francisco, and asked the captain of the ship, what was the price of that young man? The captain answered that he would not take less than five hundred pieces of gold. "That," said the Turk, "is very extraordinary, since I have seen you sell all those that much exceed him in vigour for less than a fifth of that sum." "Yes," answered the captain, "but he shall either pay me some part of the damage he has occasioned, or labour for life at the oar." "What damage," answered the other, "can he have done you, more than all the rest?" "He it was," replied the captain, "that animated the Christians to that desperate resistance which cost me the lives of so many of my bravest sailors. Therefore, I repeat it, I will either have that price for him, great as it may appear, or else I will gratify my revenge by seeing him drudge for life in my galley."

At this, the Turk examined young Francisco with new attention; and he, who had hitherto fixed his eyes upon the ground in sullen silence, now lifted them up; but scarcely had he beheld the person that was talking to the captain, when he uttered a loud cry, and repeated the name of Hamet. The Turk, with equal emotion, surveyed him for a moment, and then catching him in his arms, embraced him with the transports of a parent who recovers a long-lost child. It is unnecessary to repeat all that gratitude and affection inspired Hamet to say; but when he heard that his ancient benefactor was amongst the number of those unhappy Venetians who stood before him, he hid his face in his mantle, and seemed overwhelmed with sorrow and astonishment; then he raised his arms to heaven and blessed that fate which enabled him to rescue his former benefactors.

He then flew to that part of the market where Francisco stood awaiting his fate in mute despair. He called him by every endearing name which gratitude could inspire, and ordering his chains to be instantly taken off, he conducted him and his son to a magnificent house which belonged to him in the city. As soon as they were alone, and had time for an explanation, Hamet told the Venetians, that when he was set at liberty by their generosity, he had accepted a command in the Turkish armies; and, having had the good fortune to distinguish himself upon several occasions, he had gradually been promoted to the dignity of bashaw of Tunis: "Since I have enjoyed this post," added he, "there is nothing which I find in it so agreeable as the power of alleviating the misfortunes of those unhappy Christians who are taken prisoners by our corsairs. Whenever a ship arrives which brings with it any of these sufferers, I visit the markets, and liberate a certain number of captives, and gracious Allah has shown that he approves of these faint endeavours, by putting it in my power to serve the best and dearest of men."

Ten days were Francisco and his son entertained in the house of Hamet, during which time he did his utmost to please and interest them; but finding they were desirous of returning home, he told them that he would no longer detain them, but that they should embark the next day in a ship that was setting sail for Venice. Accordingly, on the morrow, he dismissed them with many embraces and much reluctance, and ordered a chosen party of his own guards to conduct them on board their vessel. When they arrived there, their joy was considerably increased on finding that, by the generosity of Hamet, not only the ship which had been taken, but the whole crew, were redeemed and restored to freedom. Francisco and his son embarked, and, after a favourable voyage, arrived without accident in their own country, where they lived many years respected and esteemed, continually mindful of the uncertainty of human affairs, and attentive to discharge their duties to their fellow-creatures.

When this story was concluded, Mr. Barlow and his two pupils went out to walk upon the high road. They had not proceeded far before they discovered three men leading three large and shaggy beasts followed by a crowd of boys and

women. When they approached nearer, Mr. Barlow discovered that the beasts were three tame bears, led by as many Savoyards, who gained their living by exhibiting them. Upon the head of each of these animals was seated a monkey, which grinned and chattered, and provoked peals of laughter by his grimaces. Tommy, who had never before seen one of these creatures, was very much entertained; but still more so when he saw the bear rise upon his hind legs at the word of command, and dance about in a strange uncouth manner to the sound of music.

After having satisfied themselves with this spectacle, they proceeded upon their way, and Tommy asked Mr. Barlow, whether a bear was an animal easily tamed, and whether he did mischief when he was wild. "The bear," replied Mr. Barlow, "is not so destructive as the lion or tiger; he is, however, dangerous, and will devour women and children, and even men, when he has an opportunity. These creatures are generally found in cold countries; and it is observed, that the colder the climate is, the greater the size and fierceness do they attain. In those northern countries, which are perpetually covered with snow and ice, a species of bear is found that is white in colour, and of amazing strength as well as fierceness. These animals are often seen clambering over the huge pieces of ice which almost cover those seas, and preying upon fish and other sea animals. I remember reading an account of one that came unexpectedly upon some sailors who were boiling their dinners upon the shore. This creature had two young ones with her, and the sailors, as you may fancy, did not like such dangerous guests, but made their escape immediately to the ship. The old bear then seized upon the flesh which the sailors had left, and set it before her cubs, reserving a very small portion for herself; showing by this, that she took a greater interest in their welfare than in her own. But the sailors in the ship, enraged at the loss of their dinners, shot them both dead. They also wounded the dam, but not mortally, so that she was still able to move. It would have affected any one with pity, to see the behaviour of this poor beast towards her young ones. Though she was sorely hurt, and could but just crawl to the place where they lay, she carried the lump of flesh she had in her mouth as she had done the preceding ones, and laid it down

before them; and when she found that they did not eat, she laid her paws first upon one and then upon another, and endeavoured to raise them up, all this while making the most pitiful moans. When she found that they did not stir, she went to a little distance, and then looked back and moaned, as if to entice them to her; but finding them still immovable, she returned, and smelling round them, began to lick their wounds. She then went off a second time as before; and after crawling a few yards, turned back and moaned, as if to entreat them not to desert their mother. Finding them at last cold and lifeless, she raised her head towards the ship and began to growl as if denouncing vengeance against the murderers of her young; but the sailors levelled their muskets again, and wounded her in so many places, that she dropt down between her young ones; and died licking their wounds."

"And is it possible," said Harry, "that men can be so cruel towards poor, unfortunate animals?" "It is too true," answered Mr. Barlow, "that men are frequently guilty of unnecessary acts of barbarity. But in this case it is probable, that fear made these sailors more unpitying than they would otherwise have been." "But would it not be enough," answered Harry, "if they carried arms to defend themselves, without unnecessarily destroying creatures which did not meddle with them?" "To be sure it would," replied Mr. Barlow, "and a generous mind would at any time rather spare an enemy than destroy him."

While they were conversing in this manner, they beheld a crowd of women and children running away in the greatest terror, and saw that one of the bears had broken his chain, and was running after them, growling in a very disagreeable manner. Mr. Barlow, who had a good stick in his hand, and was a man of an intrepid character, perceiving this, bade his pupils remain quiet, and instantly ran up to the bear, which stopped in the middle of his career, and seemed inclined to attack Mr. Barlow for his interference. But this gentleman struck him two or three blows, spoke to him in a loud and severe tone of voice, and seized the end of his chain with equal boldness and dexterity, whereupon the animal quietly suffered himself to be taken prisoner. Presently, the keeper of the bear came up, into whose hands Mr. Barlow consigned him, charging him for the future to be more careful in guarding so dangerous a

creature. While this was doing, the boys had remained quiet spectators at a distance; but, by accident, the monkey which used to be perched upon the head of the bear, and was shaken off when the beast broke loose, came running that way, playing a thousand antic grimaces. Tommy, who was determined not to be outdone by Mr. Barlow, ran up, and seized a string which was tied round the loins of the animal; but he, not choosing to be taken prisoner, instantly snapped at Tommy's arm, and almost made his teeth meet in the fleshy part of it. But Tommy, who was now greatly improved in courage and the use of his limbs, instead of letting his enemy escape, began thrashing him with a stick which he had in his hand; till the monkey, seeing he had so resolute an antagonist to deal with, suffered himself to be led captive like his friend the bear.

As they were returning home, Tommy asked Mr. Barlow whether he did not think it very dangerous to meddle with such an animal when he was loose. Mr. Barlow told him it was much less so than people would imagine. "Most animals," said he, "are awed by courage and emboldened by the appearance of terror." "That, I believe, is very true," answered Harry; "for I have very often observed the behaviour of dogs to each other. When two strange dogs meet, they generally approach with caution, as if they were mutually afraid; but the moment either of them runs away, the other will pursue him with the greatest fury." "This is not confined to dogs," replied Mr. Barlow; "almost all wild beasts are subject to terror; and therefore men that have been obliged to travel without arms, through forests that abound with dangerous animals, have frequently escaped unhurt, by shouting aloud whenever they have met any upon their way. But what I chiefly depended upon, was the training which the bear had received since he left his own country. Now, I knew that the poor bear had been frequently beaten and very ill used, in order to make him submit to be led about with a string and exhibited as a sight. I knew that he had been accustomed to submit to man, and to tremble at the sound of the human voice; and I depended upon the force of these impressions, for making him submit to the authority I assumed over him. You see I was not deceived, and by these means I probably prevented the mischief which he might otherwise have done to some of those women and children."

As Mr. Barlow was talking in this manner, he perceived that Tommy's arm was bloody, and inquiring into the reason, he heard the history of his adventure with the monkey. Mr. Barlow then looked at the wound, which he found of no great consequence; and told Tommy that he was sorry for the accident, but imagined that he was now too courageous to be daunted by a trifling hurt. Tommy assured him he was, and proceeded to ask some questions concerning the nature of the monkey, which Mr. Barlow answered in the following manner:—"The monkey is a very extraordinary animal, resembling a man in his shape and appearance, as perhaps you may have observed. He inhabits hot countries, the forests of which, in many parts of the world, are filled with these animals. He is extremely active, and his fore-legs exactly resemble the arms of a man; so that he not only uses them to walk upon, but frequently to climb trees, to hang by the branches, and to take hold of his food. He supports himself upon almost every species of wild fruit which is found in those countries, so that it is necessary he should be continually scrambling up and down the highest trees, in order to procure himself a subsistence. Nor is he contented always with the food which he finds in his native forest. Large bands of these creatures will frequently sally out to plunder the gardens in the neighbourhood; and many wonderful stories are told of their ingenuity and contrivance.

"It is said that they proceed with all the caution and regularity which could be found in men themselves. Some of these animals are placed as spies, to give notice to the rest, and should any human being approach the garden, one of the sentinels informs them by a peculiar chattering, and they all escape in an instant." "I can easily believe that," answered Harry: "for I have observed, that when a flock of rooks alight upon a field of corn, two or three of them always take their station upon the highest tree they can find; and if any one approaches, they give notice by their cawing, and all the rest take wing directly, and fly away." "But," answered Mr Barlow, "monkeys are said to be yet more ingenious in their thefts; for they station some of their body at a small distance from each other, in a line that reaches from the forest they inhabit to the particular garden they wish to plunder. When this is done, several of them mount the finest fruit-trees, and

picking the fruit, throw it down to their companions who stand below; these again chuck it to others at a little distance; and thus it flies from hand to hand, till it is safely deposited in the woods whence they came. When they are taken very young, they are easily tamed, but they are always fond of mischief, and are great imitators of whatever is done in their presence. Many ridiculous stories are told of them in this respect. I have heard of a monkey that resided in a gentleman's family, and that frequently observed his master undergo the operation of shaving. The imitative animal one day took it into his head to turn barber, and seizing a cat that lived in the same house, in one hand, and a bottle of ink in the other, he carried her up to the top of a very fine marble staircase. The servants were all attracted by the screams of the cat, and, running out, were amused to see the monkey gravely seated upon the landing-place, and holding the cat fast in one of his paws, while with the other he applied ink to puss's face, rubbing it all over, just as he had observed the barber do to his master. Whenever the cat struggled to escape, the monkey gave her a pat with his paw, chattering and making the most ridiculous grimaces; and when she was quiet, he applied himself to his bottle, and continued the operation.

“But I have heard a more tragic story of the imitative genius of these animals. One of them lived in a fortified town, and used frequently to run up and down the ramparts, where he had observed the gunner discharge the great guns that defended the town. One day he got possession of the lighted match with which this man used to perform his business, and applying it to the touch-hole of a gun, he ran to the mouth of it to see the explosion; but the cannon instantly went off, and blew the poor monkey into a thousand pieces.”

When they came back to Mr. Barlow's, they found Master Merton's servant and horses waiting to take him home. When he arrived there, he was received with the greatest tenderness by his parents; but though he gave them an account of everything else that had happened, he did not say a word about the money he had given to the farmer. The next day being Sunday, Mr. and Mrs. Merton and Tommy went together to the parish-church; which they had scarcely entered, when a general whisper ran through the whole congregation, and all eyes were turned upon the little boy. Mr. and Mrs. Merton

were very much astonished at this, but they forebore to inquire till the end of the service: then, as they were going out of church, Mr. Merton asked his son the reason of the general attention which he excited at his entrance into church. Tommy had no time to answer, for at that instant a very decent-looking woman ran up, and threw herself at his feet, calling him her guardian angel and preserver, and praying that Heaven would shower down upon his head all the blessings which he deserved. It was some time before Mr. and Mrs. Merton could understand this extraordinary scene; but when they at length understood the secret of their son's generosity, they seemed to be scarcely less affected than the woman herself; and shedding tears of joy, they embraced their son, without attending to the crowd that surrounded them; but immediately recollecting themselves, they took their leave of the poor woman, and hurried to their coach with such sensations as it is more easy to conceive than to describe.

The summer had now completely passed away, while Tommy was receiving these improvements at the house of Mr. Barlow. In the course of this time, both his body and mind had acquired additional vigour; for he was neither so fretful and passionate, nor so easily affected by the vicissitudes of the seasons.

And now the winter had set in with unusual severity. The water was frozen into a solid mass of ice; the trees were bare, and the little birds, that used to chirp with gladness, seemed to lament in silence the inclemency of the weather. Tommy was one day surprised, when he entered his chamber, to find a very pretty little bird flying about it. He went down-stairs and informed Mr. Barlow, who told him it was called a robin-red-breast, and that it was naturally more tame than any other species. "But, at present," added he, "the little fellow is in want of food, and hunger inspires him with this unusual boldness." "Then, sir," said Tommy, "if you will give me leave, I will fetch a piece of bread and feed him." "Do so," answered Mr. Barlow, "but first set the window open, that he may see you do not intend to take him prisoner." Tommy accordingly opened his window, and, scattering a few crumbs of bread about the room, had the satisfaction of seeing his guest hop down and make a very hearty meal. He then flew out of the window, and settled upon a neighbouring tree, singing all the

time, as if to return thanks for the hospitality he had met with.

Tommy was greatly delighted with his new acquaintance, and from this time never failed to set his window open every morning, and scatter some crumbs about the room, while the bird hopped fearlessly in, and regaled himself under the protection of his benefactor. By degrees, the intimacy increased so much, that little Robin would alight on Tommy's shoulder, or eat out of his hand, which gave Tommy so much satisfaction, that he would frequently call Mr. Barlow and Harry to be witnesses of his favourite's caresses; nor did he ever eat his own meals without reserving a part for his little friend.

One day, however, Tommy went up-stairs after dinner, intending to feed his bird as usual, but, as soon as he opened the door of his chamber, he discovered a sight that pierced him to the very heart. His little friend and companion lay dead upon the floor; and a large cat sprang out of the window. Tommy instantly ran down with tears in his eyes, to relate the death of his favourite, and to demand vengeance against the wicked cat that had occasioned it. Mr. Barlow heard him with great compassion, but asked what punishment he wished to inflict upon the cat.

Tommy. Oh! sir, I would have her killed as she killed the poor bird.

Mr. Barlow. But do you imagine that she did it out of any particular malice to your bird, or merely because she was hungry, and accustomed to catch her prey in that manner?

Tommy owned that he did not suspect the cat of having any particular spite against his bird, and, therefore, he supposed she had been impelled by hunger.

Mr. Barlow. Have you never observed that it is her nature to prey upon mice and other little animals?

Tommy. Yes, sir, very often.

Mr. Barlow. And have you ever attempted to teach her other habits?

Tommy. I cannot say I have.

Mr. Barlow. Are you not then more to be blamed than the cat? Would it not be more reasonable to endeavour to teach the cat that she must no longer prey upon little birds, than to put her to death for what you have never taught her was an offence?

Tommy. But is that possible?

Mr. Barlow. Very possible, I should imagine. But we may at least try the experiment.

Tommy. But why should such a mischievous creature live at all?

Mr. Barlow. Because, if you destroyed every creature that preys upon others, you would leave few alive.

Tommy. Surely, sir, the poor bird was never guilty of such a cruelty?

Mr. Barlow. I will not answer for that. Let us observe what they live upon in the fields, we shall then be able to give a better account.

Mr. Barlow went to the window, and desired Tommy to observe a robin which was then hopping upon the grass with something in its mouth, and asked him what he thought it was.

Tommy. Indeed, sir, it is a large worm. And now he has swallowed it! I should never have thought that such a pretty bird could be so cruel.

Mr. Barlow. Do you imagine that the bird is conscious of all that is suffered by the worm?

Tommy. No, sir.

Mr. Barlow. In him then it is not cruelty. Nature has given him a propensity for animal food, which he obeys in the same manner as the sheep and ox when they feed upon grass, or the ass when he browses upon thistles.

Tommy. Why then, perhaps, the cat did not know the cruelty she was guilty of in tearing that poor bird to pieces.

Mr. Barlow. No more than the bird is conscious of his cruelty to the insect. The natural food of cats consists in rats, mice, birds, and such small animals. It was impossible she should know the value you set upon your bird, and, therefore, she had no more intention of offending you, than had she caught a mouse.

Tommy. But should I have another tame bird, she will kill it as she has done this poor fellow!

Mr. Barlow. That, perhaps, may be prevented. I have heard people that deal in birds affirm there is a way of preventing cats from meddling with them.

Tommy. Oh! dear sir, I should like to try it. Will you show me how to prevent the cat from killing any more birds?

Mr. Barlow. Most willingly. It is certainly better to

correct the faults of an animal than to destroy it. Besides, I have a particular affection for this cat, because I found her when she was a kitten, and have bred her up so tame and gentle that she will follow me about like a dog. She comes every morning to my chamber-door, and mews till she is let in; and she sits upon the table at breakfast and dinner, as grave and polite as a visitor, without offering to touch the meat. Indeed, before she was guilty of this offence, I have often seen you caress her with great affection; and puss would always purr as if she were sensible of your attention.

In a few days after this conversation, another robin flew into the house, and commenced acquaintance with Tommy. But he would not encourage it to any familiarity till he had claimed Mr. Barlow's promise to assist him in preserving it from danger. Mr. Barlow, therefore, enticed the new guest into a small wire cage, and as soon as he had entered it, shut the door, in order to prevent his escaping. He then took a small iron gridiron, such as is used to broil meat upon, and having heated it almost red-hot, placed it before the cage in which the bird was confined. He then contrived to entice the cat into the room, and withdrew the two little boys, in order to leave her unrestrained in her operations. They observed her fix her eyes upon the cage, and begin to approach it in silence, bending her body to the ground, and almost touching it as she crawled along. When she judged herself within a proper distance, she exerted all her agility in a violent spring, which would probably have been fatal to the bird, had not the gridiron received her attack. Nor was this disappointment the only punishment she was destined to undergo: the bars of the machine had been so thoroughly heated, that in rushing against them she felt herself burned in several parts of her body; and retired from the field of battle, mewing dreadfully and full of pain; and such was the impression which this adventure produced, that she was never known again to attempt to destroy birds.

The coldness of the weather still continuing, all animals began to perceive the effects, and even hares, the most timorous of all animals, were frequently seen scudding about the garden, in search of the scanty vegetables which the severity of the season had spared. In a short time they had devoured all the green herbs which could be found, and began to gnaw

the very bark of the trees. One day, as Tommy was walking in the garden, he found that even the beloved tree which he had planted with his own hands, and from which he had promised himself so plentiful a produce of fruit, had not escaped the general depredation, but had been gnawed round at the root and killed. The little boy was so enraged to see the destruction of his labours, that he ran with tears in his eyes to Mr. Barlow, to demand vengeance against the devouring hares. "Indeed," said Mr. Barlow, "I am sorry for what they have done, but it is now too late to prevent it." "Yes," answered Tommy, "but you may have all those mischievous creatures shot, that they may do no further damage." "A little while ago," replied Mr. Barlow, "you wanted to destroy the cat, because she was cruel, and preyed upon living animals; and now you would murder all the hares that subsist upon vegetables." Tommy looked a little foolish, but he said, that he did not want to hurt them for living upon vegetables, but for destroying his tree. "But," said Mr. Barlow, "how can you expect the animals to distinguish your trees from any other? You should have fenced them round in such a manner as might have prevented the hares from reaching them." Mr. Barlow then led him into a field at some distance, which was sown with turnips. Scarcely had they entered the field before a flock of larks rose up in such innumerable quantities as almost darkened the air. "See," said Mr. Barlow, "these little fellows are trespassing upon my turnips in such numbers, that in a short time they will destroy every bit of green about the field; yet I would not hurt them upon any account. Look round the whole country, and you will see nothing but a barren waste, which presents no food either to bird or beast. These little creatures therefore assemble here, where they find a scanty subsistence, and though they do me some mischief, they are welcome to what they can find. In the spring they will enliven our walks by their songs."

Tommy. How dreary and uncomfortable is this season! I wish it were always summer.

Mr. Barlow. In some countries it is so; but there the inhabitants complain more of the intolerable heat, than you do of the cold.

Tommy. Then I should like to live in a country that was never either disagreeably hot or cold.

Mr. Barlow. Such a country is scarcely to be found ; or, if there is, it comprises so small a portion of the earth, as to leave room for very few inhabitants.

Tommy. Then I should think every body would wish to live there.

Mr. Barlow. There you are mistaken, for the inhabitants of the finest climates are often less attached to their country than those of the worst. Custom reconciles people to every kind of life, and makes them equally satisfied with the place in which they are born. There is a country named Lapland, which is covered with perpetual snows during most of the year, yet the inhabitants would not exchange it for any other portion of the globe.

Tommy. How do they live in so disagreeable a country ?

Mr. Barlow. If you ask Harry, he will tell you. Being a farmer, it is his business to study the methods by which men find subsistence in the different parts of the earth.

Tommy. I should like very much to hear if Harry will tell me.

Harry. You must know then, Master Tommy, that in the greatest part of Lapland the inhabitants neither sow nor reap ; they are totally unacquainted with the use of corn, and know not how to make bread. They have no trees which bear fruit, scarcely any of the herbs which grow in our gardens in England ; nor do they possess either sheep, goats, hogs, cows, or horses.

Tommy. What then have they to live upon ?

Harry. They have a species of deer, which is bigger than the largest stags which you may have seen in gentlemen's parks in England, and very strong. These animals are called reindeer, and so gentle that they are easily tamed, and taught to live in herds, and obey their masters. During the short Lapland summer, the Laplanders lead them out to pasture in the valleys, where the grass grows very high and luxuriant. In the winter, when the ground is covered with snow, the deer have learned to scratch it away, and find a sort of moss which grows underneath it, and upon this they subsist. These creatures afford not only food, but clothing, and even houses to their masters. In the summer the Laplander milks his herds and lives upon the produce ; sometimes he lays by the milk in wooden vessels, to serve him for food in winter. This is soon frozen so hard, that when they use it they are obliged

to cut it in pieces with a hatchet. Sometimes the winters are so severe, that the poor deer can scarcely find even moss; and then the master is obliged to kill them, and live upon the flesh. Of the skins he makes warm garments for himself and family, and strews them thick upon the ground to sleep upon.

Their houses are only poles stuck slanting into the ground, and almost joined at top, leaving only a little hole to let out the smoke. These poles are either covered with skins, or coarse cloth, or sometimes with turf and the bark of trees. There is a little hole left in one side, through which the family creep into the hut, and they make a comfortable fire to warm them in the middle. People thus easily contented are totally ignorant of most of the things that we think necessary for comfort. The Laplanders have neither gold nor silver, nor carpets in their houses. Every man makes for himself all that the real wants of life require, and with his own hands performs everything which is necessary to be done. Their food consists either of frozen milk, the flesh of the reindeer, or that of the bear, which they frequently hunt and kill. Instead of bread, they strip off the bark of firs, almost the only trees which grow upon those dismal mountains, and eat it with their meat. The greatest happiness of these poor people is to live free and unrestrained; therefore they do not long remain fixed to any spot, but, taking down their houses, they pack them up with the little furniture they possess, and load them upon sledges, to carry and set them up in some other place.

Tommy. Have you not said, that they have neither horses nor oxen? Do they then draw these sledges themselves?

Harry. I thought I should surprise you, Master Tommy. The reindeer which I have described are so tractable, that they are harnessed like horses, and draw the sledges, with their masters upon them, nearly thirty miles a day. They run with surprising swiftness, along the snow, which is frozen so hard in winter, that it supports them like a solid road. In this manner do the Laplanders perform their journeys, and change their places of abode as often as is agreeable. In the spring, they lead their deer to pasture upon the mountains: in the winter they come down into the plains, where they are better protected against the fury of the winds. There are no towns or villages; no fields; no roads; no inns for travellers to sleep at, nor shops where they may purchase the necessaries of life. The face of the whole country is barren and dismal: wherever

you turn your eyes, nothing is to be seen but mountains, white with snow, and covered with ice and fogs. These mountains shelter thousands of bears and wolves, which are continually prowling about to prey upon the deer; so that the Laplanders are continually obliged to fight them in their own defence. To do this, they fix large pieces of flat board to the bottom of their feet; and thus secured, they run along so nimbly, that they can overtake the wild animals in the chase. The bears they kill with bows and arrows, which they make themselves. Sometimes they find out the dens where they have laid themselves up in the winter, and then they attack them with spears, and overcome them. When a Laplander has killed a bear, he boils the flesh in an iron pot, which is all the cooking they are acquainted with, and invites all his neighbours to the feast. This they account the greatest delicacy in the world, and particularly the fat, which they melt over the fire and drink; then, sitting round the flame, they entertain each other with stories of their own exploits in hunting or fishing, till the feast is over. Though they live so barbarous a life, they are a good-natured, sincere, and hospitable people. If a stranger comes among them, they lodge and entertain him in the best manner they are able, and generally refuse all payment for their services, unless it be a little bit of tobacco, which they are immoderately fond of.

Tommy. Poor people! how I pity them! I should think the fatigues and hardships they undergo must kill them in a very short time.

Mr. Barlow. Have you then observed that those who eat and drink the most, and undergo the least fatigue, are the most free from diseases?

Tommy. Not always; for I remember that there are two or three gentlemen who come to dine at my father's, who eat an amazing quantity of meat, besides drinking a great deal of wine: and these poor gentlemen have lost the use of almost all their limbs. When they arrive, they are obliged to be helped out of their coaches by two or three people, and they come hobbling in upon crutches. But I never heard them talk about anything but eating and drinking in all my life.

Mr. Barlow. And did you ever observe that the poor lost the use of their limbs by the same disease?

Tommy. I cannot say I have.

Mr. Barlow. Then, perhaps, scanty diet, hardship, and exercise, may not be so destructive as you imagine. This way of life is much healthier than luxury and intemperance. I remember lately reading a story upon this subject, which, if you please, you shall hear. Mr. Barlow then read the following

HISTORY OF A SURPRISING CURE OF THE GOUT.

In one of the provinces of Italy, there lived a wealthy gentleman, who, having no taste either for improving his mind or exercising his body, acquired a habit of eating almost all day long. The whole extent of his thoughts was, what he should eat for dinner, and how he should procure the greatest delicacies. Italy produces excellent wines, but these were not enough for our epicure. He settled agents in different parts of France and Spain, to buy up all the most costly wines of those countries. He had correspondence with all the maritime cities, that he might be constantly supplied with every kind of fish. Every poulterer and fishmonger in the town engaged to let him have his choice of rarities. He also employed a man on purpose to give directions for his pastry and desserts. As soon as he had breakfasted in the morning, he used to retire to his library, and seating himself in an easy chair, and tucking a napkin under his chin, ordered his head cook to be sent in to him. The head cook instantly appeared, attended by a couple of footmen, who carried each a silver salver of a prodigious size, on which were cups which contained sauces of every different flavour which could be devised. The gentleman, with the greatest solemnity, used to dip a bit of bread in each, and taste it; giving his orders upon the subject with as much earnestness and precision, as if he had been signing papers for the government of a kingdom. When this important affair was concluded, he generally threw himself upon a couch, to repair the fatigues of such an exertion, and refresh himself against dinner. When that delightful hour arrived, it is impossible to describe either the variety of fish, flesh, and fowl, which was set before him, or the surprising greediness with which he ate of all; stimulating his appetite with the highest sauces and richest wines, till at length he was obliged to desist, from mere inability to contain more.

This kind of life he pursued, till at last he became so corpu-

lent, that he could hardly move. His face was bloated, and his legs, though swelled to the size of columns, seemed unable to support the prodigious weight of his body. Added to this, he was troubled with racking pains in his limbs, which at length terminated in a violent fit of the gout. The pains at length abated, and this unfortunate epicure returned to all his former habits of intemperance. The interval of ease, however, was short, and he was at length deprived of the use of almost all his limbs. In this unhappy state he consulted a physician that had the reputation of performing many surprising cures. "Doctor," said the gentleman to the physician, "you see the miserable state to which I am reduced." "I do indeed," answered the physician; "and I suppose you have contributed to it by your own intemperance." "As to intemperance," replied the gentleman, "I believe few have less to answer for than myself: I indeed love a moderate dinner and supper, but I never was intoxicated with liquor in my life." "Probably then you sleep too much," answered the physician. "As to sleep," said the gentleman, "I am in bed nearly twelve hours every night, because I find the sharpness of the morning air extremely injurious to my constitution; but I am so troubled with the heartburn, that I am scarcely able to close my eyes all night; or if I do, I wake in agonies." "That is a very alarming symptom, indeed," replied the doctor; "I wonder so many restless nights do not entirely wear you out." "They would, indeed," answered the gentleman, "if I did not make shift to procure a little sleep two or three times a day, which enables me to hold out a little longer." "As to exercise," continued the doctor, "I fear you are not able to use a great deal." "Alas!" answered the sick man, "while I was able, I never failed to go out in my carriage once or twice a week; but, in my present situation, I can no longer bear the gentlest motion. Besides disordering my whole frame, it gives me such intolerable twitches in my limbs, that you would imagine I was absolutely falling to pieces." "Your case," answered the physician, "is indeed bad, but not quite desperate; and if you could abridge the quantity of your food and sleep, you would in a short time find yourself much better." "Alas!" answered the sick man, "I find you little know the delicacy of my constitution, or you would not put me upon a method which will infallibly destroy me. When I rise every morning, my stomach is oppressed

with nausea, my head aches, and, above all, I feel such an intolerable sinking in my spirits, that, without the assistance of two or three cordials, and some restorative soup, I am confident I never could get through the morning. No, doctor, I have such confidence in your skill, that there is no pill or potion you can order me, which I will not take with pleasure ; but as to a change in my diet, that is impossible." "That is," answered the physician, "you wish for health without being at the trouble of acquiring it, and imagine that all the consequences of an ill-spent life are to be washed away by a few bottles of medicine. But as I cannot cure you upon those terms, I will not deceive you. Your case is out of the power of medicine, and you can only be relieved by your own exertions."

"How hard is this," answered the gentleman, "to be thus abandoned to despair, even in the prime of life ! Cruel and unfeeling doctor, will you not attempt anything to procure me ease ?" "Sir," answered the physician, "I have already told you everything I know upon the subject. I must, however, acquaint you, that I have a brother physician who lives at Padua, a man of the greatest learning and integrity, who is particularly famous for curing the gout. If you think it worth your while to consult him, I will give you a letter of recommendation ; for he never stirs from home, even to attend a prince."

Here the conversation ended ; for the gentleman, who did not like the trouble of the journey, took his leave of the physician, and returned home, very much dispirited. In a little while, he either was or fancied himself worse ; and as the idea of the Paduan physician had never left his head, he at last determined to set out upon the journey. For this purpose he had a litter so contrived, that he could recline at his ease and eat his meals. The distance was not above one day's tolerable journey, but the gentleman wisely resolved to make four of it, for fear of over-fatiguing himself. He had, besides, a loaded waggon attending, filled with everything that constitutes good eating ; and two of his cooks went with him, that nothing might be wanting to his accommodation upon the road. After a wearisome journey, he at length arrived within sight of Padua, and was carried to the house of the physician, who was called Dr. Ramozini. Then, having been helped out of his carriage by his servants, he was shown into a neat but

plain parlour, from which he had the prospect of twenty or thirty people at dinner in a spacious hall. In the middle of them was the learned doctor himself, who, with much complaisance, invited the company to eat heartily. "My good friend," said the doctor, to a pale-looking man on his right hand, "you must eat three slices more of this roast beef, or you will never lose your ague." "My friend," said he to another, "drink off this glass of porter; it has just arrived from England, and is a specific for nervous fevers." "Do not stuff your child so with macaroni," added he, turning to a woman, "if you wish to cure him of the scrofula." "Good man," said he to a fourth, "how goes on the ulcer in your leg?" "Much better, indeed," replied the man, "since I have lived at your honour's table." "Well," replied the physician, "in a fortnight you will be perfectly cured, if you do but drink wine enough." "Thank Heaven," said the gentleman, who had heard all this with infinite pleasure, "I have at last met with a reasonable physician! He will not confine me to bread and water, nor starve me under pretence of curing me, like that confounded quack from whose clutches I have so luckily escaped."

At length the doctor dismissed his company, who retired loading him with thanks and blessings. He then approached the gentleman, and thus accosted him: "Sir, the letter of my learned friend has fully instructed me in the particulars of your case; it is indeed a difficult one, but I think you have no reason to despair of a perfect recovery. If," added he, "you choose to put yourself under my care, I will employ all the secrets of my art for your assistance; but you must send away all your servants, and solemnly engage to follow my prescriptions for at least a month: without this compliance, I would not undertake the cure of a monarch." "Doctor," answered the gentleman, "what I have seen of your profession does not, I confess, much prejudice me in their favour, and I should hesitate to agree to such a proposal from any other individual." "Do as you like, sir," answered the physician: "you can employ me or not, as you please; but as I am above the common mercenary views of gain, I never stake the reputation of so noble an art, without a rational prospect of success. And what success can I hope for in so obstinate a disorder, unless the patient will consent to a fair experiment of what I can effect?" "Indeed," replied the gentleman, "what you say is so candid, and your whole beha-

viour so much interests me in your favour, that I will immediately give you proofs of the most unbounded confidence." He then sent for his servants, and ordered them to return home, and not to come near him till a whole month was elapsed. When they were gone, the physician asked him how he supported the journey. "Why, really," answered he, "much better than I could have expected. But I feel myself unusually hungry; and, therefore, with your permission, shall beg to have the hour of supper a little hastened." "Most willingly," answered the doctor: "at eight o'clock everything shall be ready for your entertainment. In the meantime, you will permit me to visit my patients."

While the physician was absent, the gentleman was pleasing his imagination with the thoughts of the excellent supper he should make. "Doubtless," said he to himself, "if Signor Ramozini treats the poor in such an hospitable manner, he will spare nothing for the entertainment of a man of my importance. I have heard there are delicious trouts and ortolans in this part of Italy. I make no doubt but the doctor keeps an excellent cook; and I shall have no reason to repent the dismissal of my servants."

With these ideas he kept himself some time amused; at length his appetite growing keener and keener, he lost all patience, and, calling one of the servants of the house, inquired for some little nice thing, to stay his stomach till the hour of supper. "Sir," said the servant, "I would gladly oblige you, but it is as much as my place is worth: my master is the best and most generous of men; but so great is his attention to his house patients, that he will not suffer one of them to eat unless in his presence. However, sir, have patience; in two hours more the supper will be ready."

Thus was the gentleman compelled to pass two hours more without food, a degree of abstinence he had not practised for almost twenty years. He complained bitterly of the slowness of time, and was continually inquiring what was the hour. At length the doctor returned punctual to his time, and ordered the supper to be brought in. Accordingly, six dishes were set upon the table with great solemnity, all under cover, and the gentleman flattered himself he should now be rewarded for his long abstinence. As they were sitting down to table, the learned Ramozini thus accosted his guest: "Before you give

a loose to your appetite, sir, I must acquaint you that, as the most effectual method of subduing this obstinate disease, all your food and drink will be mixed up with such medicinal substances as your case requires. They will not be indeed discoverable by any of your senses; but as their effects are equally strong and certain, I must recommend to you to eat with moderation." Having said this, he ordered the dishes to be uncovered, which, to the extreme astonishment of the gentleman, contained nothing but olives, dried figs, dates, some roasted apples, a few boiled eggs, and a piece of hard cheese. "Heaven and earth!" cried the gentleman, losing all patience at this mortifying spectacle, "is this the entertainment you have prepared for me, with so many speeches and prefaces? Do you imagine that a person of my fortune can sup on such contemptible fare as would hardly satisfy the wretched peasants whom I saw at dinner in your hall?" "Have patience, my dear sir," replied the physician, "it is the extreme anxiety I have for your welfare that compels me to treat you with this apparent incivility. Your blood is all in a ferment with the violent exercise you have undergone; and were I rashly to indulge your appetite, a fever or pleurisy might be the consequence. But to-morrow I hope you will be cooler, and then you may live in a style more adapted to your rank."

The gentleman began to comfort himself with this reflection, and accordingly tasted a few of the dates and olives, ate a piece of cheese with a slice of excellent bread, and found himself more refreshed than he could have believed possible, from such a homely meal. When he had nearly supped, he wanted something to drink; and observing nothing but water upon the table, desired one of the servants to bring a little wine. "Not as you value the life of this illustrious gentleman," cried out the physician. "Sir," added he, turning to his guest, "it is with inexpressible reluctance that I contradict you, but wine would be at present a mortal poison; therefore, please to content yourself for one night only, with a glass of this most excellent and refreshing mineral water." The gentleman was again compelled to submit, and drank the water with many grimaces. After the cloth was removed, Signor Ramozini entertained the gentleman with some agreeable conversation, for about an hour, and then proposed to his patient that he should retire to rest. This proposal the gentleman gladly accepted, as he found himself fatigued with his journey, and unusually disposed to sleep.

The doctor then retired, and the gentleman was accordingly conducted into a neighbouring room, where there was little to be seen but a homely bed, without furniture, with nothing to sleep upon but a mattress almost as hard as the floor. At this the gentleman burst into a violent passion again: "Villain," said he to the servant, "it is impossible your master should dare to confine me to such a wretched dog-hole! Show me into another room immediately!" "Sir," answered the servant, with profound humility, "I am sorry the chamber does not please you; but I am certain I have not mistaken my master's order, and I have too great a respect for you to think of disobeying him, in a point which concerns your precious life." Saying this, he went out of the room, and, shutting the door on the outside, left the gentleman to his meditations. They were not very agreeable at first; however, as he saw no remedy, he undressed himself and entered the wretched bed, where he presently fell asleep while he was meditating revenge upon the doctor and his whole family.

The gentleman slept so soundly that he did not awake till morning, and then the physician came into his room, and with the greatest civility inquired after his health. He had indeed fallen asleep in a very ill humour, but his night's rest had much composed his mind, and the effect of this was increased by the extreme politeness of the doctor: so that he answered with tolerable temper, only making bitter complaints of the homeliness of his accommodation. "My dearest sir," answered the physician, "did I not make a previous agreement with you, that you should submit to my management? Can you imagine that I have any other end in view than the improvement of your health? However, in this case, I must inform you that I have found out the art of making my very beds medicinal; and this you must confess, from the excellent night you have passed. But now, if you please, it is time to rise." Ramozini then rang for his servants, and the gentleman suffered himself to be dressed. At breakfast the gentleman expected to fare a little better; but his relentless guardian would suffer him to taste nothing but a slice of bread and a basin of water-gruel, all which he defended, very little to his guest's satisfaction, upon the principles of medical science.

After breakfast had been some time finished, Doctor Ramozini told his patient it was time to begin the great work

of restoring him to the use of his limbs. He accordingly had him carried into a little room, where he desired the gentleman to attempt to stand. "That is impossible," answered the patient, "for I have not been able to use a leg these three years." "Prop yourself, then, upon your crutches, and lean against the wall to support yourself," answered the physician. The gentleman did so, and the doctor went out, and locked the door after him. He had not been long in this situation, before he felt the floor of the chamber, which was covered over with plates of iron, grow immoderately hot under his feet. He called the doctor and his servants, but to no purpose; he then began to utter loud vociferations and menaces, but all was in vain: he raved, he swore, he promised, he entreated, but nobody came to his assistance, and the heat grew more intense every instant. At length necessity compelled him to hop upon one leg, in order to rest the other; and this he did with greater agility than he could have believed possible: presently the other leg began to burn, and then he hopped again upon the first. Thus he went on hopping about, with this involuntary exercise, till he had stretched every sinew and muscle more than he had done for several years before, and thrown himself into a profuse perspiration. When the doctor was satisfied with the exertions of his patient, he sent into the room an easy chair for him to rest upon, and suffered the floor to cool, as gradually as it had been heated. Then it was that the sick man for the first time began to be sensible of the real use and pleasure of repose; he had earned it by fatigue, without which it can never prove either salutary or agreeable. At dinner, the doctor appeared again to his patient, and made a thousand apologies: these excuses he received with a kind of sullen civility; however, his anger was a little mitigated by the smell of a roasted fowl, which was brought to table and set before him. He now, from exercise and abstinence, began to find a relish in his victuals which he had never done before, and the doctor permitted him to mingle a little wine with his water. These compliances, however, were so extremely irksome to his temper, that the month seemed to pass away as slowly as a year. When it was expired, and his servants came to ask his orders, he instantly threw himself into his carriage, without taking leave either of the doctor or his family, and, full of rage and indignation, drove directly to the house of the first

physician, in order to reproach him. The physician happened to be at home, but scarcely knew his patient again, though after so short an absence. He had shrunk to half his former bulk, his look and colour were mended, and he had entirely thrown away his crutches. When he had given vent to all that his anger could suggest, the physician coolly answered in the following manner: "I know not, sir, what right you have to make me these reproaches, since it was not by my persuasion that you put yourself under the care of Doctor Ramozini." "Yes, sir, but you gave me a high character of his skill and integrity." "Has he then deceived you in either, or do you find yourself worse than when you put yourself under his care?" "I cannot say that," answered the gentlemen; "I am, to be sure, surprisingly improved in my digestion; I sleep better than ever I did before; I eat with an appetite; and I can walk almost as well as ever I could in my life." "And do you seriously come," said the physician, "to complain of a man that has effected all these miracles for you in so short a time, and who has given you a degree of life and health which you had not the smallest reason to expect?" The gentleman, who had not sufficiently considered all these advantages, began to look a little confused, and the physician thus went on:—"All that you have to complain of is, that you have been involuntarily your own dupe, and cheated into health and happiness. You went to Doctor Ramozini, and saw a parcel of miserable wretches comfortably at dinner. That great and worthy man is the father of all about him: he knows that most of the diseases of the poor originate in their want of food and necessaries, and therefore assists them with better diet and clothing. The rich, on the contrary, are generally the victims of their own intemperance; and therefore he finds it necessary to use a contrary method of cure—exercise, abstinence, and mortification. You, sir, have been indeed treated like a child, but it has been for your own advantage. Neither your bed, nor meat, nor drink, has ever been medicated; all the change that has been produced has been by giving you better habits, and rousing the powers of your own constitution. As to deception, you have none to complain of, and this, I am witness, he has done so effectually, that were you to reward him with half your fortune, it would hardly be too much for his deserts."

The gentleman, who did not want either sense or generosity, could not help feeling the force of what was said. He therefore made a handsome apology for his behaviour, and instantly despatched a servant to Doctor Ramozini, with a handsome present, and a letter expressing the highest gratitude. And so much satisfaction did he find in the amendment of his health and spirits, that he never again relapsed into his former habits of intemperance; but, by constant exercise and uniform moderation, lived to a very comfortable old age.

"Indeed," said Tommy, "this is a very comical story, and I should like very much to tell it to the gouty gentlemen that come to our house." "That," answered Mr. Barlow, "would be highly improper, in such a little boy as you. No one should take upon him to instruct others, while he wants so much instruction himself. Thus," continued Mr. Barlow, "you see by this story that intemperance and excess are full as dangerous as want and hardship. As to the Laplanders, for whom you were so much concerned, they are some of the healthiest people the world produces. They generally live to an extreme old age, free from most of the diseases prevalent amongst us, and subject to no other inconvenience than blindness, which is supposed to arise from the continual prospect of snow, and the constant smoke with which they are surrounded in their huts."

Some few days after this conversation, when the snow was a good deal worn away, though the frost and cold continued, the two little boys went out to take a walk. Insensibly they wandered so far that, in passing through a wood, they entirely missed the track, and lost themselves. To add to their distress, the wind began to blow bitterly from the north, and a violent shower of snow coming on, obliged them to seek the thickest shelter they could find. They happened fortunately to be near a hollow oak, which afforded an ample opening to shelter them from the storm. Into this the two little boys crept safely, and endeavoured to keep each other warm, while a violent shower of snow and sleet fell all around, and gradually covered the earth. Tommy, who had been little used to hardship, bore it for some time with fortitude, and without uttering a complaint. At length hunger and fear took entire possession of his soul, and turning to Harry, with watery eyes and a mournful voice,

he asked him what they should do. "Do?" said Harry; "we must wait here, I think, till the weather clears up a little, and then we will endeavour to find the way home."

Tommy. But what if the weather should not clear up at all?

Harry. In that case we must either endeavour to find our way through the snow, or stay here, where we are so conveniently sheltered.

Tommy. But, oh! what a dreadful thing it is to be here all alone in this dreary wood! And then I am so hungry and so cold: oh! that we had but a little fire to warm us!

Harry. I have heard that shipwrecked persons, when they have been cast away upon a desert coast, have made a fire to warm themselves by rubbing two pieces of wood together till they caught fire; or, here is a better thing, I have a large knife in my pocket, and if I could but find a piece of flint I could easily strike fire with the back of it.

Harry then searched about, and with some little difficulty found a couple of flints, as the ground was nearly hidden with snow. He then took the flints, and striking one upon the other with all his force, he shivered them into several pieces; out of these he chose the thinnest and sharpest, and told Tommy, with a smile, that he believed that would do. He then took the flint, and striking it against the back of his knife, produced several sparks of fire. He then collected all the driest leaves he could find, with little decayed pieces of wood, and piling them into a heap, endeavoured to kindle a blaze by the sparks which he continually struck from his knife and the flint, but the leaves were not of a sufficiently combustible nature, and while he wearied himself in vain, they were not at all the more advanced. Tommy, who beheld the ill-success of his friend, began to be more and more terrified, and in despair asked Harry again what they could do. Harry answered, that the best thing they could do, was to endeavour to find their way home, especially as the snow had now ceased, and the sky was clearer. To this Tommy consented, and with infinite difficulty they began their march; for the snow had completely covered every track, and the daylight began to fail. At every step which Tommy took, he sank almost to his knees in snow; the wind was bleak and cold, and it was with difficulty that Harry could prevail upon him to continue his journey. At length, however, they came to some lighted embers, which either some

labourers or some wandering passengers had lately quitted, and which were yet unextinguished. "See," said Harry, with joy, "see how fortunate this is! Here is a fire ready lighted for us, which needs only the assistance of a little wood to make it burn." Harry then again collected all the dry pieces he could find, and piled them upon the embers, which in a few moments began to blaze, and diffused a cheerful warmth. Tommy then began to warm his almost frozen limbs over the fire with great delight; at length he could not help observing to Harry, that he never could have believed a few dried sticks could have been of so much consequence to him. "Ah!" answered Harry, "Master Tommy, you never knew what it was to want anything. But that is not the case with thousands of people. I have seen hundreds of poor children that have neither bread to eat, fire to warm, nor clothes to cover them. Yet they are so accustomed to hardship, that they do not cry in a twelvemonth as much as you have done within this quarter of an hour."

"Why," answered Tommy, a little disconcerted at the observation of his crying, "it cannot be expected that gentlemen should be able to bear all these inconveniences as well as the poor." "Why not?" answered Harry; "is not a gentleman as much a man as the poor can be? And, if he is a man, should he not accustom himself to support everything that his fellow-creatures do?"

Tommy. That is very true. But he will have all the conveniences of life provided for him; victuals to eat, a good bed, and fire to warm him.

Harry. But he is not sure of having all these things as long as he lives. Besides, I have often observed the gentlemen and ladies in our neighbourhood, riding about in coaches, and covered from head to foot, yet shaking with the least breath of air as if they all had agues; while the children of the poor run about barefooted upon the ice, making snowballs.

Tommy. That is indeed true: for I have seen my mother's visitors sitting over the warmest fire that could be made, and complaining of cold, while the labourers out of doors never minded it in the least.

Harry. Then I should think that exercise is a much better thing than all these conveniences you speak of.

Tommy. But then it is not proper for gentlemen to do the same kind of work with the common people.



Lost in the wood.

Harry. But is it not proper for a gentleman to have his body stout and hardy?

Tommy. To be sure it is.

Harry. Why then he must sometimes labour and use his limbs, or else he will never possess that advantage.

Tommy. What! cannot a person be strong without working?

Harry. You can judge for yourself. You very often have fine young gentlemen at your father's house, who are, any of them, as strong as the sons of the farmers in the neighbourhood, who are always used to handle a hoe, a spade, a fork, and other tools?

Tommy. I believe that is true, for I think I am become stronger myself, since I have learned to amuse myself in Mr. Barlow's garden.

As they were conversing in this manner, a little boy came singing along, with a bundle of sticks at his back, and as soon as Harry saw him he recollected him, and cried out, "As I am alive, here is Jack Smithers, the little ragged boy that you gave the clothes to in the summer; he lives, I dare say, in the neighbourhood, and either he, or his father, will now show us the way home." Harry then spoke to the boy, and asked him if he could show them the way out of the wood. "Yes, surely I can," answered the boy, "but I never should have thought of seeing Master Merton out in such a night as this. But, if you will come with me to my father's cottage, you may warm yourself at our fire, and father will run to Mr. Barlow, to let him know you are safe." Tommy accepted the offer with joy, and the little boy led them out of the wood, and in a few minutes they came to a small cottage which stood by the side of the road. When they entered, they saw a middle-aged woman spinning; the eldest girl was cooking some broth over the fire: the father was sitting in the chimney-corner, reading a book, while three or four ragged children were tumbling upon the floor, and creeping between their father's legs." "Daddy," says the little boy, as he came in, "here is Master Merton, that was so good to us all in the summer. He lost his way in the wood, and almost perished in the snow." The man upon this arose, and with much civility desired the two little boys to seat themselves by the fire, while the good woman ran to fetch her largest faggot, which she threw upon the fire, and

created a cheerful blaze in an instant. "There, my dear little master," said she, "you may at least refresh yourself a little by our fire, and I wish I had anything to offer you that you could eat. But I am afraid you will never be able to bear such coarse brown bread as we poor folks are obliged to eat." "Indeed," said Tommy, "my good woman, I am so hungry, that I think I could eat anything." "Well, then," answered the woman, "here is a little bit of gammon of bacon, which I will broil for you upon the embers, and if you can make a supper you are heartily welcome."

The good woman then cooked the bacon, spread a coarse but clean cloth upon her table, and invited them to sit down; an invitation which both the boys obeyed with the greatest pleasure, as they had eaten nothing since the morning. In the meantime the honest man of the house had taken his hat, and walked to Mr. Barlow's to inform him that his two pupils were safe in the neighbourhood. Mr. Barlow had long suffered the greatest uneasiness at their absence, and, not contented with sending after them on every side, was at that very time busy in the pursuit; so that the man met him about half way from his own house.

As soon as Mr. Barlow heard the good news, he returned with the man, and reached his house just as Tommy Merton had finished one of the heartiest meals he had ever made. The little boys rose to meet Mr. Barlow, and thanked him for the pains he had taken to look after them, expressing their concern for the uneasiness which they had occasioned: but he, with the greatest good-nature, advised them to be more cautious for the future, and not to extend their walks so far; then thanking the worthy people of the house, he offered to conduct them, and they all three set out together, in a very cold but fine and star-light evening. As they went home he renewed his caution, and told them the dangers they had incurred. "Many people," said he, "in your situation, have been surprised by an unexpected storm, and, losing their way, have perished with cold. Sometimes both men and beasts, not being able to discern their accustomed track, have fallen into deep pits, filled up and covered with the snow, where they have been found buried several feet deep, and frozen to death." "And is it impossible," said Tommy, "in such a case to escape?" "In general it is," said Mr. Barlow, "but there have been some extraordinary instances of persons who have lived several days

in that condition, and yet been taken out alive: to-morrow you shall read a remarkable story to that purpose."

As they were walking on, Tommy looked up to the sky, where all the stars glittered with unusual brightness, and said, "What an innumerable quantity of stars is here! I think I never observed so many before!"

"Innumerable as they appear to you," said Mr. Barlow, "there are persons that have not only counted all you now see, but thousands more which are at present invisible to your eye."

"How can that be," answered Tommy, "for there is neither beginning nor end? I should think it as impossible to number them as the flakes of snow that fell while we were in the wood."

At this time Mr. Barlow smiled, and said, that he believed Harry could give him a different account, although perhaps he could not number them all. "Harry," said he, "cannot you show your companion some of the constellations?" "Yes,"

answered Harry, "I believe I remember some that you have been so good as to teach me." "But pray, sir," said Tommy,

"what is a constellation?" "Those," answered Mr. Barlow, "that first began to observe the heavens, as you do now, have observed certain stars, remarkable either for their brightness

or position. To these they have given a particular name, that they might know them again, and these particular clusters of stars thus joined together and named, they call constellations.

But come, Harry, you are a little farmer, and can certainly point out Charles's Wain." Harry then looked up to the sky, and pointed out seven very bright stars towards the north.

"You are right," said Mr. Barlow; "four of these stars have put the common people in mind of the four wheels of a waggon, and the three others of the horses; therefore, they have called them by this name, but they are better known among astronomers by the name of the Great Bear. Now, Tommy, look well at these, and see if you can find any seven stars in the whole sky that resemble them in their position."

Tommy. Indeed, sir, I cannot.

Mr. Barlow. Do you not think, then, that you can find them again?

Tommy. I will try, sir. Now, I will look another way. No, I cannot find them again. Oh! I believe there they are—pray, sir (pointing with his finger), is not that Charles's Wain?

Mr. Barlow. You are right; and by remembering these stars, you may very easily observe those which are next to them, and learn their names too, till you are acquainted with the whole face of the heavens.

Tommy. That is indeed very surprising. I will show my mother Charles's Wain the first time I go home: I dare say she has never observed it.

Mr. Barlow. But look at the two stars which compose the hinder wheels of the waggon, and raise your eye up toward the top of the sky: do you not see a small star, which seems to be almost but not quite in a line with the two others?

Tommy. Yes, sir, I see it plainly.

Mr. Barlow. That is called the pole-star: it never moves from its place, and by looking full at it, you may always find the north.

Tommy. Then, if I turn my face towards that star, I always look to the north?

Mr. Barlow. You are right.

Tommy. Then I shall turn my back to the south?

Mr. Barlow. You are right again; and now cannot you find the east and west?

Tommy. Is not the east where the sun rises?

Mr. Barlow. Yes; but there is no sun to direct you now.

Tommy. Then, sir, I cannot find it.

Mr. Barlow. Do not you know, Harry?

Harry. I believe, sir, that if you turn your face to the north the east will be on the right hand, and the west on the left.

Mr. Barlow. Perfectly right.

Tommy. That is very clever indeed; so then, by knowing the pole-star, I can always find north, east, west, and south. But you say that the pole-star never moves: do the other stars, then, move out of their places?

Mr. Barlow. That is a question you may learn to answer yourself by examining whether the stars change their places at any future time.

Tommy. But, sir, I have thought that it would be a good contrivance to draw them upon a piece of paper.

Mr. Barlow. But how would you do that?

Tommy. I would make a mark upon the paper for every star in Charles's Wain, and I would place other marks just as I see

stars placed in the sky, and I would beg you to write the names for me, and this I would do till I were acquainted with all the stars in the heavens.

Mr. Barlow. That would be an excellent way ; but a paper is flat : is that the form of the sky ?

Tommy. No, the sky seems to rise like the dome of a great church.

Mr. Barlow. Then if you were to have some round body you might place your stars with more exactness.

Tommy. That is true, indeed, sir : I wish I had just such a globe.

Mr. Barlow. Well, just such a globe I will endeavour to procure you.

Tommy. Sir, I am much obliged to you, indeed. But of what use is it to know the stars ?

Mr. Barlow. Were there no other use, I should think there would be a very great pleasure in observing such a number of glorious, glittering bodies. We sometimes run to see a procession of coaches, or a few people in fine clothes strutting about ; we admire a large room that is painted and gilded ; but, what is there in all these things, to be compared with the sight of these luminous bodies that adorn every part of the sky ?

Tommy. That's true, indeed. Lord Wimple's great room that I have heard people admire so much, is no more to be compared to it than the shabbiest thing in the world.

Mr. Barlow. That is indeed true ; but there are also some very important uses to be derived from a knowledge of the stars. Harry, tell Master Merton the story of your being lost upon the great moor.

Harry. You must know, Master Tommy, that I have an uncle who lives about three miles off, across the great moor. Now, my father often sends me with messages to my uncle. One evening I went so late, that it was scarcely possible to get home again before it was quite dark ; it was at that time the month of October. My uncle wished me very much to stay at his house all night ; but that I could not do because my father had ordered me to come back. So I set out as soon as I possibly could ; but, just as I had reached the heath, the evening grew extremely dark.

Tommy. And were not you frightened to find yourself all alone upon such a dismal place ?

Harry. No ; I knew the worst that could happen would be that I should stay there all night, and, as soon as the morning shone, I should find my way home. But, however, by the time I had reached the middle of the heath, there came on a violent tempest, so that I found it impossible to continue my way. I quitted the track, which is never very easy to find, and ran aside to a holly bush, that was growing at some distance, in order to seek shelter. Here I lay till the storm was almost over ; then I rose and attempted to continue my way, but unfortunately I missed the track and lost myself.

Tommy. That was very dismal indeed.

Harry. I wandered about a great while, but I had not a single mark to direct me, because the common is so extensive, and so bare either of trees or houses, that one may walk for miles and see nothing but heath. Sometimes I tore my legs in scrambling through great thickets of furze ; now and then I plumped into a hole full of water, and should have been drowned if I had not learned to swim ; so that at last I was going to give it up in despair, when, looking on one side, I saw a light at a little distance, which seemed to be a lantern, that somebody was carrying across the moor.

Tommy. Did not that give you very great comfort ?

"You shall hear," answered Harry, smiling. "At first I was doubtful whether I should go up to it ; but I considered that it was not worth any body's pains to hurt a poor boy like me, and that no person who was out on any ill design would probably choose to carry a light. So I determined boldly to go up to it and inquire the way."

Tommy. And did the person with the candle and lantern direct you ?

Harry. I began walking towards it : when immediately the light changed its direction and went directly before me, with about the same degree of swiftness. I thought this very odd, but I still continued the chase, and just as I thought I had approached very near, I tumbled into another pit full of water.

Tommy. That was unlucky indeed.

Harry. Well, I scrambled out, and very luckily on the same side with the light, which I began to follow again, but

with as little success as ever. I had now wandered many miles about the common. I knew no more where I was, than if I had been set down in an unknown country ; I had no hopes of finding my way home, unless I could reach this wandering light ; and, though I could not conceive that the person who carried it could know of my being so near, he seemed to act as if he was determined to avoid me. However, I was resolved to make one attempt, and, therefore, I began to run as fast as I was able, hallooing out at the same time to entreat him to stop.

Tommy. And did he ?

Harry. Instead of that, the light which had before been moving along at a slow and easy pace, now began to dance before me ten times faster than before ; so that, instead of overtaking it, I found myself further and further behind. Still, however, I ran on, till I sunk in a large bog, out of which I at last scrambled with very great difficulty. Surprised at this, and not conceiving that any human being could pass over such a bog as this, I determined to pursue it no longer. But now I was wet and weary ; the clouds had indeed rolled away, and the moon and stars began to shine. I looked around me, and could discern nothing but a wide, barren country, without so much as a tree to shelter me, or any animal in sight. I listened in hopes of hearing a sheep bell, or the barking of a dog ; but nothing met my ear but the shrill whistling of the wind. In this situation I stopped awhile to consider what I should do, and raising my eyes by accident to the sky, the first object I beheld was that very constellation of Charles's Wain, and above it I discerned the pole-star, glimmering, as it were, from the very top of heaven. Instantly a thought came into my mind ; I considered, that when I had been walking along the road which led towards my uncle's house, I had often observed the pole-star full before me ; therefore, it occurred to me, that if I turned my back exactly upon it and went straightforward in a contrary direction, it must lead me towards my father's house. As soon as I had formed this resolution, I began to execute it ; therefore, forgetting my fatigue, I ran along as briskly as if I had but then set out. Nor was I disappointed for, though I could see no tracks, yet, taking the greatest care always to go on in that direction, the moon afforded me light enough to avoid the pits and bogs ; and when I had travelled, as I imagined, about three miles, I heard the barking of a dog

which gave me double vigour, and going a little further, I came to some enclosures at the skirts of the common, which I knew, so that I then found my way home, after having almost despaired of doing it.

Tommy. Indeed, then, the knowledge of the pole-star was of very great use to you. I am determined I will make myself acquainted with all the stars in the heavens. But did you ever find at what that light was, which danced before you in so extraordinary a manner?

Harry. When I came home, my father told me it was what the common people call Jack-of-the-lantern: and Mr. Barlow has since informed me, that these things are only vapours which rise out of the earth in moist and fenny places, although they have that bright appearance; and many people, who, like me, have taken them for a lighted candle, have followed them, as I did, into bogs and ditches.

Just as Harry had finished his history, they arrived at Mr. Barlow's, and after sitting some time and talking over the accidents of the day, the little boys retired to bed. Mr. Barlow was sitting alone, and reading in his parlour, when, to his great surprise, Tommy came running into the room, half undressed, and bawling out, "Sir, sir, I have found it out—they move! they move!" "What moves?" said Mr. Barlow. "Charles's Wain moves," answered Tommy. "I had a mind to take one peep at the sky before I went to bed, and I see that all the seven stars have moved from their places a great way higher up into the sky." "Well," said Mr. Barlow, "you are indeed right. You have done a vast deal to-day, and to-morrow we will talk over these things again."

When the morrow came, Tommy put Mr. Barlow in mind of the story he had promised him, about the people buried in the snow. Mr. Barlow looked out the book. "But first," said he, "it is necessary to give you some explanation. The country where this accident happened is a country full of rocks and mountains, so excessively high that the snow never melts on their tops." "Never!" said Tommy, "not even in the summer?" "Not even in the summer. The valleys between these mountains are inhabited by a brave and industrious people. During a great part of the winter, the weather is extremely cold, and the inhabitants confine themselves within their houses, which they have the art to render very

comfortable. Almost all the roads are then impassable, and snow and ice afford the only prospect. But when the year begins to grow warmer, the snow is frequently thawed upon the sides of the mountains, and pours down with resistless force. Hence it frequently happens, that such prodigious masses of snow fall down, as are sufficient to bury beasts and houses, and even villages beneath them. It was in the neighbourhood of these prodigious mountains, which are called the Alps, that on the 19th of March, 1755, a small cluster of houses was entirely overwhelmed by two vast bodies of snow that tumbled down upon them from a greater height. All the inhabitants were then within doors, except one Joseph Rochia and his son, a lad of fifteen, who were on the roof of their house, clearing away the snow which had fallen for three days incessantly. A priest going by to church, advised them to come down, having just before observed a body of snow tumbling from the mountain towards them. The man descended, and fled with his son he knew not whither; but scarce had he gone thirty or forty steps, before his son, who followed him, fell down: on which, looking back, he saw his own and his neighbours' houses, in which were twenty-two persons in all, covered with a high mountain of snow. He lifted up his son, and reflecting that his wife, his sisters, two children, and all his effects, were thus buried, he fainted away, but soon reviving, got safe to a friend's house at some distance.

“Five days after, Joseph, being perfectly recovered, went with his son and two of his wife's brothers, to try if he could find the exact place where his house stood; but, after many openings made in the snow, they could not discover it. The month of April proving hot, and the snow beginning to soften, he again used his utmost endeavours to recover his effects, and to bury the remains of his family. He made new openings, and threw in earth to melt the snow, which on the 24th of April was greatly diminished. He broke through ice six feet thick, with iron bars, and thrust down a long pole and touched the ground; but evening coming on, he desisted.

“The next day, the brother of his wife came to the house where Joseph was; and went with him to work upon the snow, where they made another opening, which led them to the house they searched for; but finding no dead bodies in its ruins, they

sought for the stable, which was about two hundred and forty feet distant, and having found it, they heard a cry of 'Help, my dear brother!' Being greatly surprised as well as encouraged by these words, they dug till they had made a large opening, through which the brother went down, where the sister, with an agonizing and feeble voice, told him, 'I have always trusted in God and you, that you would not forsake me.' The other brother and the husband then went down, and found, still alive, the wife about forty-five, the sister about thirty-five, and the daughter about thirteen years old. These they raised on their shoulders to men above, who pulled them up as if from the grave, and carried them to a neighbouring house. They were unable to walk, and so wasted that they appeared like mere skeletons. They were immediately put to bed, and gruel of rye-flour and a little butter was given to recover them. Some days after, the magistrate of the place came to visit them, and found the wife still unable to rise from bed, or use her feet, from the intense cold she had endured and the uneasy posture she had been in. The sister, whose legs had been bathed with hot wine, could walk with some difficulty, and the daughter needed no further remedies.

"On the magistrate's interrogating the women, they told him, that on the morning of the 19th of March, they were in the stable, with a boy of six years old, and a girl of about thirteen: in the same stable were six goats, one of which having brought forth two dead kids the night before, they went to carry her a small vessel of rye-flour gruel: there was also an ass and five or six fowls. They were sheltering themselves in a warm corner of the stable till the church-bell should ring, intending to attend the service. The wife related, that she perceived a mass of snow breaking down towards the east, upon which she went back into the stable, shut the door, and told her sister of it. In less than three minutes they heard the roof breaking over their heads, and also part of the ceiling. The sister advised to get into the rack and manger, which they did. The ass was tied to the manger, but got loose by kicking and struggling, and threw down the little vessel, which they found, and afterwards used to hold the melted snow which served them for drink.

"Very fortunately, the manger was under the main prop of the stable, and so resisted the weight of the snow. Their first

care was to know what they had to eat. The sister said she had fifteen chestnuts in her pocket; the children said they had breakfasted and should want no more that day. They remembered there were thirty-six or forty cakes in a place near the stable, and endeavoured to get at them, but were not able for the snow. They called often for help, but were heard by none. The sister gave the chestnuts to the wife, and ate two herself, and they drank some snow-water. The ass was restless, and the goats kept bleating for some days; after which they heard no more of them. Two of the goats, however, being left alive, and near the manger, they felt them, and found that one of them was big, and would kid, as they recollected, about the middle of April; the other gave milk, wherewith they preserved their lives. During all this time they saw not one ray of light, yet for about twenty days they had some notice of night and day from the crowing of the fowls, till they died.

“The second day, being very hungry, they ate all the chestnuts, and drank what milk the goat yielded, being very near two pounds a day at first, but it soon decreased. The third day they attempted again, but in vain, to get at the cakes; so resolved to take all possible care to feed the goats; for just above the manger was a hay-loft, where, through a hole, the sister pulled down hay into the rack, and gave it to the goats as long as she could reach it; and then, when it was beyond her reach, the goats climbed upon her shoulders, and reached it themselves.

“On the sixth day the boy sickened, and six days after desired his mother, who all this time had held him in her lap, to lay him at his length in the manger. She did so, and taking him by the hand, felt it was very cold; she then put her hand to his mouth, and finding that cold likewise, she gave him a little milk: the boy then cried, ‘Oh! my father is in the snow! Oh father! father!’ and then expired.

“In the meanwhile the goat’s milk diminished daily, and the fowls soon after dying, they could no longer distinguish night from day; but, according to their reckoning, the time was near when the other goat would kid: this she accordingly did soon, and the young one dying, they had all the milk for their own subsistence; so they found that the middle of April was come. Whenever they called this goat, it would come and lick their faces and hands and it gave them every day two pounds

of milk, on which account they still feel for this poor creature great affection. This was the account which these poor people gave to the magistrate, of their preservation."

"Dear me!" said Tommy, when Mr. Barlow had finished this account, "what a number of accidents people are subject to in this world!" "It is very true," answered Mr. Barlow; "but as that is the case, it is necessary to improve ourselves by every means in our power, that we may be able to struggle against them."

Tommy. Indeed, sir, I begin to think so; for when I was a little boy, I remember I was always fretful and hurting myself, though I had two or three people constantly to take care of me. At present I seem as if I were quite another person; I do not mind cold or weariness, or anything which happens.

Mr. Barlow. And which do you prefer, to be as you are now, or as you were before?

Tommy. As I am now, a great deal, sir; for then I always had something or other the matter with me, and was forced to take physic. I used to be tired if I did but walk a mile; and I was always eating sweetmeats till I made myself sick. Now I think I am ten times stronger and healthier than ever I was in my life. But what a terrible country that must be, where people are subject to be buried in that manner in the snow! I wonder anybody will live there.

Mr. Barlow. The people who inhabit that country are of a different opinion, and prefer it to all the countries in the world. They are great travellers, but it is the only wish of almost all to return, before their death, to the mountains where they passed their youth.

Tommy. I do not understand that. I have seen a great many ladies and little girls at our house, and have always heard them say they hated the country, though they were born and bred there. I have heard one say, that the country is odious, and abominable; and another, that it is impossible to live there.

Mr. Barlow. And yet there are thousands who live in it all their lives, and have no desire to change. Should you, Harry, like to leave the country, and go to live in some town?

Harry. Indeed, sir, I should not; for then I must leave my father and mother, who have been so kind to me; and you too, sir, who have taken such pain to make me good. Besides,

there is not a field upon my father's farm, that I do not prefer to every town I ever saw in my life.

Tommy. And have you ever been in any large town?

Harry. Once I was in Exeter, but I did not much like it: the houses seemed to me to stand so thick and close; and then there are little narrow alleys where the poor live; and the houses are so high, that neither light nor air can ever get to them: and they most of them appeared so dirty and unhealthy, that it made my heart ache to look at them. And never was I better pleased in my life, than when the day came for my return home. When I came to the top of the great hill, from which you have a prospect of our house, I thought I should have cried with joy. The fields looked all so pleasant, and the cattle so happy; and then every step I took, I met with somebody or other I knew, or some little boy that I used to play with. "Here is little Harry come back," said one; "How do you do, Harry?" cried a second; and then a third shook hands with me; and the very cattle seemed all glad that I was come home again.

Mr. Barlow. You see by this, that it is very possible for people to like the country, and be happy in it. But as to the fine young ladies you talk of, the truth is, that they neither love nor would be long contented in any place. Their whole happiness consists in idleness and finery. They have neither learned to employ themselves in anything useful, nor to improve their minds. They prefer London, because there they meet with numbers as idle as themselves; and these people mutually assist each other to talk about trifles, and to waste their time.

Tommy. That is true, sir, really; for when we have a great deal of company, I have often observed that they never talk about anything but dressing.

Harry. Why, what can dress signify? For my part, whenever I see people dressed very fine, I cannot help thinking of the story I once read of Agesilaus, king of Sparta.

Tommy. What is that story? Do pray let me hear it.

Mr. Barlow. To-morrow you shall hear it: at present we have read and conversed enough; it is better that you should go out and amuse yourself.

The little boys then went out, and returned to a diversion they had been amusing themselves with for several days,

namely, the manufacture of a prodigious snowball. They had begun by making a small globe of snow with their hands, which they turned over and over, till it grew so large that they were unable to roll it any further. Here Tommy observed that their labours must end, for it was impossible to turn it any longer. "No," said Harry, "I know a remedy for that:" so he ran and fetched a couple of thick sticks, about five feet long, and giving one of them to Tommy, he took the other himself. He then desired him to put the end of his stick under the mass, while he did the same on his side, and then they rolled the heap forward with the greatest ease. Tommy was extremely surprised at this, and said, "How can this be? We are not a bit stronger than we were before, and yet now we are able to roll this snowball, which before we could not even stir." "That is very true," answered Harry, "but it is owing to these sticks. This is the way that the labourers move the largest trees, which, without this contrivance, they would not be able to stir." Just as he had said this, both their sticks broke short in the middle." "This is no great loss, observed Tommy, "for the ends will do just as well as the whole sticks." They then tried to shove the ball again with the truncheons which remained in their hands, but, to the new surprise of Tommy, they found they were unable to stir it. "That is very curious indeed," said Tommy: "I find that only long sticks are of any use." "That," said Harry, "I could have told you before; but I had a mind you should find it out yourself. The longer the stick is, provided it is sufficiently strong, the more easily will you succeed." "This is really very curious," replied Tommy, "but I see some of Mr. Barlow's labourers at work a little way off; let us go to them, and ask them to cut us two longer sticks, that we may try their effects."

They then went up to the men who were at work; but here a new wonder presented itself to Tommy's mind. There was a root of a prodigious oak-tree, so large and heavy, that half a dozen horses would scarcely have been able to draw it along: besides, it was so tough and knotty, that the sharpest axe could hardly make any impression upon it. This a couple of old men were attempting to cleave in pieces, in order to make billets for Mr. Barlow's fire. Tommy, who thought their strength totally disproportionate to such an undertaking, could not help observing, that certainly Mr. Barlow did not

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know what they were about, or he would have prevented such poor, weak old men from fatiguing themselves about what they never could perform. "Do you think so?" replied Harry; "what would you then say, if you were to see me, little as I am, perform this wonderful task, with the assistance of one of these good people?" So he took up a wooden mallet, an instrument which, although much larger, resembles a hammer, and began beating the root, which he did for some time without making the least impression. Tommy, who imagined that for this time his friend Harry was caught, began to smile, and told him that he would break a hundred mallets to pieces before he made the least impression upon the wood. "Say you so!" answered Harry, smiling; "then I believe I must try another method:" so he stooped down, and picked up a small piece of tough iron, about six inches long, which Tommy had not observed before, as it lay upon the ground. This iron was broad at the top, but gradually sloped all the way down, till it came to a perfect edge at bottom. Harry took this up, and with a few blows drove it a little way into the root. The old man and he then struck alternately with their mallets upon the head of the iron, till the root began to gape and crack on every side, and the iron was totally buried in the wood. "There," said Harry, "this first wedge has done its business very well; two or three more will finish it." He then took up another larger wedge, and inserting the bottom of it between the wood and the top of the former one, which was now completely buried in the root, began to beat upon it, as he had done before. The root now cracked and split on every side of the wedges, till a prodigious cleft appeared, quite down to the bottom. Thus did Harry proceed, still continuing his blows, and inserting new and larger wedges, as fast as he had driven the former down, till he had completely effected what he had undertaken, and separated the monstrous mass of wood into two unequal parts. Harry then said, "Here is a very large log, but I think you and I can carry it in to mend the fire, and I will show you something else that will surprise you." So he took a pole of about ten feet long, and hung the log upon it, by a piece of cord which he found there; then he asked Tommy which end of the pole he chose to carry. Tommy, who thought it would be most convenient to have the weight near him, chose that end of the pole near which the weight was suspended, and

put it upon his shoulder; while Harry took the other end. But when Tommy attempted to move, he found that he could hardly bear the pressure; however, as he saw Harry walk briskly away under his share of the load, he determined not to complain. As they were walking along in this manner, Mr. Barlow met them, and seeing poor Tommy labouring under his burden, asked him who had loaded him in that manner. Tommy said it was Harry. Upon this Mr. Barlow smiled, and said, "Well, Tommy, this is the first time I ever saw your friend Harry attempt to impose upon you; but he is making you carry about three times the weight which he supports himself." Harry replied, that Tommy had chosen that himself; and that he should directly have informed him of his mistake, but that he had been so surprised at seeing the common effects of a lever, that he wished to teach him some other facts about it: then shifting the ends of the pole, so as to support that part which Tommy had done before, he asked him if he found his shoulder any easier. "Indeed I do," replied Tommy, "but I cannot conceive how; for we carry the same weight between us which we did before, and just in the same manner." "Not quite in the same manner," answered Mr. Barlow; "for, if you observe, the log is a great deal further from your shoulder than from Harry's; by which means he now supports just as much as you did before; and you, on the contrary, as little as he did when I met you." "This is very extraordinary indeed," said Tommy: "I find there are a great many things which I do not know." "Well," said Mr. Barlow, "if you have acquired so much useful knowledge already, what may you expect to do in a few years more?" He then led Tommy into the house, and showed him a stick of about four feet long, with a scale hung at each end. "Now," said he, "if you place this stick over the back of a chair, so that it may rest exactly upon the middle, you see the two scales will just balance each other. So, if I put into each of them an equal weight, they will still remain suspended. In this method we weigh everything which is bought; only the beam of the scale, which is the same thing as this stick, is generally hung up to something else by its middle. But let us now move the stick, and see what will be the consequence." Mr. Barlow then pushed the stick along in such a manner, that when it rested upon the back of the chair, there were three feet of it on one side, and only one on the other

That side which was longest, instantly came to the ground as heaviest. "You see," said Mr. Barlow, "if we would now balance them, we must put a greater weight on the shortest side;" so he kept adding weights, till Tommy found that one pound on the longest side would exactly balance three on the shortest; for, as much as the longer side exceeded the shorter in length, so much did the weight which was hung at that end require to exceed that on the longest side.

"This," said Mr. Barlow, "is what they call a lever; and all the sticks that you have been using to-day are only levers of a different construction. By this sort of trials, you may conceive the prodigious advantage which they are of to men." "All this," said Tommy, "is wonderful indeed; and I need not ask the use of them, because I see it plainly in the experiments I have made to-day." "One thing more," added Mr. Barlow, "as we are upon this subject, I will show you." So he led them into the yard, to the bottom of his granary, where stood a heavy sack of corn. "Now," said Mr. Barlow, "if you are so stout a fellow as you imagine, take up this sack of corn, and carry it up the ladder into the granary." "That," replied Tommy, laughing, "is impossible: and I doubt, sir, whether you could do it yourself." "Well," said Mr. Barlow, "we will at least try what is to be done." He then led them up into the granary, and showing them a middle-sized wheel, with a handle fixed upon it, desired the little boys to turn it round. They began to turn it with some little difficulty, and Tommy could hardly believe his eyes, when presently after he saw the sack of corn hoisted up into the granary, and landed upon the floor. "You see," said Mr. Barlow, "here is another ingenious contrivance, by which the weakest person may perform the work of the strongest. This is called the wheel and axle. You see this wheel, which is not very large, turns round an axle which goes into it, and is much smaller, and at every turn, the rope to which the weight is fixed that you want to move is twisted round the axle. Now, just as much as the breadth of the whole wheel is greater than that of the axle which it turns round, so much greater is the weight that the person who turns it can move, than he could without it."

"Well," said Tommy, "I see it is a fine thing indeed to acquire knowledge. But are there no more, sir, of these ingeni-

ous contrivances? for I should like to understand them all." "Yes," answered Mr. Barlow, "there are more; and all of them you shall be perfectly acquainted with in time; but for this purpose you should be able to write, and comprehend something of arithmetic."

Tommy. What is arithmetic, sir?

Mr. Barlow. That is not so easy to make you understand at once: I will, however, try to explain it. Do you see the grains of wheat which lie scattered in the window?

Tommy. Yes, sir.

Mr. Barlow. Can you count how many there are?

Tommy. There are just five-and-twenty of them.

Mr. Barlow. Very well. Here is another parcel: how many grains are there?

Tommy. Just fourteen.

Mr. Barlow. If there are fourteen grains in one heap, and twenty-five in the other, how many grains are there in all?

Tommy was unable to answer, and Mr. Barlow proposed the same question to Harry, who answered, that together they made thirty-nine.

Mr. Barlow. Now look, I have just taken away nineteen from the number, how many do you think remain?

Tommy. I will count them.

Mr. Barlow. And cannot you tell without counting? How many are there, Harry?

Harry. Twenty, sir.

Mr. Barlow. All this is properly the art of arithmetic, which is the same as that of counting, only it is done in a much shorter and easier way, without the trouble of having the things always before you. Thus, for instance, if you wanted to know how many barley-corns were in this sack, you would, perhaps be a week counting the whole number.

Tommy. Indeed, I believe I should.

Mr. Barlow. If you understood arithmetic you might do it in five minutes.

Tommy. That is extraordinary indeed!

Mr. Barlow. A bushel of corn weighs about fifty pounds; this sack contains four bushels, so that there are just two hundred pounds weight in all. Now, every pound contains sixteen ounces; and sixteen times two hundred make thirty-two hun-

dred ounces. So that you have nothing to do but to count the number of grains in a single ounce, and there will be thirty-two hundred times that number in the sack.

Tommy. I should like to learn arithmetic. Will you teach me, sir?

Mr. Barlow. You know I am always ready to improve you. But, before we leave this subject, I must tell you a little story. There was a gentleman who was extremely fond of beautiful horses, and did not grudge to give the highest prices for them. One day a dealer came to him, and showed him one so handsome, that he thought it superior to all he had ever seen before. He mounted him, and found his paces equally excellent; for, though he was full of spirit, he was as gentle and tractable as possible. So many perfections delighted the gentleman, and he eagerly demanded the price. The horse-courser answered that he would bate nothing of two hundred guineas: the gentleman, although he admired the horse, would not consent to give it, and they were just on the point of parting. As the man was turning his back, the gentleman called out to him, and said, "Is there no possible way of our agreeing, for I would give you anything in reason for such a beautiful creature?" "Why," replied the dealer, who was a shrewd fellow, and perfectly understood calculation, "if you do not like to give me two hundred guineas, will you give me a farthing for the first nail the horse has in his shoe, two farthings for the second, four for the third, and so go doubling throughout the whole twenty-four? for there are no more than twenty-four nails in his shoes." The gentleman gladly accepted the condition, and ordered the horse to be led away to his stables.

Tommy. This fellow must have been a very great blockhead to ask two hundred guineas, and then to take a few farthings for his horse.

Mr. Barlow. The gentleman was of the same opinion; however, the horse-dealer added, "I do not mean to tie you down to this last proposal, which, upon consideration, you may like less than the first; all that I require is, that if you are dissatisfied with your bargain, you will promise to pay me down the two hundred guineas which I first asked." This the gentleman willingly agreed to, and then he called his steward to calculate the sum, for he was too much of a gentleman to be able to do it himself. The steward sat down with his pen and ink, and

after some time gravely wished his master joy, and asked him in what part of England the estate was situated that he was going to purchase. "Are you mad?" replied the gentleman: "it is not an estate, but a horse that I have just bargained for, and here is the owner of him, to whom I am going to pay the money." "If there is any madness, sir," replied the steward, "it certainly is not on my side: the sum you have ordered me to calculate, comes to just seventeen thousand four hundred and seventy-six pounds, besides some shillings and pence; and surely no man in his senses would give this price for a horse." The gentleman was more surprised than he had ever been before, to hear the assertion of his steward; but when, upon examination, he found it no more than the truth, he was very glad to compound for his foolish agreement, by giving the dealer the two hundred guineas and dismissing him.

Tommy. This is quite incredible, that a farthing just doubled a few times, should amount to such a prodigious sum: however, I am determined to learn arithmetic, that I may not be imposed upon in this manner; for I think a gentleman must look very silly in such a situation.

Thus Tommy found a new employment and diversion for the winter nights in learning arithmetic. Almost every night did Mr. Barlow, and Harry, and he, amuse themselves with little questions that related to numbers; by which means Tommy became in a short time so expert that he could add, subtract, multiply or divide, almost any given sum, with little trouble and great exactness. But he did not for this forget the employment of observing the heavens; for, every night, when the stars were bright, and the sky unclouded, Harry and he observed the constellations. Mr. Barlow gave him a little paper globe, as he had promised, and Tommy immediately marked out upon the top his first and favourite constellation of Charles's Wain, or the Great Bear. One night, as Tommy was looking up to the sky, in the southern part of the heavens, he observed so beautiful a constellation, that he could not help particularly remarking it: four large and shining stars composed the ends of the figure, and full in the middle appeared three more, placed in a slanting line, and very near each other. This Tommy pointed out to Mr. Barlow, and begged to know the name. Mr. Barlow answered, that the constellation was named Orion, and that the three bright stars in the middle were called his Belt. Tommy was so delighted

with the beauty of this glorious constellation, that he could not help observing it, at intervals, all the evening; and he was surprised to see that it seemed to pass on, in a right line drawn from east to west, and that all the stars moved every night in the same direction.

But he did not forget to remind Harry, one morning, of the history he had promised to tell him, of Agesilaus.

HISTORY OF AGESILAUS.

The Spartans, as I have before told you, Master Tommy, were a brave and hardy people, who despised everything delicate and luxurious. All their time was spent in such exercises as rendered them able to bear fatigue, and to despise wounds and danger; for they were situated in the midst of several other nations, and therefore it was necessary that they should learn to defend themselves. All the children were brought up alike, and the sons of their kings themselves were as little indulged as anybody else.

Tommy. Stop, stop! I don't exactly understand that. I thought that kings and princes never did anything but walk about with crowns upon their heads, and eat sweetmeats, all day long.

Harry. I do not know how that may be, but in Sparta the great business of the kings (for they had two) was to command them when they went out to war, or when they were attacked at home; and that, you know, they could not do without being brave and hardy themselves. Now it happened that the Spartans had some dear friends and allies that lived across the sea, who were attacked by a great and numerous nation called the Persians. So, when the Spartans knew of the danger their friends were in, they sent to their assistance Agesilaus, one of their kings, together with a few thousand of his countrymen. When the general of the Persians saw the small number of his enemies, he imagined it would be an easy matter to take them prisoners, or destroy them. Besides, as he was immensely rich, and possessed a number of palaces, furnished with everything that was fine and costly, and had a great quantity of gold and silver, and jewels and slaves, he could not believe that anybody could resist them. He therefore raised a large army, several times greater than that of the Spartans, and attacked Agesilaus, who was not

in the least afraid of him ; for the Spartans, joining their shields together, and marching slowly along in even ranks, fell with so much fury upon the Persians, that they quickly put them to flight.

Here Tommy interrupted the story to inquire what a shield was. "Before men were acquainted with the effects of gunpowder," answered Mr. Barlow, they were accustomed to combat close together, with swords or long spears ; and for this reason they covered themselves in a variety of ways, to defend their bodies from the weapons of their enemies. The shield was worn upon their left arm, and composed of boards fixed together, and strengthened with the hides of animals and plates of iron, sufficiently long and broad to cover almost the whole body of a man. When they went out to battle, they placed themselves in even rows, with their shields extended before them, to secure them from the arrows of their enemies. Upon their heads they wore a cap of iron or steel, ornamented with the feathers of birds, or the tails of horses. In this manner, with an even pace, marching all at once, and extending their spears before them, they went forward to meet their enemies." "I think," said Tommy, "such a sight must be very grand ; and I have sometimes thought I would be a soldier myself, when I grew big enough." "And have you considered," answered Mr. Barlow, "what is the business and the fate of a soldier?" "No," said Tommy ; "I know that he must fight sometimes ; but what I thought so pleasant, was to march up and down in a fine red coat, while all the ladies are looking on, and smiling and bowing." "Well," said Mr. Barlow, "I will presently endeavour to give you juster ideas of what composes the life of a soldier : let Harry now go on with his story."

When Pharnabazus (for that was the name of the Persian general) observed that his troops were never able to stand against the Spartans, he sent to Agesilaus, and requested that they might have a meeting, in order to treat upon terms of peace. To this the Spartan consented, and appointed the time and place where he would meet Pharnabazus. When the day came, Agesilaus arrived first at the place of meeting with the Spartans ; but not seeing Pharnabazus, he sat down upon the grass with his soldiers ; and, as it was the hour for the soldiers to make their repast, they pulled out their provisions, which consisted of some coarse bread and onions, and began eating

very heartily. In the middle of them sat King Agesilaus himself, in no respect distinguished from the rest, either by his clothing or his fare ; nor was there in his whole army an individual that more exposed himself to every species of hardship than the king himself, on which account he was beloved and revered by all the soldiers. While the Spartans were enjoying their frugal and homely meal, the first servants of Pharnabazus arrived ; who brought with them rich and costly carpets, and spread them upon the ground for their master to recline upon. Presently arrived another troop, who began to erect a spacious tent with silken hangings, to screen him and his train from the heat of the sun. After this, came a company of cooks and confectioners, with a great number of loaded horses, which carried the materials of an elegant entertainment. Last of all appeared Pharnabazus himself, glittering with gold and jewels, and adorned with a long purple robe, after the fashion of the East : he wore bracelets upon his arms, and was mounted upon a beautiful horse, as gaudily attired as himself. As he approached nearer, and beheld the simple manners of the Spartan king and his soldiers, he could not help scoffing at their poverty, and making comparisons between their mean appearance and his own magnificence. All that were with him seemed to be much diverted with the wit of their general, except a single person who had served in the Grecian armies, and therefore was better acquainted with the discipline of these people. This man was highly valued by Pharnabazus, for his understanding and honesty, and therefore, when he observed that he said nothing, he insisted upon his declaring his sentiments, as the rest had done.

“Since then,” replied he, “you command me to speak my opinion, O Pharnabazus, I must confess, that the very circumstance which is the cause of so much mirth to the gentlemen that accompany you, is the reason of my fears. On our side, indeed, I see gold, and jewels, and purple in abundance ; but when I look for men, I find nothing but barbers, cooks, confectioners, fiddlers, dancers, and everything that is most unfit for war. On the Grecian side, I discern none of these costly trifles ; but I see weapons and arms. I see men that have been brought up to despise every hardship and to face every danger ; that are accustomed to observe their ranks, to obey their leader, to take every advantage of their enemy, and to fall dead in their

places rather than turn their backs. Were the contest about who should dress a dinner or curl hair with the greatest nicety, I should not doubt that the Persians would gain the advantage; but, when the prize is to be won by hardiness and valour, I cannot help dreading men that are inured to wounds, and labours, and suffering; nor can I ever think that the Persian gold will resist the Grecian iron." Pharnabazus was so struck with the truth and justness of these remarks, that, from that very hour, he determined to contend no more with such invincible troops; but bent all his cares towards making peace with the Spartans, by which means he preserved himself and country from destruction.

"You see by this story," said Mr. Barlow, "that fine clothes are not always of the consequence which you imagine, since they do not give their wearers either more strength or courage than they had before, or preserve them from the attacks of those whose appearance is more homely. But since you are so little acquainted with the business of a soldier, I must show you a little more clearly in what it consists. He is often obliged to march whole days in the most violent heat, or cold, or rain, and frequently without victuals to eat or clothes to cover him. When he stops at night, the most that he can expect is a miserable canvas tent, and a little straw to keep his body from the damp earth. Frequently he is obliged to lie uncovered upon the ground; by which means he contracts many diseases, more fatal than the cannon of the enemy. Every hour he is exposed to the hazard of being crippled or mortally wounded. If he gain the victory, he generally has only to begin again and fight anew, till the war is over; if he be beaten, he probably loses his life upon the spot, or is taken prisoner by the enemy: in which case he may languish several months in a dreary prison, in want of all the necessaries of life."

"Alas!" said Harry, "what a dreadful picture do you draw of the fate of those brave men who suffer so much to defend their country! Surely, those who employ them should take care of them when they are sick or wounded!"

"So, indeed," answered Mr. Barlow, "they ought to do. But rash and foolish men engage in wars, without either justice or reason; and when they are over, they think no more

of the unhappy people who have served them at so much loss to themselves."

Harry. But I cannot conceive why people must hire others to fight for them. If it is necessary to fight, why do they not fight for themselves? I should be ashamed to go to another boy and say to him, Pray go and risk your life for me, that I may stay at home and do nothing.

Tommy. Suppose the French were to come over here, would you go out to fight them yourself?

Harry. I have heard my father say that it was every man's duty to fight for his country, if it were attacked; and if my father went to fight, I would go with him. I would not willingly hurt anybody; but we should do right to defend ourselves. Should we not, sir?

Mr. Barlow. This is certainly a case where men have a right to defend themselves. Among those Grecians whom you were talking of, every man was ready to defend his country whenever it was attacked.

Harry. Pray, dear sir, read to Master Tommy the story of Leonidas, which gave me so much pleasure; I am sure he will like to hear it.

Mr. Barlow accordingly read

THE HISTORY OF LEONIDAS, KING OF SPARTA.

The king of Persia commanded a great extent of territory, which was inhabited by many millions of people, and not only abounded in all the necessities of life, but produced immense quantities of gold and silver, and every other costly thing. Yet all this did not satisfy the haughty mind of Xerxes, who at that time possessed the empire of this country. The Grecians, his neighbours, were free, and refused to acknowledge his power; he therefore determined to make an expedition into Greece, and conquer the country. For this reason he raised such a prodigious army, that it is almost impossible to describe it. The numbers of men that composed it seemed sufficient to conquer the whole world, and all the forces the Grecians were able to raise would scarcely amount to an hundredth part. Nevertheless, the Grecians held public councils to consult upon their common safety, and they nobly determined, that, as they had hitherto lived free, so they would either maintain their liberty, or bravely die in its defence. In the meantime Xerxes

was marching forward, and at length entered the territory of Greece. The Grecians, not having been able to assemble their troops, or to make their preparations, were struck with consternation at the approach of such an army. Leonidas was at that time king of Sparta, and when he considered the state of affairs, he saw one method alone by which the ruin of his country could be prevented. It was necessary for the Persian army to march through a very rough and mountainous district, called Thermopylæ. There was only one narrow road through these mountains, which it was possible for a very small number of men to defend for some time against a very numerous army. Leonidas perceived, that if a small number of resolute men would undertake to defend this passage, it would retard the march of the whole Persian army, and give the Grecians time to collect their troops. But who would undertake so desperate an enterprise, where there was scarcely any possibility of escaping alive? For this reason, Leonidas determined to command the expedition himself, with such of the Spartans as would voluntarily attend him, and to sacrifice his own life for the preservation of his country.

With this design, he assembled the chief persons of Sparta, and laid before them the necessity of defending the pass of Thermopylæ. They were equally convinced of its importance, but knew not where to find a man who would undertake it. "Then," said Leonidas, "since there is no more worthy man ready to perform this service, I myself will undertake it, with those who will voluntarily accompany me." They were struck with admiration at his proposal, but set before him the certain destruction which must attend him. "All this," said Leonidas, "I have already considered; but I am determined to die for the liberty of Greece."

Saying this, he went out of the assembly, and prepared for the expedition, taking with him about three hundred Spartans. Before he went, he embraced his wife, who hung about him in tears, and told her that a short life was well sacrificed to the interests of his country, and that Spartan women should be more anxious for the glory than the safety of their husbands. He then kissed his infant children, and put himself at the head of those brave men who were to accompany him.

As they marched through the city, all the inhabitants attended them with praises and acclamations. The young

women sang songs of triumph, and scattered flowers before them ; the youths were jealous of their glory ; while all their friends and relations seemed rather to exult in the honour they were about to acquire, than to be dejected with the apprehension of their loss. As they marched through Greece, they were joined by their allies ; so that their number amounted to about six thousand when they took possession of the straits of Thermopylæ.

In a short time Xerxes approached, with his innumerable army, composed of various nations, and armed in a thousand different manners. When he had seen the small number of his enemies, he could not believe that they really meant to oppose his passage ; but when he was assured that this was their design, he sent a small detachment of troops and ordered them to take those Grecians alive, and bring them bound before him. The Persian troops set out, and attacked the Grecians with considerable fury ; but they were soon routed, the greater part slain, and the rest obliged to fly. Xerxes was enraged at this misfortune, and ordered the combat to be renewed with greater forces. The attack was renewed, but always with the same success, although he sent his bravest troops. Thus was this immense army stopped in its career, and the pride of their monarch humbled, by so inconsiderable a body of Grecians, that they were not at first thought worthy of a serious attack. At length, what Xerxes with all his troops was incapable of effecting, was performed by the treachery of some of the Grecians who inhabited that country. For a great reward they undertook to lead a chosen body of the Persians across the mountains by a secret path, with which they alone were acquainted. Accordingly, in the night, the Persians set out, passed over the mountains in safety, and encamped on the other side. As soon as day dawned, Leonidas perceived that he had been betrayed, and that he was surrounded by the enemy ; nevertheless, with the same undaunted courage, he took all necessary measures, and prepared for the fate which he had long resolved to meet. After praising and thanking the allies for the bravery with which they had behaved, he sent them all away to their respective countries. Many of the Spartans, too, he would have dismissed under various pretences, but they refused to go. When he saw their resolution, he consented that they should stay with him, and share his fate.

All day he remained quiet in his camp; but when evening approached, he ordered his troops to take some refreshment, and, smiling, told them to dine like men who were to sup in another world. They then completely armed themselves, and waited for the middle of the night, which Leonidas judged most proper for the design he meditated. He knew that the Persians would never imagine it possible that such an insignificant body of men should think of attacking their numerous forces. He was therefore determined, in the silence of the night, to break into their camp, and endeavour, amid the terror and confusion, to surprise Xerxes himself. About midnight, this determined body of Grecians marched out with Leonidas at their head. They soon broke into the Persian camp, and put all to flight that dared to oppose them. It is impossible to describe the terror and confusion which ensued among so many thousands, thus unexpectedly surprised. The Grecians marched on in close, impenetrable order, overturning the tents, destroying all that dared to resist, and driving that mighty army, like sheep, before them. At length they came even to the imperial tent of Xerxes, and had he not quitted it at the first alarm, he would there have ended at once his life and his expedition. The Grecians in an instant put all the guards to flight, and rushing upon the imperial pavilion, trampled under their feet all the costly furniture and vessels of gold, which were used by the monarchs of Persia. But now the morning began to appear, and the Persians, who had discovered the small number of their assailants, surrounded them on every side, and, without daring to come to a close engagement, poured in their darts and missive weapons. The Grecians were wearied even with the toils of conquest, and their body was already considerably diminished. Nevertheless, Leonidas, who was yet alive, led on the intrepid few that remained, to a fresh attack. Again he rushed upon the Persians, and pierced their thickest battalions as often as he could reach them. But valour itself was vain again such inequality of numbers; at every charge the Grecian ranks grew thinner, till at length they were all destroyed without a single man having quitted his post, or turned his back upon the enemy.

“Really,” said Tommy, when the history was finished, “Leonidas was a brave man indeed. But what became of

Xerxes and his army, after the death of this valiant Spartan?" "You are now able to read," replied Mr. Barlow, "for yourself, and by examining the histories of those countries, you may be informed of all you wish to know upon this subject."

The frost having continued for several weeks, Tommy had taken advantage of the evenings, which generally proved clear and star-light, to improve his knowledge of the heavens. He had already ornamented his paper globe with several of the most remarkable constellations. Around the pole-star he had discovered Perseus and Andromeda, and Cepheus, and Cassiopeia's Chair. Between these and the bright Orion, which rose every night and glittered in the south, he discovered seven small stars in a cluster, called the Pleiades. All these, he observed, journeyed every night from east to west, and appeared the followed evening in their former places. "How strange it is," said Tommy one day to Mr. Barlow, "that all these stars should be continually turning about the earth!" "How do you know," replied Mr. Barlow, "that they turn at all?"

Tommy. Because I see them move every night.

Mr. Barlow. But how are you sure that it is the stars which move every night, and not the earth itself?"

Tommy considered and said: "If so, I should see the earth move and the stars stand still."

Mr. Barlow. Did you never ride in a coach, Tommy?

Tommy. Yes, sir, very often.

Mr. Barlow. And did you then see the coach move, as you sat still and went along a level road?

Tommy. No, sir, I have often thought that the houses and trees glided by the windows of the coach.

Mr. Barlow. And did you never sail in a boat?

Tommy. Yes, sir; and I remember, the shore always seemed to be running away from the boat, instead of the boat from the shore.

Mr. Barlow. If that is the case, it is possible, even though the earth should move, instead of the stars.

Tommy. But is it not more likely, that such small things as the stars and sun should move, than such a large thing as the earth?

Mr. Barlow. And how do you know that the stars and sun are so small?

Tommy. I see that they are, sir. The stars are so small, that they are hardly to be seen at all: and the sun itself which is much larger, does not seem bigger than a small round table.

The day after this conversation Mr. Barlow went out to walk with Harry and Tommy. As by this time Tommy was inured to fatigue, and able to walk many miles, they continued their excursion over the hills, till at last they came in sight of the sea. As they were amusing themselves with this immense prospect of water, Mr. Barlow perceived something floating at a distance, so small as to be scarcely discernible by the eye. He pointed it out to Tommy, and asked him what he thought it was.

Tommy answered, that he thought it was some little fishing-boat, but was not sure on account of the distance. "All that I can see," said he, "is a little dusky speck which seems to grow bigger and bigger." In a few minutes he exclaimed: "Now I find that it is a ship with a mast, for I begin to distinguish the sails."

Mr. Barlow walked on a little while and presently Tommy called out again: "Really, sir, I was mistaken again: for it is not a vessel with one mast, but a fine large ship with three great masts, and all her sails before the wind."

Mr. Barlow. Will you then take notice of what you have been saying? What was first only a little dusky speck, became a vessel with one mast, and now appears a ship of a very large size, with all her masts, and sails, and rigging complete. Yet all these three appearances are only the same object, at different distances from your eye.

Tommy. Yes, sir, that is all very true indeed.

Mr. Barlow. Why, then, if the ship, which is now full in sight, were to sail away from us as fast as she approached just now, what do you think would happen?

Tommy. It would grow less and less every minute, till it appeared a speck again.

Mr. Barlow. You said, I think, that the sun was a very small body, not bigger than a round table?

Tommy. Yes, sir.

Mr. Barlow. Supposing, then, he were to be removed to a much greater distance, what would happen? Would he appear the same to your eyes?

Tommy considered for some time, and then said: "If the

ship grows less and less by going further and further, I should think the sun would do the same."

Mr. Barlow. There you are perfectly right; therefore, if the sun were to depart further and further from us, at last he would appear no bigger than one of the stars.

Tommy. That I perfectly comprehend.

Mr. Barlow. But if, on the contrary, one of those stars were to approach nearer and nearer to you, what do you think would happen? Would it still appear of the same size?

Tommy. No, sir.

Mr. Barlow. Might it not at last appear as big as the sun does now?

Tommy. Indeed, I think it might.

Mr. Barlow. What, then, would happen could the sun approach a great deal nearer to us?

Tommy. I plainly see that he would appear larger the nearer he came.

Mr. Barlow. If that be the case, it is not so certain that the earth we inhabit is bigger than the sun and stars. They are at a very great distance from us; therefore, if anybody could go from the earth towards the sun, how do you think the earth would appear to him as he journeyed on?

Tommy. I think it would appear to him less and less, like the ship when it is sailing away.

Mr. Barlow. Then, perhaps, it would happen at last that the sun appeared bigger than the earth.

Tommy. Indeed it might.

Mr. Barlow. Then you see that you must no longer talk of the earth's being large and the sun small, since that may only happen because you are near the one and at a great distance from the other. At least, you will now be convinced that both the sun and stars must be a vast deal larger than you would guess them to be.

As they were returning home, they passed through a small town and saw a crowd of people going into a house. On inquiring the reason, they were told that there was a wonderful person there who performed a variety of strange experiments. Upon Tommy's expressing a great desire to see these curious exhibitions, Mr. Barlow took them both in, and they seated themselves among the audience. Presently the performer began his exhibitions, which very much diverted Tommy and

surprised the spectators. At length, after a variety of curious tricks upon cards, the conjuror desired them to observe a large basin of water with the figure of a little swan floating upon the surface. "Gentlemen," said the man, "I have reserved this curious experiment for the last, because it is the most wonderful of all that I have to show. You see that swan; it is no more than a little image, without either sense or life. If you have any doubt upon the subject, take it up in your hands and examine it." Accordingly, several of the spectators took it up, and, after having examined it, set it down again upon the water. "Now," continued he, "this swan, which to you appears totally without sense or motion, knows me, his master, and will follow in any direction that I command." Saying this, he took out a little piece of bread, and whistling to his bird, ordered him to come to the side of the basin and be fed. Immediately, to the great surprise of all the company, the swan turned about and swam to the side of the basin. The man whistled again, and presently the swan turned himself round, and pursued the hand of his master to the other side of the basin. The spectators could hardly believe their eyes, and some of them held out little pieces of bread, imagining that he would do the same to them. But it was in vain they whistled and presented their bread; the bird remained unmoved upon the water, and obeyed no orders but those of his master. When this exhibition had been repeated over and over again, the company rose and dispersed, and Mr. Barlow and the little boys pursued their way home.

Tommy's mind was so engaged with what he had seen, that for several days he could think and talk of nothing else. He would give all that he had in the world to find out this curious trick, and to be possessed of such a swan. At length, as he was one day talking to Harry upon the subject, Harry told him with a smile, that he believed he had found out the method of doing it; and that, if he did not mistake, he would the next day show him a swan that would come to be fed as well as the conjuror's. Accordingly, Harry moulded a bit of wax into the shape of a swan, and placed it upon a basin of water. He then presented to it a piece of bread, and, to the delight of Tommy, the swan pursued the bread just as he had seen before. After he had several times diverted himself with this experiment, he wanted to be informed of the composition of this wonderful

swan. Harry therefore showed him, within the body of the bird, a large needle, which lay along it from one end to the other. In the bread with which the swan was fed, he also showed him concealed a small bar of iron. Tommy could not comprehend all this, although he saw it before his eyes. But Mr. Barlow, who was present, took up the bar of iron, and put down several needles upon the table, and Tommy was very much surprised to see the needles all jump up, one after another, at the approach of the bar, and shoot towards it as if they had been possessed of sense. They hung about the bar so firmly that, though it was lifted into the air, they continued suspended. Mr. Barlow then placed a key upon the table, and putting the iron near it, the key attached itself as firmly to the bar as the needles had done before. All this appeared so surprising to Tommy that he begged an explanation of it. Mr. Barlow told him, "there was a stone often found in iron mines that was called the loadstone. This stone is possessed of the surprising power of drawing to itself all pieces of iron that are not too large, nor placed at too great a distance. But what is equally extraordinary is, that iron itself, after having been rubbed upon the loadstone, acquires the same virtue as the stone itself, and attracts other iron. For this purpose, they take small bars of iron and rub them carefully upon the loadstone and when they have acquired this power, they call them magnets. When Harry had seen the exhibition of the swan, he began to suspect that it was performed entirely by the power of magnetism. I confirmed him in his opinion, and furnished him with a small magnet to put into the bread, and a large needle to conceal in the body of the bird. So this is the explanation of the feat which so puzzled you a few days past."

Mr. Barlow had scarcely done speaking when Tommy observed another curious property in the swan which he had not found out before. This bird, when left to itself, constantly rested in one particular direction; and that direction was full north and south. Tommy inquired the reason of this, and Mr. Barlow replied: "The persons who first discovered the wonderful powers of the loadstone diverted themselves, as we do now, by touching needles and small pieces of iron, which they made to float upon water, and attracted them with other pieces of iron. But it was not long before they found out, as

you have done, another surprising property in this wonderful stone. They observed, that when a needle had once been touched by the loadstone, if it were left to float upon the water without restraint, it would invariably point towards the north. In a short time they improved the discovery further, and contrived to suspend the middle of the needle upon a point so loosely that it could move in every direction. When fixed in a case, and covered with glass, this instrument is called a mariner's compass."

Tommy. Was the discovery of any great use?

Mr. Barlow. Before this time the sailors had no other method of finding their way across the sea but by observing the stars. They knew in what parts of the sky certain stars appeared at every season of the year; and this enabled them to discover east, west, north, and south. But frequently the weather was thick, and the stars no longer appeared; and then they were left to wander about the ocean, without the smallest track to guide them in their course. For this reason, they seldom dared to venture out of sight of shore, on which account all their voyages were long and tedious. But soon after the discovery of this loadstone, they found that the needle which had been thus prepared was capable of showing them the different points of the heavens, even in the darkest night. This enabled them to sail with greater security, and to venture boldly upon the immense ocean, which they had always feared before.

Tommy. How extraordinary, that a little stone should enable people to cross the sea, and to find their way from one country to another! But I wonder why they take all these pains.

Mr. Barlow. That you need not wonder at, when you consider that one country frequently produces what another does not; and therefore, by exchanging their different commodities, both may live more conveniently than they did before. At the same time it is true, that what they bring from other countries is frequently more hurtful than salutary to them.

Harry. I have heard you say, that even in Greenland, the coldest and most uncomfortable country in the world, the inhabitants procure themselves necessaries, and live contented.

Tommy. What! is there a part of the world still colder than Lapland?

Mr. Barlow. Greenland is still further north, and therefore colder and more barren. The ground is there covered with eternal snows, which never melt, even in summer. There are scarcely any animals to be found, excepting bears, which live by preying upon fish. There are no trees upon any part of the country, so that the inhabitants have nothing to build their houses with, excepting the planks and trees which the sea washes away from other countries, and leaves upon their coast. With these they erect large cabins, where several families live together. The sides of these huts are composed of earth and stones, and the top secured with turf. In a short time the whole is so cemented with frost, that it is impenetrable to the weather during the whole winter. Along the sides of the building are made several partitions, in each of which a Greenlander lives with his family. Each of these families has a small lamp continually burning, by means of which they cook their food and keep up an agreeable warmth throughout their apartment. They have a few deer, which sometimes visit them in the summer, and which the Greenlanders kill whenever they can catch them ; but they are almost entirely destitute of all the vegetables which serve as nourishment to man ; so that they are obliged to be continually upon the sea, in order to catch fish for their support.

Tommy. What a dreadful life must that be, in a country which is so cold !

Mr. Barlow. In consequence of the extreme cold, those northern seas are full of such immense quantities of ice, that they are sometimes almost covered with it. Huge pieces come floating down, which resemble small mountains. These are sometimes dashed against each other by the winds with such immense force, that they would crush the strongest ship to pieces. Upon these pieces of ice are frequently seen white bears of an enormous size ; which have either fallen asleep upon them, and so been carried away, or have straggled over those icy hills in search of fish.

Tommy. And is it possible that the inhabitants of such a country can find enough in it for all their necessities ?

Mr. Barlow. The necessities of life are very few, and are therefore to be found even in the most rugged climates, if men are not deficient in industry. In such a country as Greenland, it requires continual exertion to procure the simplest support

of human life ; and therefore no one can live who will not employ himself in the same manner as his neighbours.

Tommy. You said that these people had neither flesh nor corn : do they then clothe themselves with the skins of fish, as well as live upon them ?

Mr. Barlow. There is in those seas a peculiar animal called a seal. He is nine or ten feet long, and has two small feet before, on which he is able to walk a little upon the shore ; for he frequently comes out of the sea, and sleeps, or amuses himself upon the ice. His body is very large, and full of oil, and behind he has two legs which resemble fins, with which he swims in the water. This animal is the constant prey of the Greenlander, and furnishes him with all he wants. He eats the flesh ; the fat serves him to feed his lamp, and with the skin he makes clothes that are impenetrable to the water, or lines the inside of his hut to keep out the weather. As this animal is so necessary to the existence of a Greenlander, it is his greatest glory to chase him. For this purpose, he places himself in a small narrow boat, the top of which is covered with the skins of seals, and closes round the middle of the fisher so tight as entirely to exclude the water. He has a long oar broad at both ends, which he dips first on one side, then on the other, and rows, with incredible swiftness, over the roughest seas. He carries with him a harpoon, which is a kind of lance tied to a long thong, at the end of which is fixed a bladder, or some other light substance that will not sink. When the fisherman is thus prepared, he skims lightly over the waters till he perceives one of these animals floating upon the surface. The Greenlander then approaches him as quietly as he is able, and, if possible, contrives that the animal shall have the wind and sun in his eyes. When he is sufficiently near, he throws his harpoon, and generally wounds the creature, which instantly hurries away, and carries with him the thong and bladder. But it is not long before he is compelled to rise again to the surface of the water to breathe ; and then the Greenlander, who has been pursuing him all the time, attacks him again, and dispatches him with a shorter lance, which he has brought with him for that purpose. He then ties his prey to his boat, and tows it after him to his family, who receive it with joy, and dress part of it for supper. Although these poor people live a life of such continual fatigue, and are obliged to earn their food with so many hard-

ships, they are generous and hospitable; for every person present is invited to partake of the feast: and a Greenlander would think himself dishonoured for life, that should be thought capable of wishing to keep it all to himself.

Tommy. I think it seems as if the less people had, the more generous they are with it.

Mr. Barlow. That is not unfrequently the case, and should be a lesson to many who imagine that they have nothing to do with their fortune but to throw it away upon pleasure, while there are so many thousands in want of the necessities of life.

Tommy. But pray, sir, have you no more to tell me about these Greenlanders?

Mr. Barlow. There is another very curious particular to be mentioned of these countries. In the neighbouring seas is found the largest animal in the world, an immense fish, which is called the whale.

Tommy. Oh! I have heard of those extraordinary animals. And pray, sir, do the Greenlanders ever catch them?

Mr. Barlow. The whale is of such prodigious size, that he sometimes measures seventy or eighty, or a hundred feet in length. He is from ten to twenty feet in height, and large in proportion. When he swims along the seas, he appears rather like a great vessel floating upon the waters, than a fish. He has two holes in his head, through which he blows out water to a great height in the air; immense fins, and a tail with which he almost raises a tempest when he lashes the sea with it.

Tommy. I should think that such a fish would upset whole ships, and devour the sailors!

Mr. Barlow. Far from it: he is one of the most innocent that the ocean produces; nor does he ever do the least injury, unless by accidentally overturning vessels. The food he lives upon is chiefly small fish, particularly herrings. These fish are bred in such prodigious shoals, amid the ice of those northern climates, that the sea is absolutely covered with them for miles together. Then it is that the hungry whale pursues them, and thins their numbers, by swallowing thousands of them in their course.

Harry. What numbers indeed must such a prodigious fish devour of those small animals!

Mr. Barlow. The whale in his turn falls a prey to the

cruelty and avarice of man. Some, indeed, are caught by the Greenlanders, who have a sufficient excuse for persecuting him with continual attacks, in their total want of vegetables, and every species of food which the earth affords. But the Europeans, who are too dainty to eat his flesh, send out great numbers of ships every year, to destroy the poor whale, merely for the sake of the oil which his body contains, and his elastic bones, called whalebone. When those that go upon this expedition discern a whale floating at a distance, they instantly send out a large boat to pursue him. Some of the men row along as gently as possible, while the person that is appointed to attack the fish, stands upon the forepart of the boat, holding in his hand a harpoon. This is fastened to a long cord, which lies ready coiled up in the boat, so that it may run out in an instant, when the fish is struck: for such is his prodigious force, that, should the least impediment occur to stop the rope in its passage, he would instantly draw the boat after him, to the bottom of the sea. In order to prevent accidents, a man stands constantly ready to divide the rope with a hatchet, in case it should happen to entangle; and another is continually wetting it with a mop, otherwise the swiftness of the motion would cause it to take fire. The poor whale, thus wounded, darts away with inconceivable rapidity, and generally plunges to the bottom of the sea. They have a prodigious quantity of cord ready to let out, and when their store is exhausted, there are generally other boats ready to supply more. Thus is the animal overpowered and killed, in spite of his immense bulk and irresistible strength; for, gradually wearied with his own efforts and the loss of blood, he soon relaxes in his speed, and rises again to the top of the water. Then it is that the fishers, who have pursued him all the time, with the hopes of such an opportunity, approach him anew, and attack him with fresh harpoons; till, in the end, his strength is entirely exhausted, the waves themselves are tinged with a bloody colour, from his numerous wounds, and he writhes about in unutterable pain. Then he breathes his last, and turning upon his back, floats, like some large vessel upon the surface of the sea. The fishers then approach, and cut off the fins and other valuable parts, which they stow on board their ships: the fat or blubber, as it is often called, is received into large casks, and the remains of his vast body are

left a prey to other fish, and to the Greenlanders, who carefully collect every fragment which they can find, and apply it to their own use. Sometimes they pursue the whale themselves; but when they do, it is in large numbers, and they attack him nearly in the manner I have described; only, as they are not so well supplied with cord, they fix the skins of seals, which they have inflated with air, to the end of the thongs tied to their harpoons; and this serves both to weary out the fish, and to discover him the instant he approaches the surface.

Tommy. But pray, sir, how do the little boys amuse themselves in such a dismal country? Do their fathers take them out fishing with them?

Mr. Barlow. When the men come home, covered with wet and icicles, and sit down comfortably to feast upon their prey, their common conversation is about the dangers and accidents they have met with in their expedition. A Greenlander relates, how he bounded over the waves to surprise a monstrous seal—how he pierced the animal with his harpoon, which was near dragging the boat with him under the water—how he attacked him again in closer combat—how the beast, enraged with his wounds, rushed upon him in order to destroy him with his teeth—and how, in the end, he triumphed over his adversary, and brought him safe to land. All this he relates with the vehemence and interest which people naturally feel for things which concern them nearly; he stands in the midst of his countrymen, and describes every circumstance of his adventures. The little children gather round, and feel themselves interested in every circumstance; and wish to share in the toils and glory of their fathers. When they are a little bigger, they exercise themselves in small skiffs, in which they learn to travel over the waves. Nothing can be more dangerous, or require greater dexterity, than the management of a Greenlander's boat. The least thing upsets it, and then the man is inevitably drowned if he cannot regain his balance. His only salvation depends upon the proper management of his oar; and, therefore, the exercise of this implement forms the early study of the young Greenlanders. In their sportive parties they row about in a thousand different manners; they dive under their boats, and then set them to rights with their paddle: they learn to glide over the roughest billows, and face

the greatest dangers with intrepidity; till, in the end, they acquire sufficient address to fish themselves, and to be admitted among the men.

Harry. Pray, sir, is this the country where men travel in sledges that are drawn by dogs?

Tommy. Upon sledges drawn by dogs! I had no idea that dogs could draw carriages.

Mr. Barlow. The country you are speaking of is called Kamtschatka: it is a cold and dreary country, but very distant from Greenland. The inhabitants there train up large dogs, which they harness to a sledge, upon which the master sits, and so performs his journey along the snow and ice. All the summer the dogs are turned loose to provide for themselves, and prey upon the remains of fish, which they find upon the shore, for fish is the common food of all the inhabitants. In the winter the Kamtschatkans assemble their dogs, and use them for the purpose I have mentioned. They have no reins, to govern them in their course; but the driver sits upon his sledge, and keeps himself as steady as he is able, holding in his hand a short stick, which he throws at the dogs, if they displease him, and catches again with great dexterity as he passes. This way of travelling is not without danger; for the temper of the dogs is such, that when they descend hills and slippery places, and pass through woods where the driver may be hurt by branches and stumps of trees, they always quicken their pace. The same is the case if their master should fall off, which they instantly discover by the sudden lightness of the carriage; they then set off with such speed, that it is difficult to overtake them. The only remedy which the Kamtschatkan finds, is to throw himself upon the ground, and hold the empty sledge, suffering himself to be dragged along the earth, till the dogs, through weariness, abate their speed. Frequently in their journeys, these travellers are surprised by storms of wind and snow, which render it impracticable to proceed further. How ill would a European fare to be thus abandoned, at the distance perhaps of a hundred miles, or more, from any habitable place; exposed without shelter in the midst of extensive plains, and unable to procure either food or fire! But the hardy native of these cold climates seeks the shelter of the first forest he can find; then wrapping himself round in his warm fur garment, he sits with his legs

under him, and, thus bundled up, suffers himself to be covered round with the snow, except a small hole, which he leaves for the convenience of breathing. In this manner he lies with his dogs around him, which assist in keeping him warm, till the storm is over, and he is again able to pursue his journey.

Tommy. I could not conceive it possible for men to struggle with so many hardships. But do not the poor people that inhabit these cold climates quit them, whenever they can find an opportunity, and settle in those that are warmer?

Mr. Barlow. By no means. When they hear that there are no seals to be caught in other countries, they say that they must be wretched indeed, and much inferior to their own. Besides, they have in general so great a contempt for all Europeans, that they have no inclination to visit the countries which they inhabit.

A few evenings after this conversation, when the night was remarkably clear, Mr. Barlow called his two pupils into the garden, where there was a long hollow tube suspended upon a frame. Mr. Barlow placed Tommy upon a chair, and bade him look through it; which he had scarcely done, when he cried out, "What an extraordinary sight is this!" "What is the matter?" said Mr. Barlow. "I see," replied Tommy, "what I should suppose to be the moon, were it not a great many times bigger, and so near to me that I can almost touch it." "What you see," answered Mr. Barlow, smiling, "is the moon itself. This glass has the power of making it appear a great deal nearer to your eye. But still it is nothing but the moon; and from this single experiment you may judge of the different size which the sun and all the other heavenly bodies would appear to have, if you could advance a great deal nearer to them."

Tommy was delighted with this new spectacle. The moon, (he said,) viewed in this manner, was the most glorious sight he had ever seen in his life. "It seems to be shaded in such a manner, that it almost resembles land and water." "What you say," answered Mr. Barlow, "is by no means unreasonable; the moon is a very large body, and may be, for aught we know, inhabited like the earth."

Tommy was more and more astonished at the introduction of all these new ideas; but what he was particularly inquisitive about was, to know the reason of this extraordinary change in the appearance of objects, only by looking through a hollow

tube with a bit of glass fixed into it. "All this," replied Mr. Barlow, "I will, if you desire it, some day explain to you; but it is rather too long and difficult to understand at the present moment. However, before we retire to-night, I will show you something more, which will perhaps equally surprise you."

They then returned to the house, and Mr. Barlow led Tommy into a room, where he observed nothing but a lantern upon the floor, and a white sheet hung up against the wall. Tommy laughed, and said, he did not see anything very curious in all that. "Well," said Mr. Barlow, "perhaps I may surprise you yet, before I have done; let us at least light up the lantern, that you may see a little clearer."

Mr. Barlow then lighted the lantern, and extinguished all the candles; and Tommy was instantly struck with astonishment, to see a gigantic figure of a man leading a large bear, appear upon the wall and glide slowly along the sheet. As he was admiring this wonderful sight, a large monkey, dressed up in the habit of a man, appeared, and followed the bear; after him came an old woman trundling a barrow of fruit, and then two boys that seemed to be fighting as they passed. Tommy could hardly find words to express his surprise and admiration; and he entreated Mr. Barlow to explain to him the reason of all these wonderful sights. "At present," said Mr. Barlow, "you are not sufficiently advanced to comprehend the explanation. However, thus much I will inform you, that both the wonderful tube which showed you the moon so much larger than you ever saw it before, and this curious exhibition of to-night, and a variety of others, which I will hereafter show you, depend entirely upon such a little bit of glass as this." Mr. Barlow then put into his hand a small round piece of glass, which resembled the figure of a globe on both sides. "It is by looking through such pieces of glass as this," said he, "and by arranging them in a particular manner, that we are enabled to perform all these wonders." "Well," said Tommy, "I never could have believed, that simply looking through a bit of glass could have made such a difference in the appearance of things." "And yet," said Mr. Barlow, "looking at a thing through water alone, is capable of producing the greatest change, as I will immediately prove to you." He then took a small earthen basin, and putting a half-crown at the bottom,

desired Tommy gradually to go back, still looking at the basin, till he could distinguish the piece of money no longer. Tommy accordingly retired, and presently cried out that he had totally lost sight of the money. "Now," said Mr. Barlow, "I will enable you to see it, merely by putting water into it." He then gradually poured water into the basin, till, to the astonishment of Tommy, he found that he could plainly see the half-crown which was before invisible.

Tommy was very much delighted with all these experiments, and declared, that, from this time forward, he would never rest till he had made himself acquainted with everything curious in every branch of knowledge.

"I remember reading a story," added Mr. Barlow, "where a telescope, for that is the name of the glass which brings distant objects so much nearer to the eye, was used to a very excellent purpose." "Pray, how was that?" said Tommy. "In some part of Africa," said Mr. Barlow, "there was a prince who was attacked by one of his most powerful neighbours, and almost driven out of his dominions. He had done everything in his power to defend himself; but was defeated in several battles. At length he was reduced to a very small number of brave men, and had taken possession of a steep and difficult hill, determined to defend himself to the last extremity, the enemy being in possession of all the country around. While he lay with his little army in this disagreeable situation, he was visited by a European, whom he had formerly received and treated with the greatest kindness. To this man the unfortunate prince made his complaints, telling him, that he was exposed every instant to be attacked by his stronger foe; and he fully expected to be cut off, with all his army. The European happened to have with him one of these curious glasses, which had not been long invented in Europe, and he told the prince, his friend, that he would soon inform him of what his enemy was doing, and then he might take his measures with the greater confidence. So he produced his glass, and turned it towards the enemy's camp, which he considered some time with great attention, and then told his friend, that he might at least be easy for the present; for the general was at that instant thinking only of a great feast, which he was giving to the officers of his army. 'How is it possible,' replied the prince, 'that you can discover so accurately what is done in yonder

camp? My eyes are at least as good as yours, and yet I can discover nothing distinctly.' The European then desired his friend to look through the telescope; which he had no sooner done than he rose in great trepidation and was going to mount his horse; for he imagined the enemy was close to him, and that nothing remained but to stand upon his defence. The European could not help smiling at this mistake, and after he had with some difficulty removed his panic, by explaining the wonderful powers of the glass, he prevailed upon him to be quiet. But the unexpected terror which his telescope had excited, inspired him with a sudden thought, which he determined to improve to the advantage of the besieged prince. Acquainting him, therefore, with his intention, he desired him to draw out all his men in their military array, and to let them descend the mountain slowly, clashing their arms and waving their swords as they marched. He then mounted a horse and rode to the enemy's camp, where he desired to be introduced to the general. He found him sitting in his tent, carousing in the midst of his officers. When he approached, he thus accosted him:—'I am come, great warrior, as a friend, to acquaint you with a circumstance that is necessary to the safety of yourself and army.' 'What is that?' said the general, with some surprise. 'At this instant,' replied the European, 'while you are indulging yourself in festivity, the enemy, who has lately been reinforced with a large body of his most valiant troops, is advancing to attack you; and, even now, has almost penetrated to your camp. I have here,' added he, 'a wonderful glass, the composition of which is only known in Europe, and, if you will condescend to look through it for a moment, it will convince you of the truth.'

"Saying this, he directed his eye to the telescope, which the general had no sooner looked into, than he was struck with consternation and affright. He saw the prince, whom he had long considered as lying at his mercy, advancing with his army in excellent order, and, as he imagined, close to his camp. He could even discern the menacing air of the soldiers, and the brandishing of their swords as they moved. His officers had no sooner peeped into the wonderful glass, than they were all affected in the same manner, and therefore they rushed in a panic out of their tents, mounted their swiftest horses, and fled away, without staying to see the consequences. The rest of

the army, who had seen the consternation of their leaders, and heard that the enemy were advancing to destroy them, were struck with a panic, and instantly followed : so that the whole plain was covered with men and horses, making all possible haste towards their own country, without thinking of resistance. Thus was an immense army dispersed in an instant, and the besieged prince delivered from his danger by the superior knowledge of a single man.

“But a still more famous instance is that of Archimedes, one of the most celebrated mathematicians of his time. He, when the city of Syracuse was besieged by the Romans, defended it for a long time by the surprising machines he invented, in such a manner that they began to despair of taking it.” “Do, pray,” said Tommy, “tell me that story.” “No,” answered Mr. Barlow, “it is now time to retire; and you may at any time read all the particulars of this extraordinary siege in Plutarch’s life of Marcellus.”

And now the time approached when Mr. Barlow was accustomed to invite the greater part of the poor of his parish to an annual dinner. He had a large hall, which was almost filled with men, women, and children; a cheerful fire blazed in the chimney, and a prodigious table was placed in the middle, for the company to dine upon.

Tommy was much delighted with this festal day. He had lost a great part of his West Indian pride during his residence with Mr. Barlow, and had contracted many acquaintances among the families of the poor. After the example of Mr. Barlow, he condescended to go about from one to the other, and make inquiries respecting their families; nor was he a little gratified with the extreme respect with which he found himself treated, both on account of Mr. Barlow, and the reputation of his own liberality. Thus did the morning pass away in the most agreeable and auspicious manner; but after dinner an unexpected incident arrived, which clouded all the merriment of the unfortunate Tommy Merton.

Mr. Barlow happened to have a large Newfoundland dog, equally famous for his good-nature and his love of the water. With this dog Tommy had long been forming an acquaintance, and he used to divert himself with throwing sticks into the water, which Cæsar would bring out in his mouth, however great the distance. Tommy had been fired with the description

of the Kamtschatkan dogs, and their method of drawing sledges, and meditated an enterprise of this nature upon Cæsar. This very day finding himself at leisure, he chose to make the attempt. He, therefore, furnished himself with some rope and a kitchen chair, which he destined for his vehicle instead of a sledge. He then inveigled Cæsar into a large yard behind the house, and extending the chair flat upon the ground, fastened him to it with great care and ingenuity. Cæsar, who did not understand the new purpose to which he was going to be applied, suffered himself to be harnessed without opposition; and Tommy mounted with a whip in his hand and began operations. A crowd of little boys, the sons of the labourers within, now gathered round the young gentleman, and by their admiration very much increased his ardour to distinguish himself. Tommy began to use the common expressions which he had heard coachmen practise to their horses, and smacked his whip with all the confidence of an experienced charioteer. Cæsar, meanwhile, who did not comprehend this language, began to be a little impatient, and expressed his uneasiness by making several bounds, and rearing up like a restive horse. This added very much to the diversion of the spectators, and Tommy, who considered his honour as materially concerned in achieving the adventure, began to grow a little more warm; and, proceeding from one experiment to another, at length applied a pretty severe lash to the hinder part of his steed. This Cæsar resented so much, that he instantly set off at three quarters speed, and dragged the chair away at a prodigious rate. Tommy now looked round with an infinite air of triumph, and kept his seat with surprising address and firmness. Unfortunately, there happened to be, at no great distance, a large horse-pond, which went shelving down to the depth of three or four feet. Hither the affrighted Cæsar ran, while Tommy, who now began to repent of his success, endeavoured to pacify and restrain him. But all his expostulations were vain; for Cæsar rushed into the pond, with his charioteer behind him. The spectators had now a fresh subject of diversion; and all their respect for Master Tommy could not hinder them from bursting into shouts of derision. To add to his misfortune, the pond was at that time neither ice nor water; for a sudden thaw had commenced the day before, accompanied with a copious fall of snow. Tommy, therefore, floundered on through mud and



The sledge experiment.

water, and pieces of floating ice, like some amphibious animal. Sometimes his feet slipped, and down he tumbled; then he struggled up again, shaking the water from his hair and clothes. Now his feet stuck fast in the mud, and now, by a desperate effort, he disengaged them with the loss of both his shoes; thus labouring on with much pain and difficulty, he reached the land.

The spectators were now incapable of stifling their laughter, which broke forth in such redoubled peals, that the unfortunate hero was so irritated that as soon as he had struggled to the shore he fell upon them in a fury, and dealt his blows so liberally that he put the whole company to flight. Tommy was now in the situation of a warrior that pursues a routed army. Dismay and terror scattered his little associates a hundred different ways; while passion and revenge animated him to the pursuit, and made him forgetful of the wetness of his clothes and the uncomfortableness of his situation. Whatever unfortunate boy came within his reach, was sure to be unmercifully cuffed and pummelled. While Tommy was thus revenging the affronts he had received, the unusual noise reached the ears of Mr. Barlow, and brought him to the door. He could hardly help laughing at the rueful figure of his friend, with the water dropping from every part of his body in copious streams, but he immediately led him into the house, and advised him to undress and go to bed. He then brought him some warm diluted liquors, by which means he avoided all the bad effects which might otherwise have arisen from so complete a drenching.

The next day, Mr. Barlow laughed at Tommy in his usual good-natured manner, and asked him if he intended to ride out in the Kamtschatkan manner; adding, however, that he should be afraid to attend him, as he had the habit of beating his companions. Tommy was a little confounded at this insinuation, but replied that he should not have been so provoked, if they had not laughed at his misfortunes; and he thought it very hard to be wetted and ridiculed both. "But," replied Mr. Barlow, "did their noise or laughter do you any great damage, that you endeavoured to return it so roughly?" Tommy answered that he must own it did not give him any pain. "Why then," said Mr. Barlow, "I do not see the justice of your returning it in that manner." "But," said Tommy,

"it is so provoking to be laughed at!" "There are two ways of remedying that," replied Mr. Barlow; "either by not doing such things as will expose you to ridicule, or by learning to bear it with a little more patience." "But," said Tommy, "I do not think that anybody can bear it with patience." "All the world," said Mr. Barlow, "are not quite so passionate as you are. Even those poor Greenlanders that live upon fish, and are not brought up like gentlemen's sons, are capable of giving you a lesson, that would be of the greatest service, if you would observe it." "What is that, sir?" inquired Tommy. "They are brought up to so much moderation and self-command," said Mr. Barlow, "that they never give way to those sudden impulses of passion that are common among Europeans; and when they observe their violent gestures, and angry words, they feel for them the greatest contempt, and say, they must have been very badly educated. If any person thinks himself ill-used by another, he defies his foe to meet him at a particular time, before their mutual acquaintance."

Tommy. But then I suppose they fight, and that is being as passionate as I was.

Mr. Barlow. No, Tommy—the Greenlanders are a great deal wiser than that. The person who thinks himself injured, does indeed challenge his antagonist; but it is to a very different sort of combat from what you imagine. Both parties appear at the appointed time, and each is surrounded with a company of his particular friends. The place where they assemble is generally one of their large huts, that all the persons of their society may be impartial spectators of their contest. When they are thus convened, the champion who by agreement is to begin, steps forward into the middle of the circle, and entertains them with a song, or speech, which he has before composed. In this performance, he generally contrives to throw all the ridicule he is able upon his antagonist; and his satire is applauded by his own party, and excites universal merriment among the audience. When he has sung himself out of breath, it is the turn of his rival to begin; who goes on in the same manner, answering all the satire that has been thrown upon him, and endeavouring to win the laughs over to his own side. In this manner do the combatants go on, alternately reciting their compositions against each other, till the memory or invention of one of them fails, and he is obliged to yield

the victory to his rival. After this public specimen of their ingenuity, the two champions generally forget their animosities, and are cordially reconciled.

"This," added Mr. Barlow, "appears to me to be a much better method of answering ridicule, than by beating those who displease us: and one of these honest Greenlanders would be as much ashamed of such a sudden transport of anger, as a Kamtschatkan traveller would be of managing his dogs so ill as you did yesterday."

And now the time arrived when Tommy was to pay a visit to his parents. Mr. Barlow had been long afraid of this visit, as he knew he would meet a great deal of company there, who would give him impressions of a very different nature from those he had been so anxiously endeavouring to fix in his mind. However, the visit was unavoidable, and Mr. Merton sent so pressing an invitation for Harry to accompany his friend, that Mr. Barlow, with much regret, took leave of both his pupils. Harry had no great inclination for the visit; however, he was too obliging to raise any objection, and the real affection he entertained for Master Merton rendered him less averse than he would otherwise have been.

When they arrived at Mr. Merton's, they were introduced into a crowded drawing-room, full of the most elegant company; among whom were several young gentlemen and ladies of different ages, who had been invited to spend their holidays with Master Merton. As soon as Tommy entered, every tongue was let loose in his praise: he was grown, he was improved, he was such a charming boy; every feature was the admiration of all the ladies. Thrice did he make the circle, in order to receive the congratulations of the company, and to be introduced to the young ladies. As to Harry, he had the good fortune to be taken notice of by nobody except Mr. Merton, who received him with great cordiality. A lady, however, that sat by Mrs. Merton, asked her in a whisper, which was loud enough to be heard all over the room, whether that was the little plough-boy whom Mr. Barlow was attempting to breed up like a gentleman. Mrs. Merton answered it was. "I really should have thought so," said the lady, "by his plebeian look and vulgar air. But I wonder, my dear madam, that you will suffer your son, who is one of the most charming children I ever saw in my life, to keep such company. Are you not afraid

that Master Merton should insensibly contract bad habits, and a low way of thinking? For my own part, as I think a good education is a thing of the utmost consequence in life, I have spared no pains to give my dear Matilda every possible advantage." "Indeed," replied Mrs. Merton, "one may see the excellence of her education in everything that Miss Matilda does. She plays divinely upon the harpsichord, talks French even better than she does English, and draws in the style of a master."

While this conversation was going on in one part of the room, a young lady observing that nobody seemed to take the least notice of Harry, advanced towards him with the greatest affability, and began to enter into conversation with him. This young lady's name was Simmons: her father and mother had been two of the most respectable people in the country, according to the old style of English gentry; but having died while she was young, the care of their orphan daughter had devolved upon an uncle, who was a man of sense and benevolence, but a very great humourist. This gentleman had such peculiar ideas of female character, that he waged war with most of the modern accomplishments. As one of the first blessings of life, according to his notions, was health, he endeavoured to prevent that sickly delicacy which is considered as so great an ornament in fashionable life, by a more robust and hardy education. His niece was accustomed, from her earliest years, to plunge into a cold bath at every season of the year, to rise by candle-light in winter, to ride a dozen miles upon a trotting horse, or to walk as many, even with the hazard of being splashed or soiling her clothes. By this mode of education, Miss Susan acquired an excellent character, accompanied, however, by some tastes which disqualified her almost as much as Harry for fashionable life. She was acquainted with all the best authors in our own language; nor was she ignorant of those in French, although she could not speak a word of the language. Her uncle, who was a man of sense, had besides instructed her in the established laws of nature, and a little geometry. She was, besides, brought up to every species of household employment; and taught to believe, that domestic economy is a point of the utmost consequence to every woman that intends to be a wife or mother. As to music, though Miss Simmons had a very agreeable voice, and could sing several simple songs in a very pleasing manner,

she was entirely ignorant of it as a science. Nor would he permit her to learn French, although he understood it himself. "My niece is to marry an Englishman and to live in England," said he. "As to the French nation, I know and esteem it on many accounts; but I am very doubtful whether the English will ever gain much by adopting their manners; and when respectable foreigners choose to visit us, I see no reason why they should not take the trouble of learning the language of the country."

"Such had been the education of Miss Simmons, who was the only one of all the genteel company at Mr. Merton's who thought Harry deserving the least attention. This young lady came up to him, and addressed him so kindly as to set him perfectly at his ease. Harry was destitute of the artificial graces of society; but he possessed much natural politeness and good-nature, and Mr. Barlow had taken great pleasure in cultivating the faculties of his mind. Harry, indeed, never said any of those brilliant things which render a boy the darling of the ladies; but he paid the greatest attention to what was said to him, and made the most judicious observations upon subjects he understood. For this reason, Miss Simmons, although much older and more improved, received great satisfaction from conversing with him, and thought little Harry infinitely more agreeable and judicious than any of the smart young gentlemen she had hitherto seen at Mr. Merton's.

But now the company was summoned to the important business of dinner. Harry could not help sighing, when he reflected upon what he had to undergo; however, he determined to bear it with all imaginable fortitude, for the sake of his friend Tommy. The dinner indeed was, if possible, more dreadful than anything he had before undergone; so many fine gentlemen and fine ladies; so many powdered servants to stand behind their chairs; such an apparatus of dishes; such pomp and solemnity about what seemed the easiest thing in the world—that Harry could not help envying the condition of his father's labourers, who, when they are hungry, can sit at their ease under a hedge, and make a dinner, without plates, tablecloths, or compliments. In the meantime, his friend Tommy was attended to as a prodigy of wit and ingenuity. Harry could not help being surprised at this: for he had never discovered in him any surprising talents, and when he could catch any-

thing that Tommy said, it appeared to him rather inferior to his usual conversation: however, as so many fine ladies were of a different opinion, he took it for granted that he must be mistaken. But if Harry's opinion of his friend's abilities was not much improved by this exhibition, it was not so with Tommy. He was so often assured that he was a little prodigy that at last he began to believe it himself. When he considered the company he came from, he found that infinite injustice had been done to his merit; for at Mr. Barlow's he was frequently contradicted, and obliged to give a reason for what he said; but here, in order to be admired, he had nothing to do but talk.

Nor was Mrs. Merton herself deficient in bestowing marks of admiration upon her son. To see him shine with such transcendent brightness before such excellent judges and in so polite a company, inspired her with raptures she had never before felt. Indeed, in consequence of this success, the young gentleman's volubility improved so much, that, before the dinner was over, he seemed disposed to engross the whole conversation to himself; and Mr. Merton, who did not relish the sallies of his son so much as his wife, was once or twice obliged to check him in his career. This Mrs. Merton thought very hard, and all the ladies, after they had retired into the drawing-room, agreed, that his father would certainly spoil his temper. As to little Harry, he had not the good fortune to please the greater number of the ladies: they observed that he was awkward, and had a heavy rustic look: he was also silent and reserved, and had not said a single agreeable thing. If Mr. Barlow chose to keep a school for carters and threshers, nobody would hinder him; but it was not proper to introduce such vulgar people to the sons of persons of fashion. It was therefore agreed, that Mr. Barlow ought either to send little Harry home to his friends, or to be no more honoured with the company of Master Merton.

"Why," answered Mrs. Merton, "to tell the truth, I was not over-fond of the scheme: Mr. Barlow, to be sure, though very good, is a very odd kind of man; however, as he is so disinterested, and would never receive the least present from us, I doubt whether we could with propriety insist upon his turning little Sandford out of the house." "If that is the case, madam," answered Mrs. Compton, for that was the name of the

lady, "I think it would be infinitely better to remove Master Merton, and place him in some polite seminary, where he might acquire a knowledge of the world, and make genteel connections. This is the plan which I have always pursued with Augustus and Matilda—I think I may say, not entirely without success; for they have both the good fortune to have formed the most brilliant acquaintance. As to Augustus, he is so intimate with young Lord Squander, who, you know, is possessed of the greatest parliamentary interest, that I think his fortune is as good as made."

Miss Simmons, who was present at this wise conversation, could not help looking with so much significance at this mention of Lord Squander, that Mrs. Compton coloured a little, and asked with some warmth, whether she knew anything of that young nobleman. "Why, madam," answered the young lady, "what I know is very little; but if you desire me to inform you, it is my duty to speak the truth." "Oh! to be sure, miss," replied Mrs. Compton, a little angrily: "we all know that your judgment and knowledge of the world is superior to that of everybody else, therefore I shall be infinitely obliged to you for any information you may be pleased to give." "Indeed, madam," answered the young lady, "I have very little of either to boast, nor am I personally acquainted with the nobleman of whom you are speaking; but I have a cousin, a very good boy, who is at the same school with his lordship, who has given me such a character of him as does not much prepossess me in his favour." "And what may this wise cousin of yours have said of his lordship?" "Only, madam, that he is one of the worst boys in the whole school; that he has neither genius, nor application for anything that becomes his rank and situation; that he has no taste for anything but gaming, horse-racing, and the most contemptible amusements; that, though his allowance is so large, he is in debt with everybody who will trust him; and that he has broken his word so often, that nobody has the least confidence in what he says. Added to this, I have heard that he is so tyrannical and overbearing, that nobody can long preserve his friendship without the meanest subservience to all his vicious inclinations. And, to finish all, that he is of so ungrateful a temper, that he was never known to do an act of kindness to any one, or to care about anything but himself." Here Miss Matilda could not

help interposing with warmth: she said, that his lordship had nothing in his character or manners that did not perfectly become a nobleman of the most elevated soul.

Miss Simmons had no desire to pursue the conversation further, and the rest of the company coming in to tea, the disquisition about Lord Squander finished. After tea, several of the young ladies were requested to amuse the company with music and singing: among the rest, Miss Simmons sang a little Scotch song, called *Lochaber*, in so artless, but sweet and pathetic a manner, that little Harry listened almost with tears in his eyes, though several of the young ladies treated it with ineffable contempt. After this, Miss Matilda, who was allowed to be a perfect mistress of music, played and sung several celebrated Italian airs. But, as they were in a language totally unintelligible to him, Harry received very little pleasure, though all the rest of the company were in raptures. She then proceeded to play several pieces of music, which were allowed by all connoisseurs to require great skill to execute. The audience seemed all delighted, and either felt, or pretended to feel, inexpressible pleasure; even Tommy himself, though he did not know one note from another, had caught so much of the general enthusiasm, that he applauded as loud as the rest of the company. But Harry, whose temper was not so pliable, could not conceal the intolerable weariness that overpowered his senses during this long exhibition; he gaped, he yawned, he stretched, he even pinched himself, in order to keep his attention alive, but all in vain; for the more Miss Matilda exercised her skill in playing pieces of the most difficult execution, the more did Harry's drowsiness increase. At length, he could resist no longer, but fell back upon his chair, fast asleep. This unfortunate accident was soon remarked by the rest of the company, and confirmed them very much in the opinion they had conceived of Harry's vulgarity; while he, in the meantime, enjoyed the most placid slumber.

Thus was the first day passed at Mr. Merton's, very little to the satisfaction of Harry; the two following days were only a repetition of the same scene. The little company had now imbibed a perfect contempt for Harry, and scarcely treated him with common civility. In this behaviour they were confirmed by Master Compton and Master Mash. Master Compton was reckoned a very genteel boy: he had almost

finished his education at a public school, where he had learned every vice and folly without the least improvement either of his character or his understanding. Master Mash was the son of a neighbouring gentleman, who had considerably impaired his fortune by an inordinate love of horse-racing. He had been almost brought up in the stable, and had imbibed the greatest interest about horses; not from any real affection for that noble animal, but merely as objects of mercenary speculation. These two young gentlemen had conceived the most violent dislike to Harry, and lost no occasion of saying or doing everything in their power to mortify him. To Tommy they omitted no opportunity of rendering themselves agreeable. They talked to him about parties of pleasure and parties of mischief. Tommy began to feel himself introduced to a new train of ideas, and a wider range of conduct. By degrees he lost all regard for Mr. Barlow, and all affection for Harry, who lamented this change in his friend; and sometimes took the liberty of remonstrating with him upon the subject, but was only answered with a sneer.

While the company were at Mr. Merton's house, a troop of strolling players were performing at a neighbouring town, and Mr. Merton one evening proposed a party to the play. They went accordingly, and Harry with the rest. Tommy, who now no longer condescended to take notice of his friend, was seated between his two companions. These young gentlemen first began to give specimens of their rudeness, by throwing nuts and orange-peel upon the stage: and Tommy, following their bad example, threw nuts and orange-peel with infinite satisfaction. As soon as the curtain drew up, and the actors appeared, all the rest of the audience observed a decent silence; but Mash and Compton began to talk so loud, and made so much noise, that it was impossible for any one near them to hear a word of the play. This also seemed amazingly fine to Tommy, and he too talked and laughed as loud as the rest. The subject of their conversation was the audience and the performers, neither of which these young gentlemen found bearable. As to the poor performers, they found them totally undeserving of mercy; they were so shockingly awkward, so ill-dressed, so low-lived, and such detestable creatures, that it was impossible to bear them with any patience. Master Mash, who prided himself upon being a young gentleman of great spirit, was or

opinion that they should kick up a riot, and demolish all the scenery. But Harry, who had been silent all the time, could not help remonstrating at what appeared to him the greatest cruelty and injustice. "These poor people," said he, "are doing all they can to entertain us. If they could act better, would they not willingly do it? And, as to cutting the scenes to pieces, or doing the house any damage, have we any more right to attempt it, than they would have to come into your father's dining-room and break the dishes to pieces, because they did not like the dinner?"

This method of reasoning was not much relished by those to whom it was addressed, and it is uncertain how far they might have proceeded, had not a decent, plain-looking man at length taken the liberty of expostulating with them upon the subject.

This freedom, or impertinence, as it was termed by Master Mash, was answered by him with so much rudeness, that the farmer was obliged to reply in a higher strain. Thus did the altercation increase every minute, till Master Mash, who thought it an unpardonable affront that any one in an inferior station should presume to think for himself, so far lost his temper as to call the man a blackguard, and strike him upon the face. But the farmer, who possessed great strength and resolution, very deliberately laid hold of the young gentleman, and, without the smallest exertion, laid him sprawling upon the ground, under the benches, and setting his feet upon his body, told him, that since he did not know how to sit quietly at a play, he would have the honour of teaching him how to lie; and that, if he offered to stir, he would trample him to pieces, —a threat which it was very evident he could find no difficulty in executing. This unexpected incident struck a damp upon the spirits of the young gentlemen; and even Master Mash himself so far forgot his dignity, as to supplicate in a very submissive manner for a release; in this he was joined by all his companions, and Harry among the rest. "Well," said the farmer, "I never should have thought that a parcel of young gentlemen, as you call yourselves, would come into public to behave with so much rudeness: I am sure that there is not a plough-boy at my house, but would have shown more sense and manners. But, since you are sorry for what has happened, I am very willing to make an end of the affair; more especially for the sake of this little master here, who has behaved with

so much propriety, that I am sure he is a better gentleman than any of you, though he is not dressed so like a monkey." With these words he suffered the crest-fallen Mash to rise. Nor was the lesson lost upon the rest, for they behaved with the greatest propriety during all the remainder of the exhibition. However, Master Mash's courage began to rise as he went home and found himself further from his formidable farmer; for he assured his companions, that if it had not been so vulgar a fellow, he would certainly call him out and pistol him.

The next day at dinner, Mr. Merton and the ladies were very inquisitive about the preceding night's entertainment. The young people agreed that the performers were detestable, but that the play was a charming piece, and extremely improving. This play was called the Marriage of Figaro, and Master Compton informed them, that it was much admired by all people of fashion in London. But Mr. Merton, who had observed that Harry was silent, at length insisted upon knowing his opinion of the subject. "Why, sir," answered Harry, "I am very little judge of these matters, but as to the play it seemed to me to be full of nothing but dissimulation, and the people who come in and out do nothing but impose upon each other, and lie, and trick, and deceive. Were you to have such a parcel of servants, you would think them fit for nothing in the world; and therefore I could not help wondering that people would throw away so much of their time upon sights that can do them no good, and send their children to learn fraud and insincerity."

Mr. Merton smiled at the honest bluntness of Harry; but several of the ladies seemed to be not a little mortified: however, as they could not contradict the charges which Harry had brought against it, they thought it more prudent to be silent.

In the evening it was proposed that all the little gentry should divert themselves with cards; and they accordingly sat down to a game called Commerce. But Harry, who was totally ignorant of this accomplishment, begged to be excused; however, Miss Simmons offered to teach him the game, which she assured him was so easy, that in three minutes he would be able to play as well as the rest. Harry, however, still continued to refuse, and at length confessed to Miss Simmons that he had expended all his money the day before, and therefore was unable to furnish the stake which the rest deposited.

"Don't let that disturb you," said she: "I will put down for you with a great deal of pleasure." "Madam," answered Harry, "I am very much obliged to you; but Mr. Barlow has always forbidden me either to receive or borrow money of anybody, and therefore, though there is nobody here whom I esteem more than yourself, I am obliged to refuse your offer." "Well," replied Miss Simmons, "that need not disturb you, for you shall play upon my account; and that you may do without any violation of your principles."

Thus was Harry, though with some reluctance, induced to sit down to cards with the rest. The game, indeed, he found no difficulty in learning, but he could not help remarking with wonder, the extreme solicitude which appeared in the faces of all the players at every change of fortune; and some of them behaved with a degree of asperity which quite astonished him. After several changes of fortune, it happened that Miss Simmons and Harry were the only remaining players; the rest by the laws of the game had forfeited all pretensions to the stake, and one more deal was wanting to decide it. But Harry, with great politeness, rose from table, and told Miss Simmons that, as he had only played upon her account, he was now no longer wanted, and that the whole undoubtedly belonged to her. Miss Simmons declined, and when she found that Harry was not to be induced to play any more, she at last proposed to divide what was left. This he also refused, alleging that he had not the least title to any part. But Miss Simmons, who began to be uneasy at the observation which this contest produced, told Harry that he would very much oblige her by taking his share of the money, and laying it out in any manner for her, that he judged best. "Upon this condition," answered Harry, "I will take it; and I think I know a method of laying it out, which you will not disapprove."

The next day, as soon as breakfast was over, Harry disappeared: nor had he returned when the company assembled to dinner. At length he came in, with a glow of health and exercise upon his face, and that disorder of dress which is produced by a long expedition. The young ladies eyed him with great contempt, which seemed a little to disconcert him; but Mr. Merton, speaking to him with great good humour, and making room for him to sit down, Harry soon recovered from his confusion. In the evening, after a long conversation about public

diversions, and plays, and actors, they happened to mention the name of a celebrated performer, who at this time engaged the whole attention of the town. Master Compton added, that nothing was so fashionable as to make great presents to this person, and proposed, that as so many young gentlemen and ladies were here assembled, they should make a little collection among themselves, to buy a piece of plate, or a gold snuff-box, or some other trifle, to be presented in their name. He added, that though he could ill spare the money, having just laid out six guineas upon a pair of gold seals, he would contribute a guinea to so excellent a purpose, and that Masters Mash and Merton would do the same. This proposal was universally approved of by the company; and all, except Harry, promised to contribute in proportion to their finances. Master Mash then said, "Well, farmer, and what will you subscribe?" Harry answered, that upon this occasion he must beg to be excused, for he had nothing to give. "Here is a pretty fellow!" answered Mash: "last night we saw him pocket thirty shillings of our money, which he cheated us out of at Commerce, and now the little stingy wretch will not contribute half-a-crown!" Upon this, Miss Matilda said, in an ironical manner, that Master Harry had always an excellent reason to give for his conduct: and she did not doubt that he could prove that it was more liberal to keep his money in his pocket than to give it away. Harry, who was a little nettled at these reflections, answered that he saw no generosity in thus bestowing money. "According to your own account," added he, "the person you have been talking of, gains more than fifty poor families might live upon; and therefore, if I had any money to give away, I should certainly give to those that want it most." Harry then went out of the room, and the rest of the gentry, after abusing him very liberally, sat down to cards. But Miss Simmons, who imagined that there was more in Harry's conduct than he had explained, excused herself from cards, and took an opportunity of talking to him upon the subject. After speaking to him with great good-nature, she asked him whether it might not have been better to have contributed something along with the rest, than to have offended them by speaking so freely. "Indeed, madam," said Harry, "it was totally out of my power." "How can that be, Harry: did you not win nearly thirty shillings?" "That, madam, all belonged to you; and I have

already disposed of it in your name, in a manner which I hope you will not disapprove." "How is that?" asked the young lady, with some surprise. "Madam," said Harry, "there was a young woman who lived with my father as a servant, and always behaved with the greatest honesty and carefulness. This young woman had an aged father and mother, who, for a great while, were able to maintain themselves by their own labour; but at last the poor old man became too weak to do a day's work, and his wife was afflicted with a disease they call the palsy. Now, when this good young woman saw that her parents were in such great distress, she left her place and went to live with them, on purpose to take care of them; and she works very hard in order to maintain them, and I know that sometimes they can hardly get food and clothes. Therefore, as you were so kind as to say that I should dispose of this money for you, I ran over this morning to these poor people, and gave it to them in your name; and I hope you will not be displeased at the use I have made of it." "Indeed," answered the young lady, "I am much obliged to you for the good opinion you have of me; I am only sorry you did not give it in your own name." "That," replied Harry, "I had not any right to do."

In this manner did the time pass away at Mr. Merton's, while Harry received very little satisfaction from his visit except in conversing with Miss Simmons. While all the rest were intent upon displaying their talents and importance, she alone was simple and unaffected.

But now the attention of all the younger part of the company was fixed upon making preparations for a ball which Mrs. Merton had determined to give in honour of Master Tommy's return. The whole house was now full of milliners and dancing-masters. All the young ladies were employed in giving directions about their clothes, and in practising the steps of different dances. Miss Simmons alone appeared to consider the approaching festivity with perfect indifference. Harry had never heard a single word drop from her that expressed either interest or impatience; but he had for some days observed her employed in her room, with more than common assiduity. At length, upon the very day destined for this important exhibition, she came to him with a benevolent smile, and spoke to him thus: "I was so much pleased with the account you gave me the other day of that poor young woman's duty and affection

towards her parents, that I have for some time employed myself in preparing for them a little present, which I shall be obliged to you, Master Harry, to convey to them." Saying this, she put into his hand a parcel that contained some linen and other necessaries for the poor old people ; and bade him tell them not to forget to call upon her uncle, when she returned home, as he was always happy to assist the deserving and industrious poor. Harry received her present with gratitude, and almost with tears of joy.

But all the rest of the young gentry were employed in cares of a different nature—the dressing their hair and adorning their persons. Tommy himself had now completely resumed his old character, and thrown aside all that he had learned during his residence with Mr. Barlow. He had contracted a great fondness for all those scenes of dissipation which his new friends described to him, and began to be convinced that one of the most important things in life is a fashionable dress.

Once, indeed, Harry had thrown him into a disagreeable train of thinking, by asking him, with great simplicity, what sort of a figure these young gentlemen would have made in the army of Leonidas, or these young ladies upon a desert island, where they would be obliged to shift for themselves. But Tommy had lately learned that nothing spoils the face more than intense reflection ; and therefore, as he could not easily resolve the question, he wisely determined to forget it.

And now the important evening approached ; the largest room in the house was lighted up for the dancers, and all the little company assembled. Tommy was that day dressed in an unusual style of elegance. Several minuets were danced to the great admiration of the company ; and among the rest, Tommy, who had been practising ever since he had been at home, had the honour of exhibiting with Miss Matilda. He indeed began with a certain degree of diffidence, but was soon inspired with a proper confidence, by the applauses which resounded on every side.

As soon as Tommy had finished his dance, he led his partner to her seat, with a grace that surprised all the company ; and then went from one lady to another, to receive the praises which they liberally poured out, as if it was the greatest action in the world to draw one foot behind another, and to walk on tiptoe. Harry, in the meantime, had shrouded himself in the

most obscure part of the room, and was silently gazing upon the scene before him. In this situation he was observed by Master Compton, who, at the same instant, formed a scheme of mortifying Miss Simmons, whom he did not like, and of exposing Harry to the general ridicule. He, therefore, proposed it to Mash, who had partly officiated as master of the ceremonies, and who, with all the readiness of malice, agreed to assist him. Master Mash, therefore, went up to Miss Simmons, and, with all the solemnity of respect, invited her out to dance ; which she, although indifferent about the matter, accepted without hesitation. In the meantime, Master Compton went up to Harry with the same hypocritical civility, and in Miss Simmons's name invited him to dance a minuet. It was in vain that Harry assured him he knew nothing about the matter ; his perfidious friend told him that he must stand up ; that Miss Simmons would never forgive him if he refused, and that it would be sufficient if he could just walk through the figure, without embarrassing himself about the steps. In the meantime, he pointed out Miss Simmons, who was advancing towards the upper end of the room, and taking advantage of his confusion and embarrassment, led him forward and placed him by the young lady's side. Harry never doubted that the message had come from his friend ; and determined to excuse himself to her ; but his tormentors did not give him time ; for they placed him by the side of the young lady, and instantly called to the music to begin. Miss Simmons, in her turn, was equally surprised at the partner that was provided for her, and suspected that it was a scheme to mortify her. However, in this she was determined they should be disappointed, as she had the sincerest regard for Harry. As soon, therefore, as the music struck up, the young lady began her curtsy ; which Harry, who found he was now completely caught, imitated as well as he was able, but in such a manner as set the whole room in a titter. Harry, however, arming himself with all the fortitude he possessed, performed his part as well as could be expected from a person that had never learned a single step of dancing. By keeping his eye fixed upon his partner, he managed at least to preserve something of the figure, although he was terribly deficient in the steps and graces of the dance. But his partner, who was scarcely less embarrassed than himself, and wished to shorten the exhibition, after crossing once, presented him with her hand.

Harry had unfortunately not remarked the nature of this manœuvre with perfect accuracy ; and therefore imagining that one hand was just as good as the other, he offered the young lady his left, instead of his right hand. At this incident, a universal peal of merriment, which they no longer laboured to conceal, burst from almost all the company ; and Miss Simmons, wishing at any rate to close the scene, presented her partner with both her hands, and abruptly finished the dance. The unfortunate couple then retreated to the lower end of the room, amid the jests and sneers of their companions ; particularly of Mash and Compton, who assumed unusual importance, upon the credit of such a brilliant invention.

When they were seated, Miss Simmons could not help asking Harry why he had thus exposed himself and her, by attempting what he was totally ignorant of. " Indeed, madam," answered Harry, " I never should have thought of it, but Master Compton came to me and told me that you particularly desired me to dance with you, and led me to the other end of the room. And I only came to inform you that I knew nothing about the matter, for fear you should think me uncivil, and then the music began to play, and you to dance, so that I had no opportunity of speaking ; and I thought it better to do the best I could, than to stand still, or leave you there." Miss Simmons instantly recovered her former good humour, and said, " Well, Harry, we are not the first, nor shall we be the last by hundreds, that have made a ridiculous figure in a ball-room, without so good an excuse. But I am sorry to see so malicious a disposition in these young gentlemen." " Why, madam," answered Harry, " I must confess that I have been very much surprised at many things I have seen at Mr. Merton's. Mr. Barlow has always told me that politeness consisted in a disposition to oblige everybody around us. Yet I continually see these young gentlemen striving to do and say things, for no other reason than to give pain. To go no further than the present instance, what motive can Masters Compton and Mash have had, but to mortify you by giving you such a partner ? "

" Harry," answered the young lady, " what you say about politeness is perfectly just. I have heard my uncle and many sensible people say the same. But in order to acquire it, both goodness of heart and a just way of thinking are required ; and therefore many people content themselves with aping what

they can pick up in the dress, or gestures, or cant expressions of the higher classes: just like the poor ass, that, dressed in the skin of a lion, was taken for the lion himself, till his unfortunate braying exposed the cheat." "Pray, madam, what is that story?" said Harry. "It is a trifling one that I have read," answered Miss Simmons, "of somebody, who, having procured a lion's skin, fastened it round the body of an ass, and then turned him loose, to the great affright of the neighbourhood. Those who saw him first, imagined that a monstrous lion had invaded the country, and fled with precipitation. Even the very cattle had caught the panic, and were scattered by hundreds over the plains. In the meantime, the victorious ass pranced and capered along the fields, and diverted himself with running after the fugitives. But at length, in the gaiety of his heart, he broke out into such a discordant braying, as surprised those that were nearest, and expected to hear a very different noise from under the terrible skin. At length a resolute fellow ventured by degrees nearer to this object of their terror, and, discovering the cheat that had been practised upon them, divested the poor ass of all his borrowed spoils, and drove him away with his cudgel."

"This story," said Miss Simmons, "is continually coming into my mind, when I see anybody imagine himself of great importance, because he has adopted the grimaces of those that call themselves fashionable people. Nor do I ever see Master Mash or Compton, without thinking of the lion's skin, and expecting every moment to hear them bray." Harry laughed very heartily at this story; but now their attention was called towards the company, who had ranged themselves by pairs for country dancing. Miss Simmons, who was very fond of this exercise, then asked Harry if he had never practised any of these dances. Harry said that he had, three or four times, at home, and that he believed he should not be puzzled about any of the figures. "Well, then," said the young lady, "to show how little I regard their intended mortification, I will stand up, and you shall be my partner."

So they placed themselves at the bottom of the whole company, according to the laws of dancing, which appoint that place for those who come last. And now the music began to strike up in a more joyous strain; the little dancers exerted themselves with all their activity, and the exercise diffused a

glow of health and cheerfulness over the faces of the most pale and languid. Harry exerted himself here, with much better success than he had lately done in the minuet. He had great command over all his limbs, and was well versed in every play that gives address to the body; so that he found no difficulty in practising all the varied figures of the dances; particularly with the assistance of Miss Simmons, who explained to him everything that appeared embarrassing. But now, by the nature of the dance, all who were at first at the upper end had descended to the bottom; where they ought to have waited quietly, till their companions, becoming in their turn uppermost, had danced down to their former places. But, when Miss Simmons and Harry expected to have their just share of the exercise, they found that almost all their companions had retired. Harry could not help wondering at this behaviour; but Miss Simmons told him, with a smile, that it was quite consistent with their former conduct. "This is frequently the way," added she, "that those who think themselves superior to the rest of the world, choose to show their importance." "It is a very bad way indeed," replied Harry: "people may choose whether they will dance or play at any particular game, but then they ought to submit to the laws of it, and I have always observed among the little boys that I am acquainted with, that wherever this disposition prevails, it is the greatest proof of a bad temper." "I am afraid," replied Miss Simmons, "that your observations will hold universally true; and that those who expect so much for themselves, without being willing to consider their fellow-creatures in turn, are always the most ignorant and despicable of the species."

"I remember," said Harry, "reading a story of a great man, Sir Philip Sydney. This gentleman was reckoned not only the bravest, but the politest person in England. It happened that he was sent to assist some of our allies against their enemies. After having distinguished himself in such a manner as gained him the love and esteem of all the army, this excellent man received a shot, which broke his thigh. Sir Philip Sydney felt that he was mortally wounded, and was obliged to turn his horse's head and retire to his tent, in order to have his wound examined. By the time that he reached the tent, he not only felt great agonies from his wound, but the heat of the weather, and the fever which the pain produced, had excited an intoler-

able thirst, so that he prayed his attendants to fetch him a little water. With great difficulty some water was procured and brought to him; but just as he was raising the cup to his lips, he chanced to see a poor English soldier, who had been mortally wounded in the same engagement, and lay upon the ground, faint and bleeding, and ready to expire. The poor man was suffering, like his general, from the pain of a consuming thirst; and therefore, though respect prevented him from asking for any, he turned his dying eyes upon the water, with an eagerness which sufficiently explained his sufferings. Upon this, the excellent and noble gentleman took the cup, which he had not yet tasted, from his lips, and gave it to his attendants; ordering them to carry it to the wounded soldier, and only saying, 'This poor man wants it still more than I do.'

"This story," added Harry, "was always a particular favourite with Mr. Barlow, and he has often pointed it out to me, as an example, not only of the greatest virtue and humanity, but also of that elevated manner of thinking which constitutes the true gentleman.

As Harry was conversing in this manner, the company had left off dancing, and were refreshing themselves with cakes and wine. Tommy Merton and the other young gentlemen were now distinguishing themselves by their attendance upon the ladies, but no one thought it worth his while to wait upon Miss Simmons. When Harry observed this, he ran to the table, and upon a large waiter brought her cakes and lemonade, which he presented, if not with so good a grace, with a sincerer desire to oblige than any of the rest. But, as he was stooping down to offer her the choice, Master Mash unluckily passed that way, and, elated by the success of his late piece of ill-nature, determined to attempt a second still more insolent than the first. Just as Miss Simmons was helping herself to some wine-and-water, Mash, pretending to stumble, pushed Harry in such a manner, that the greater part of the contents of the glasses was discharged full into her bosom. The young lady coloured at the insult, and Harry, being no longer able to contain his indignation, seized a glass that was only half-emptied, and discharged the contents full into the face of the aggressor. Mash instantly seized a drinking glass, and flung it full at the head of Harry. Happy was it that it only grazed his head, without taking full effect. It however laid bare a considerable

gash, and Harry was in an instant covered with his own blood. This sight only provoked him the more, and made him forget both the place and company where he was; so that, flying upon Mash with all the fury of just revenge, a dreadful combat ensued, which put the whole room into consternation. Mr. Merton soon appeared, and separated the enraged champions. He then inquired into the subject of the contest, which Master Mash endeavoured to explain away as an accident. But Harry persisted in his account with so much firmness, in which he was corroborated by the testimony of Miss Simmons, that Mr. Merton readily perceived the truth: he, however, endeavoured to pacify the enraged combatants, and ordered assistance to Harry to bind up the wound, and clean him from the blood which had now disfigured him from head to foot.

Mrs. Merton, in the meantime, who was sitting at the upper end of the room amidst the other ladies, had seen the fray, and been informed that it was owing to Harry's throwing a glass of lemonade in Master Mash's face. This gave Mrs. Compton an opportunity of indulging herself again in long invectives against Harry. "She never," she said, "had liked the boy, and now he had justified all her forebodings upon the subject. Such a little vulgar wretch could never have been witness to anything but scenes of riot and ill-manners; and now he was brawling and fighting in a gentleman's house, just as he would do at one of the public-houses to which he was used to go with his father." Whilst she was in the midst of this eloquent harangue, Mr. Merton came up, and acquitted Harry of all blame, and said, that it was impossible even for the mildest temper in the world to act otherwise upon such provocation. This account seemed wonderfully to turn the scale in Harry's favour; though Miss Simmons was no great favourite with the young ladies, yet the spirit and gallantry which he had discovered in her cause, began to act very forcibly upon their minds. One of the young ladies observed, that if Master Harry was better dressed, he would certainly be a very pretty boy; another said, she had always thought that he had a look above his station; and a third remarked, that considering he had never learned to dance, he had by no means a vulgar look.

This untoward accident having thus been amicably settled, the diversions of the evening went forward. But Harry, who had now lost all taste for genteel company, took the first

opportunity of retiring to bed ; where he soon fell asleep, and forgot both the mortification and bruises he had received. In the meantime, the company below continued their amusement till past midnight, and then retired to their chambers.

The next morning they rose later than usual ; and, as several of the young gentlemen who had been invited to the preceding evening's diversion were not to return till after dinner, they agreed to take a walk into the country. Harry went with them as usual, though Master Mash, by his misrepresentations, had prejudiced Tommy and all the rest against him. But Harry disdained to give any explanation of his behaviour, since his friend was not sufficiently interested to demand one. But while they were walking across the heath, they discovered at a distance a prodigious crowd of people, who were all moving forward in the same direction. This attracted the curiosity of the little troop ; and upon inquiry, they found there was going to be a bull-baiting. Instantly an eager desire seized them to see the diversion. One obstacle alone presented itself, which was, that their parents, and particularly Mrs. Merton, had made them promise that they would avoid every species of danger. This objection was, however, removed by Master Lyddal ; who observed that there could be no danger in the sight, as the bull was to be tied fast, and could therefore do them no harm. " Besides," added he, smiling, " I hope we are not such simpletons as to accuse ourselves, or such tell-tales as to inform against one another." " No ! no ! no !" was the universal exclamation from all but Harry, who remained profoundly silent. " Master Harry has not said a word," said one of the little folks ; " surely he will not tell of us." " Indeed," said Harry, " I don't wish to tell of you ; but if I am asked where we have been, how can I help telling ?" " What," answered Master Lyddal, " cannot you say that we have been walking along the road, or across the common, without mentioning anything further ?" " No," said Harry, " that would not be speaking truth : besides, bull-baiting is very cruel and dangerous, and therefore none of us should go to see it ; particularly Master Merton, whose mother loves him so much, and is so careful about him." This speech was not received with much approbation by those to whom it was addressed. " A pretty fellow," said one, " to give himself these airs, and pretend to be wiser than everyone else !" " What !" said

Master Compton, "does this beggar's brat think he is to govern gentlemen's sons, because Master Merton is so good as to keep company with him?" "If I were Master Merton," said a third, "I'd soon send the little impertinent jackanapes home to his own blackguard family." And Master Mash, who was the biggest and the strongest boy in the whole company, came up to Harry, and grinning in his face, said, "So, all the return you make to Master Merton for his goodness to you, is to be a spy and an informer, is it, you little dirty blackguard?" Harry, who had long perceived and lamented the coolness of Master Merton towards him, was now much more grieved to see that his friend was not only silent, but seemed to take an ill-natured pleasure in these insults. However, as soon as the crowd of tormentors which surrounded him would give him leave to speak, he coolly answered, that he was as little of a spy and informer as any of them; and as to begging, he was thankful to say, he wanted as little from them as they did from him. "Besides," added he, "were I even reduced so low as that, I should know better how to employ my time, than to ask charity of any one here."

This sarcastic answer, and the reflections that were made upon it, had such an effect upon Master Tommy, that, in an instant, forgetting his former obligations and affection to Harry, he strutted up to him, and clenching his fist, asked him whether he meant to insult him? "No, Master Tommy," answered Harry, "it is you and your friends here that insult me." "What!" answered Tommy, "are you a person of such consequence that you must not be spoken to? You are a prodigious fine gentleman indeed." "I always thought you one till now," answered Harry. "How, you rascal," said Tommy, "do you say that I am not a gentleman? take that," and immediately struck Harry upon the face with his fist. His fortitude was not proof against this treatment; he turned his face away, and only said, in a low tone of voice, "Master Tommy, Master Tommy, I never should have thought it possible that you could have treated me in this manner;" then covering his face with both his hands, he burst into an agony of crying.

But the little troop of gentlemen, who were vastly delighted with the mortification which Harry had received, began to gather round, and repeat their persecutions. Coward, and

blackguard, and tell-tale, echoed through the circle; and some, more forward than the rest, seized hold of him by the hair, in order that he might hold up his head, and show his pretty face. But Harry wiped his tears, and looking up, asked them with a firm tone of voice and a steady countenance, why they meddled with him; then swinging round, he disengaged himself at once from all who had taken hold of him. The greatest part of the company fell back at this question, and seemed disposed to leave him unmolested; but Master Mash, who was the most quarrelsome and impertinent boy present, advanced, and said, "This is the way we always treat such little blackguards as you; and if you have not had enough to satisfy you, we will willingly give you some more." "As to all your nicknames and nonsense," answered Harry, "I don't think it worth my while to resent them; but though I have suffered Master Merton to strike me, there's not another in the company shall do it; or if he chooses to try, he shall soon find whether or not I am a coward." Master Mash made no answer to this, but by a slap of the face, which Harry returned by a blow which almost upset his antagonist, in spite of his superiority of size and strength. This unexpected check, from a boy so much less than himself, might probably have cooled the courage of Mash, had he not been ashamed of yielding. Summoning, therefore, all his resolution, he flew at Harry like a fury; and struck him with so much force, that he felled him to the ground. Harry, foiled, but not dismayed, rose in an instant, and attacked his adversary with redoubled vigour, at the very moment when he thought himself sure of the victory. A second time did Mash, after a short but severe contest, close with his undaunted enemy, and, by dint of superior strength, roughly hurl him to the ground. The little troop of spectators, who had mistaken Harry's fortitude for cowardice, began now to entertain the sincerest respect for his courage, and gathered round the combatants in silence. A second time did Harry rise and attack his stronger adversary, with the cool intrepidity of a veteran combatant. The battle now began to grow more dreadful and more violent. Mash had superior strength and dexterity, and greater habitude of fighting; his blows were aimed with equal skill and force; and each appeared sufficient to crush an enemy so much inferior in size, in strength, in years: but Harry possessed a body hard-

ened to support pain; a greater degree of activity; a cool unyielding courage, which nothing could daunt. Four times had he been thrown down by the irresistible strength of his foe; four times had he risen stronger from his fall, covered with dirt and blood, and panting with fatigue, but still unconquered. At length, from the duration of the combat and his own violent exertions, the strength of Mash began to fail: enraged and disappointed at the obstinate resistance he had met with, he began to lose all command of his temper and to strike at random; his breath grew short, and his knees seemed scarcely able to sustain his weight. At length, in a fury of shame and revenge, he rushed with all his might upon Harry, as if determined to crush him with one last effort. Harry prudently stepped back, and contented himself with parrying the blows that were aimed at him; till, seeing that his antagonist was almost exhausted by his own impetuosity, he darted at him with all his force, and, by one successful blow, levelled him with the ground.

An involuntary shout of triumph now burst from the little assembly of spectators; and the very same boys who just before were loading Harry with taunts and outrages, were now ready to congratulate him upon his victory.

Just at this moment their attention was engaged by a new and sudden spectacle. A bull of the largest size and greatest beauty was led across the plain, adorned with ribbons of various colours. The majestic animal suffered himself to be led along an unresisting prey, till he arrived at the spot which was destined for the theatre of his persecutions. Here he was fastened to an iron ring, which had been strongly let into the ground, and whose force they imagined would be sufficient to restrain him, even in the midst of his most violent exertions. A crowd of men, women, and children, then surrounded the place, waiting with eager curiosity for the inhuman sport. The little party which had accompanied Master Merton, were now no longer to be restrained; their friends, their parents, admonition, duty, promises, were all forgotten in an instant, and, solely intent upon gratifying their curiosity, they mingled with the surrounding multitude.

Harry, although reluctantly, followed them at a distance: neither the ill-usage he had received, nor the pain of his wounds, could make him unmindful of Master Merton, or care-

less of his safety. He knew too well the dreadful accidents which frequently attend these barbarous sports, to be able to quit his friend, till he had once more seen him in a place of safety. And now the noble animal, that was to be thus wantonly tormented, was fastened to the ring by a strongly-twisted cord; which, though it confined and cramped his exertions, did not entirely restrain them.

Although possessed of almost irresistible strength, he seemed unwilling to exert it, and looked round upon his enemies with a gentleness that ought to have disarmed their animosity. Presently a dog of the largest size and most ferocious courage was let loose; which, as soon as he beheld the bull, uttered a savage yell, and rushed upon him with all the rage of inveterate animosity. The bull suffered him to approach with the coolness of deliberate courage; but just as the dog was springing to seize him, he rushed forward to meet his foe, and putting his head to the ground, tossed him into the air, several yards; and had not the spectators run and caught him upon their backs and hands, he would have been crushed to pieces in the fall. The same fate attended another, and another dog, which were let loose successively: the one was killed upon the spot, while the other, which had a leg broken in the fall, crawled howling and limping away. The bull, in the meanwhile, behaved with all the calmness and intrepidity of an experienced warrior; without violence, without passion, he waited every attack of his enemies, and then severely punished them for their rashness.

While this was going on, a poor half-naked black came up, and humbly implored their charity. He had served, he told them, on board an English vessel, and even showed them the scars of several wounds he had received. Some of the young gentry, who, from a bad education, had been little taught to feel or pity the distress of others, were base enough to attempt to jest upon his dusky colour and foreign accent; but Master Merton, who though lately much changed from what he had been with Mr. Barlow, preserved a great degree of generosity, put his hand into his pocket in order to relieve him, but unfortunately found nothing to give; the foolish profusion which he had lately learned, had made him waste in trifles all his stock of money; and now he found himself unable to relieve that distress which he pitied.

Thus repulsed and unassisted, the unfortunate black approached the place where Harry stood, holding out the tattered remains of his hat, and imploring charity. Harry had not much to give, but he took sixpence out of his pocket, which was all his riches, and gave it, saying, "Here, poor man, this is all I have." He had no time to add more; for at that instant, three fierce dogs rushed upon the bull at once, and drove him almost mad. The deliberate courage, which he had hitherto shown, was now changed into rage and desperation; he roared with pain and fury; flashes of fire seemed to come from his angry eyes, and his mouth was covered with foam and blood. He hurried round the stake with incessant toil and rage, first aiming at one, then at another of the persecuting dogs, that harassed him on every side, growling and baying incessantly, and biting him in every part. At length, with one furious effort, he trampled one of his foes beneath his feet, and gored a second to that degree, that his bowels came through the wound; and at the same moment, the cord which had hitherto confined him, snapped asunder, and let him loose upon the affrighted multitude. It is impossible to conceive the terror and dismay which seized the crowd of spectators. Those who before had been hallooing with joy, and encouraging the fury of the dogs, were now scattered over the plain, and fled from the fury of the animal which they had been so basely tormenting. The enraged bull, meanwhile, rushed like lightning over the plain, trampling some, goring others, and taking ample vengeance for the injuries he had received. Presently, he rushed with headlong fury towards the spot where Master Merton and his associates stood: all fled with wild affright, but with a speed that was not equal to that of the pursuer. Shrieks, and outcries, and lamentations were heard on every side; and those who a few minutes before had despised the good advice of Harry, would now have given the world to be safe in the houses of their parents. Harry alone preserved his presence of mind; he neither cried out nor ran; but when the dreadful animal approached, leaped nimbly aside, and the bull passed on, without embarrassing himself about his escape. Not so fortunate was Master Merton; for as he ran, his foot slipped, and down he tumbled, in the very path of the enraged pursuing animal. All who saw, imagined his fate inevitable; and it would certainly have proved so, had not Harry, with a courage

and presence of mind above his years, suddenly seized a prong, which one of the fugitives had dropped, and at the very moment when the bull was stooping to gore his friend, advanced and wounded him in the flank. The bull, in an instant, turned short, and with redoubled rage made at his new assailant; and it is probable that, notwithstanding his intrepidity, Harry would have paid the price of his assistance to his friend with his own life, had not an unexpected succour arrived. But, in that instant, the grateful black rushed on like lightning to assist him, and assailing the bull with a weighty stick which he held in his hand, compelled him to turn his rage upon a new object. The bull, indeed, attacked him with all the impetuosity of revenge, but the black jumped nimbly aside, and eluded his fury. Not contented with this, he wheeled round his fierce antagonist, and seizing him by the tail, began to batter his sides with an unexpected storm of blows. In vain did the enraged animal bellow and writhe himself about in all the convulsions of madness; his intrepid foe, without ever quitting his hold, suffered himself to be dragged about the field, still continuing his discipline, till the creature was almost spent with the fatigue of his own violent agitations. And now some of the boldest of the spectators, taking courage, approached to his assistance, and by dint of superior numbers, completely mastered the furious animal, and bound him to a tree. In the meanwhile, several of Mr. Merton's servants, who had been sent out after the young gentlemen, approached, and took up their young master, who, though without a wound, was almost dead with fear and agitation. But Harry, after seeing that his friend was perfectly safe, and in the hands of his own family, invited the black to accompany him, and instead of returning to Mr. Merton's, took the way which led to his father's house.

While these scenes were passing, Mrs. Merton, though ignorant of the danger of her son, was not undisturbed at home. Some accounts had been brought of Harry's combat, which served to make her uneasy and to influence her still more against him. Mrs. Compton too, and Miss Matilda, who had conceived a violent dislike to Harry, were busy to inflame her by their malicious representations. While she was in this mind, Mr. Merton entered, and was at once attacked by all the ladies upon the subject of this improper connection. He endeavoured,

for a long time, to remove their prejudices by reason ; but when he found that impossible, he contented himself with saying, till Harry had done something to render himself unworthy of their notice, he never would consent to treating him with coldness or neglect.

At this moment a female servant burst into the room, and cried out, "Oh! madam, madam! such an accident—poor, dear Master Tommy—" "What of him?" cried Mrs. Merton in alarm. "Nay, madam," answered the servant, "he is not much hurt, they say; but little Sandford has taken him to a bull-baiting, and the bull has gored him, and William and John are bringing him home in their arms." These words were scarcely delivered, when Mrs. Merton uttered a violent shriek, and was instantly seized with hysterics.

While the ladies were all employed in assisting her, Mr. Merton, who, though much alarmed, was more composed, ran out to learn the truth of this imperfect narration. He had not proceeded far, before he met the crowd of children and servants, one of whom carried Tommy Merton in his arms. As soon as he was convinced that his son had received no other damage than a violent fright, he began to inquire into the circumstances of the affair; but before he had time to receive any information, Mrs. Merton came running wildly from the house. When she saw that her son was safe, she caught him in her arms, and began to utter all the incoherent expressions of a mother's fondness.

At length, however, she became more composed, and observing that all the company were present except Harry Sandford, she exclaimed with sudden indignation, "So, I see, that little abominable wretch has not had the impudence to follow you in, and I almost wish that the bull had gored him, as he deserved." "What little wretch, mamma?" said Tommy. "Whom can I mean," said Mrs. Merton, "but that vile Harry Sandford, whom your father is so fond of, and who had nearly cost you your life, by leading you into this danger?" "He! mamma," said Tommy, "he lead me into danger! He did all he could to persuade me not to go; and I was a very naughty boy, indeed, not to take his advice." Mrs. Merton stood amazed at this information. "Who, then," said Mr. Merton, "could be so imprudent?" "Indeed, papa," answered Tommy, "we were all to blame, all but Harry, who

advised and begged us not to go; and particularly me, because he said it would give you so much uneasiness when you knew it, and that it was so dangerous a diversion.

Mrs. Merton looked confused at her mistake, but Mrs. Compton observed, that she supposed Harry was afraid of the danger, and therefore had wisely kept out of the way. "Oh! no, indeed, madam," answered one of the little boys, "Harry is no coward, though we thought him so at first, when he let Master Tommy strike him; but he fought Master Mash in the bravest manner I ever saw, and though Master Mash fought very well, yet Harry had the advantage; and I saw him follow us at a little distance, and keep his eye upon Master Merton all the time, till the bull broke loose; and then I was so frightened, that I do not know what became of him." "So this is the little boy," said Mr. Merton, "that you were for driving from the society of your children! But let us hear more of the story, for as yet I know neither the particulars of his danger nor his escape." Upon this, one of the servants, who from some little distance had seen the whole affair, was called in and examined. He gave them an exact account of all—of Tommy's misfortune—of Harry's bravery—of the unexpected succour of the poor black; and filled the whole room with admiration that such an action, so noble, so intrepid, should have been achieved by such a child.

Mrs. Merton was now silent with shame; and, such is the effect of genuine virtue, that all the company conspired to extol the conduct of Harry to the skies. But Mr. Merton, who had appeared more delighted than all the rest with the relation of Harry's intrepidity, now cast his eyes around the room, and seemed to be looking for his little friend. But when he could not find him, he said, with some concern, "Where can be our little deliverer? Surely he can have met with no accident, that he has not returned with the rest!" "No," said one of the servants; "Harry Sandford is safe enough, for I saw him go towards his own home, in company with the black." "Alas!" answered Mr. Merton, "surely he must have received some unworthy treatment, that could make him thus abruptly desert us all. And now I recollect that I heard one of the young gentlemen mention a blow that Harry had received: surely, Tommy, you could not have been so ungrateful as to strike the best and noblest of your friends?" Tommy,

at this, hung down his head: his face was covered with a burning blush, and the tears began silently to trickle down his cheeks. Mrs. Merton remarked the anguish and confusion of her child, and catching him in her arms, was going to clasp him to her bosom, but Mr. Merton, hastily interrupting her, said, "It is not now a time to give way to fondness for a child who, I fear, has acted the basest and vilest part that can disgrace a human being; and who, if what I suspect is true, can be only a dishonour to his parents." At this Tommy could no longer contain himself, but burst into such a violent transport of crying, that Mrs. Merton caught her darling in her arms, and carried him abruptly out of the room, accompanied by most of the ladies, who pitied Tommy's abasement, and agreed that there was no crime he could have been guilty of which was not amply atoned for by such charming sensibility.

But Mr. Merton took the first opportunity of drawing the little boy aside who had mentioned Master Merton's striking Harry, and questioned him upon the subject. He, who had no particular interest in disguising the truth, related the circumstances nearly as they had happened; and, though he a little softened matters in Tommy's favour, yet he held up such a picture of his violence and injustice, as wounded his father to the soul.

While Mr. Merton was occupied by these uneasy feelings, he was agreeably surprised by a visit from Mr. Barlow, who came accidentally to see him, with a perfect ignorance of all the events which had so recently happened. Mr. Merton received this worthy man with the sincerest cordiality; but there was such a gloom diffused over all his manners, that Mr. Barlow began to suspect all was not right with Tommy, and therefore purposely inquired after him, to give his father an opportunity of speaking. This Mr. Merton did not fail to do; and taking Mr. Barlow affectionately by the hand, he said: "Oh! my dear sir, I begin to fear that all my hopes are at an end in that boy, and all your kind endeavours thrown away. He has just behaved in a manner that shows him to be insensible of every principle but pride." He then related to Mr. Barlow every incident of Tommy's behaviour, making the severest reflections upon his insolence and ingratitude. "Indeed," answered Mr. Barlow, "I am very sorry to hear this account of my little friend, yet I do not see it quite in so

serious a light as yourself. Do you imagine that half the vices of men arise from real depravity of heart? On the contrary, I am convinced that human nature is infinitely more weak than wicked: and that the greater part of all bad conduct springs rather from want of firmness, than from any settled propensity to evil."

"You comfort me very much," said Mr. Merton; "but such ungovernable passions! such violence and impetuosity!"—"Are indeed very formidable," replied Mr. Barlow: "yet, when they are properly directed, produce the noblest effects; and history, as well as private observation, may inform us, that, if they sometimes lead their possessor astray, they are equally capable of bringing him back to the right path, provided they are properly acted upon. You have, I doubt not, read the story of Polemo, who, from a debauched young man, became a celebrated philosopher and a model of virtue, only by attending a single moral lecture."

"Indeed," said Mr. Merton, "I am ashamed to confess that the various employments and amusements in which I have passed the greater part of my life, have not afforded me as much leisure for reading as I could wish. You will therefore oblige me by repeating the story you allude to."

THE STORY OF POLEMO.

"Polemo," said Mr. Barlow, "was a young man of Athens. He led a life of continual intemperance and dissipation. His days were devoted to feasting and amusements, his nights to riot and intoxication. He was constantly surrounded by a set of loose young men, who imitated and encouraged his vices; and when they had totally drowned the little reason they possessed in wine, they were accustomed to sally forth, and practise every species of absurd and licentious frolic. One morning they were thus wandering about, after having spent the night as usual, when they beheld a great concourse of people, who were listening to the discourses of a celebrated philosopher, named Xenocrates. The greater part of the young men, who still retained some sense of shame, were so struck with this spectacle, that they turned out of the way; but Polemo, more daring and abandoned than the rest, pressed forward into the midst of the audience. His figure was too remarkable not to attract uni-

versal notice ; for his head was crowned with flowers, his robe hung negligently about him, and his whole body was reeking with perfumes ; besides, his look and manners were such as very little qualified him for the company. Many of the audience were so displeased at this interruption, that they were ready to treat the young man with great severity ; but the venerable philosopher prevailed upon them not to molest the intruder, and calmly continued his discourse, which happened to be upon the dignity and advantage of temperance. As he proceeded, he descanted upon this subject with so much force and eloquence, that the young man became more composed and attentive, as it were, in spite of himself. He cast his eyes in mournful silence upon the ground, as if in deep repentance for his own contemptible conduct. Still the philosopher increased in vehemence ; he seemed to exercise an irresistible power over the minds of his hearers. He drew the portrait of an ingenuous and modest young man, who had been bred up to virtuous toils and manly hardiness. He painted him triumphant over all his passions, and trampling upon human fears and weakness. Should his country be invaded, you see him fly to its defence, and ready to pour forth all his blood. Calm and composed, he appears with a terrible beauty in the front of danger, the ornament and bulwark of his country. The thickest squadrons are penetrated by his resistless valour, and he points the paths of victory to his admiring followers. Should he fall in battle, how glorious is his lot ! to be cut off in the honourable discharge of his duty, to be wept by all the brave and virtuous, and to survive in the eternal records of fame ! While Xenocrates was thus discoursing, Polemo seemed to be transported with a sacred enthusiasm ; his eyes flashed fire, and the whole expression of his person was changed. Presently, the philosopher, who had remarked the effects of his discourse, painted, in no less glowing colours, the life and manners of an effeminate young man. ‘Unhappy youth,’ said he, ‘what words shall I find equal to thy abasement ? Thou art the reproach of thy parents, the disgrace of thy country, the scorn or pity of every generous mind. That strength which would have rendered thee the glory of thy city and the terror of her foes, is basely thrown away on luxury and intemperance ; thy youth and beauty are wasted in riot, and prematurely blasted by disease. Instead of the eye of fire, and the step of modest

firmness, a squalid paleness sits upon thy face, a bloated corpulency enfeebles thy limbs, and presents a picture of human nature in its most abject state. But, hark! the trumpet sounds; a savage band of unrelenting enemies have surrounded the city, and are prepared to scatter flames and ruin through the whole! The virtuous youth, who have been educated to nobler cares, arm with generous emulation, and fly to its defence. How lovely do they appear, dressed in resplendent arms, and moving slowly on, in a close impenetrable phalanx! Go forth, ye generous bands, secure to meet the rewards of victory, or the repose of honourable death! Go forth, ye generous bands, but unaccompanied by the wretch I have described. His feeble arm refuses to bear the ponderous shield; the pointed spear sinks feebly from his grasp; he trembles at the noise and tumult of the war, and flies, like the hunted hart, to lurk in shades and darkness. Behold him roused from his midnight orgies, reeking with wine and odours, and crowned with flowers, the only trophies of his warfare: he hurries with trembling steps across the city: his voice, and gait, his whole deportment, proclaim the abject slave of intemperance, and stamp indelible infamy upon his name.'

"While Xenocrates was thus discoursing, Polemo listened with fixed attention: presently his lips trembled and his cheeks grew pale; he softly raised his hands to his head, and tore away the chaplets of flowers, and wrapped his robe about him, that before hung loosely, waving with an air of studied effeminacy. But when Xenocrates had finished his discourse, Polemo approached him with all the humility of conscious guilt, and begged to become his disciple; telling him that he had that day gained the most glorious conquest that had ever been achieved by reason and philosophy, by inspiring with the love of virtue a mind that had been hitherto plunged in folly and sensuality. Xenocrates embraced the young man, encouraged him in such a laudable design, and admitted him among his disciples. Nor had he ever reason to repent of his facility; for Polemo from that hour abandoned all his former companions and vices, and, by his uncommon ardour for improvement, very soon became as celebrated for virtue and wisdom, as he had before been for every contrary quality."

"Thus," added Mr. Barlow, "you see how little reason there

is to despair of youth, even under the most disadvantageous circumstances. For the same activity of mind, the same impetuosity of temper, which, by being improperly applied, would only form a wild ungovernable character, may produce the steadiest virtue, and prove a blessing both to the individual and his country."

"I am obliged to you for this story," said Mr. Merton; "and as my son will certainly find a Xenocrates in you, I wish that you may have reason to think him, in some degree, a Polemo. But tell me what you think the best method of treating him in his present critical situation."

"That," said Mr. Barlow, "must depend, I think, upon the workings of his own mind. Do not at present say much to him upon the subject. Let us both be attentive to the silent workings of his mind, and regulate our behaviour accordingly."

This conversation being finished, Mr. Merton introduced Mr. Barlow to the company in the other room. Mrs. Merton received him with uncommon civility, and all the rest of the company treated him with the greatest respect. But Tommy, who had lately been the oracle and the admiration of this brilliant circle, appeared to have lost all his vivacity. He, indeed, advanced to meet Mr. Barlow with a look of tenderness and gratitude, and made the most respectful answers to all his inquiries; but his eyes were involuntarily turned to the ground, and silent melancholy and dejection were visible in his face.

After the dinner was over, most of the young gentlemen went to their respective homes. Tommy seemed to have lost much of the enthusiasm which he had lately felt for his polite and accomplished friends, and answered with visible coldness all their professions of regard and repeated invitations.

And now the ceremonies of taking leave being over, and most of the visitors departed, a sudden solitude seemed to have taken possession of the house, which was lately the seat of noise, and bustle, and festivity. Mr. and Mrs. Merton and Mr. Barlow were left alone with Miss Simmons and Tommy. As Mr. Barlow was not fond of cards, Mr. Merton proposed, after the tea-table was removed, that Miss Simmons, who was famous for reading well, should entertain the company with some little tale or history, adapted to the comprehension of even the youngest. Miss Simmons instantly complied, and taking down a book, read the following story of

SOPHRON AND TIGRANES,

Sophron and Tigranes were the children of two neighbouring shepherds, who fed their flocks in that part of Asia which borders upon Mount Lebanon. They were accustomed to each other from their earliest infancy; and the continual habit of conversing, at length produced a tender and intimate friendship. Sophron was the larger and more robust of the two; his look was firm but modest, his countenance placid, and his eyes were such as inspired confidence and attachment. He excelled most of the youth of the neighbourhood in wrestling, boxing, and whirling heavy weights; but his triumphs were mixed with so much humanity and courtesy, that even those who found themselves vanquished could feel no envy towards their conqueror. On the contrary, Tigranes was of a character totally different. His body was less strong than that of Sophron, but excellently proportioned and adapted to every species of fatigue. His countenance was full of fire, but displeased by an excess of confidence; and his eyes sparkled with sense and meaning, but bore too great an expression of fierceness. Tigranes seemed to be possessed by a restless spirit of commanding all his equals, while Sophron, contented with the enjoyment of tranquillity, desired nothing more than to avoid oppression.

Still, as they assisted their parents in leading every morning their flocks to pasture, they entertained each other with rural sports, or, lying under the shade of arching rocks during the heat of the day, conversed with all the ease of childish friendship. "See," said Tigranes, one day, as he cast his eyes upwards to the cliffs of a neighbouring rock, "that eagle which rises into the immense regions of air, till he absolutely soars beyond the reach of sight; were I a bird, I should choose to resemble him, that I might traverse the clouds with the rapidity of a whirlwind, and dart like lightning upon my prey."

"That eagle," answered Sophron, "is the emblem of violence and injustice; he is the enemy of every bird, and even of every beast that is weaker than himself; were I to choose I should prefer the life of yonder swan that moves so smoothly and inoffensively along the river. He is strong enough to defend himself from injury, without oppressing others; and therefore he is neither feared nor insulted by other animals."

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Sophon's address from the rock.

While he was yet speaking, the eagle, which had been hovering in the air, darted down at some little distance, and seizing a lamb, was bearing it away in his cruel talons, when the shepherd, who had been watching from a neighbouring hill, let fly an arrow from his bow with so unerring an aim that it pierced the body of the bird, and brought him headlong to the ground, writhing in the agonies of death.

"This," said Sophron, "I have often heard, is the fate of ambitious people: while they are endeavouring to mount beyond their fellows, they are stopped by some unforeseen misfortune."

"For my part," said Tigranes, "I would rather perish in the middle of the sky than enjoy an age of life basely chained down, and grovelling upon the surface of the earth."

"What we either may enjoy," answered Sophron, "is in the hand of Heaven; but may I rather creep during life than mount to commit injustice and oppress the innocent."

In this manner passed the early years of the two friends. As they grew up, the difference of their tempers became more visible, and gradually alienated them from each other. Tigranes began to despise the uniform labours of a shepherd and the humble occupations of the country. His sheep were neglected, and frequently wandered over the plains, without a leader to guard them in the day or bring them back at night. The young man was in the meantime employed in climbing rocks, or traversing the forest, to seek for eagles' nests, or pierce with his arrows the different wild animals which inhabit the woods. If he heard the horn of the hunter, or the cry of hounds, it was impossible to restrain his eagerness. He regarded neither the summer's sun nor the winter's frost while he was pursuing his game. The thickest woods, the steepest mountains, the deepest rivers, were unable to stop him in his career. He triumphed over every danger and difficulty with such invincible courage as made him at once an object of terror and admiration to all the youth in the neighbourhood. His friend Sophron alone beheld his exploits neither with terror nor admiration. Of all his comrades, Sophron was the only one whom Tigranes still continued to respect; for he knew, that with a gentleness of temper which scarcely anything could exasperate, he possessed the firmest courage and a degree of bodily strength which rendered that courage invincible. He

felt himself humbled whenever he was in his company, as before a superior being, and therefore gradually estranged himself from his society.

Sophron, on the contrary, entertained the sincerest regard for his friend; but he knew his defects, and trembled for the consequences which the violence of his character might one day produce. Whenever Tigranes abandoned his flocks, or left his rustic tasks undone, Sophron had the goodness to supply whatever he had omitted. Such was the vigour of his constitution that he was indefatigable in every labour; nor did he ever exert his force more willingly than in performing these voluntary duties to his absent friend. Whenever he met with Tigranes he accosted him in the gentlest manner, and endeavoured to win him back to his former habits and manners. He represented to him the injury he did his parents, and the uneasiness he occasioned them by thus abandoning the duties of his profession. He sometimes hinted at the coldness with which Tigranes treated him, and reminded his friend of the pleasing intercourse of their childhood. But all his remonstrances were vain; Tigranes heard him at first with coolness, then with impatience or contempt, and at last avoided him altogether.

Sophron had a lamb which he had formerly saved from the devouring jaws of a wolf, which had already bitten him in several places and destroyed his dam. Wherever Sophron went, the faithful lamb accompanied him like his dog, laid down beside him when he reposed, and followed close behind when he drove the rest of the flock to pasture. Sophron was equally attached to his dumb companion: and when he slept at night, the lamb was sure to repose beside him.

It happened about this time, that Tigranes, as he was one day exploring the woods, discovered the den of a she wolf, in which she had left her young ones while she went to search for prey. By a caprice which was natural to his temper, he chose out the largest of the whelps, carried it home to his house, and brought it up, as if it had been a harmless animal. While it was yet but young, it was incapable of doing mischief; but as it increased in age and strength, it began to show signs of a bloody and untameable disposition, and made all the neighbouring shepherds tremble for the safety of their flocks. But as the courage and fierceness of Tigranes had now rendered

him formidable to all his associates, and the violence of his temper made him impatient of all opposition, they did not speak to him upon the subject. Sophron alone, who was not to be awed by fear, observing the just apprehensions of the neighbourhood, undertook the task of expostulating with his friend, and endeavoured to prevail upon him to part with a beast so justly odious, and which might in the end prove fatal, whenever his natural rage should break out into open acts of slaughter. Tigranes heard him with a sneer of derision, and only answered, that if a parcel of miserable rustics diverted themselves with keeping sheep, he, who had a more elevated soul, might surely entertain a nobler animal for his diversion. "But should that animal prove a public mischief?" coolly replied Sophron, "you must expect that he will be treated as a public enemy." "Woe be to the man," answered Tigranes, brandishing his javelin, and sternly frowning, "that shall dare to meddle with anything that belongs to me!" Saying this, he turned his back upon Sophron, and left him with disdain.

It was not long before the very event took place which had been so long foreseen. The wolf, either impelled by the accidental taste of blood, or by the natural fierceness of his temper, fell one day upon the sheep with such an unexpected degree of fury, that he slaughtered thirty of them before it was possible to prevent him. Sophron happening to be within view, ran with amazing swiftness to the place, and found the savage bathed in blood, tearing the carcase of a lamb which he had just slain. At the approach of the daring youth the wolf began to utter a dismal cry, and quitting his prey, seemed to prepare himself for slaughter of another kind. Sophron was entirely unarmed, and the size and fury of the beast, which rushed forward to attack him, might well have excused him had he declined the combat. But he, consulting only his native courage, wrapped his shepherd's cloak around his left arm, to resist the first onset of his enemy; and with a determined look and nimble pace advanced towards his threatening adversary. In an instant the wolf sprang upon him with a horrid yell; but Sophron nimbly eluded his attack, and suddenly throwing his vigorous arms about the body of his adversary, compelled him to struggle for his own safety. It was then that he uttered cries more dreadful than before, and

gnashed his terrible teeth with impotent attempts to bite, while the blood and foam which issued from his jaws, rendered his figure still more horrible than before. But Sophron, with undaunted courage, still maintained his hold, and seizing his fainting adversary by the neck and throat, grasped him still tighter in his terrible hands, till the beast, incapable either of disengaging himself or breathing, yielded up the contest and his life together.

At this very moment Tigranes passed that way, and was witness to the triumphs of Sophron and the miserable end of his favourite. Inflamed with pride and indignation, he uttered dreadful imprecations against his friend, and rushing upon him with all the madness of inveterate hate, aimed a javelin at his bosom. Sophron was calm as he was brave: he saw the necessity of defending his own life against the attacks of a perfidious friend; and with a nimble spring, at once eluded the weapon and closed with his antagonist. The combat was then more equal, for each was reduced to depend upon his own strength and activity. At length the force and coolness of Sophron prevailed over the blind fury of Tigranes: he at once exerted his whole remaining strength, with such success, that he hurled his adversary to the ground, where he lay bleeding, vanquished and unable to rise. "Thou scarcely," said Sophron, "deservest thy life from my hands; however, I will rather remember thy early merits than thy recent injuries."

"No," replied the raging Tigranes, "load me not with thy odious benefits, but rather rid me of a life which I abhor, since thou hast robbed me of my honour."

"I will never hurt thee," replied Sophron, "but in my own just defence; live to make a better use of life, and to have juster ideas of honour." Saying this, he assisted Tigranes to rise; but finding his temper full of implacable resentment, he turned another way and left him to go home alone.

It was not long after this event, that a company of soldiers marched across the plains where Sophron was feeding his flocks, and halted to refresh themselves under the shade of some spreading trees. The officer who commanded them was struck with the comely figure and expressive countenance of Sophron. He called the young man to him, and proposed to him that he should enrol himself in his company, and promised him every encouragement which he thought most likely to engage

the passions of a young man. Sophron thanked him with humility for his offers, but told him, that he had an aged father who was now become incapable of maintaining himself, and therefore that he could accept of no offers which would interfere with the discharge of this duty. The officer ridiculed the scruples of the young man; but finding him inflexible in his resolution, he at last turned from him with an air of contempt, and called his men to follow him, muttering as he went, reflections upon the stupidity and cowardice of Sophron.

The party had not proceeded far, before they came to the place where his favourite lamb was feeding, which, as he had not yet learned to dread the cruelty of the human species, advanced towards them with all the confidence of unsuspecting innocence. "This is a lucky accident," cried one of the soldiers with a brutal satisfaction; "Fortune was not willing that we should go without a supper, and has therefore sent us a present." "A happy exchange," answered a second; "a fat sheep instead of a lubberly shepherd; and the coward will no doubt think himself happy to sleep in a whole skin at so small an expense." Saying this he took the lamb and bore it away in triumph; uttering a thousand threats and execrations against the master if he should dare to reclaim it. Sophron was not so far removed as to escape the sight of the indignity which was offered him. He followed the troop with so much swiftness, that it was not long before he overtook the soldier who was bearing away his friend, and, from his load, marched rather behind the rest. When Sophron approached him, he accosted him in the gentlest manner, and besought him, in words that might have touched any one but a savage, to restore his favourite. But the barbarous soldier, inured to scenes of misery, only laughed at his complaints, and loaded him with additional insults. At length he began to be tired with his importunities, and, drawing his sword and waving it before the eyes of Sophron, threatened, that if he did not depart immediately he would use him as he intended to do the lamb.

"And do you think," answered Sophron, "that while I have an arm to lift, or a drop of blood in my veins, I will suffer you or any man to rob me of what I value more than life?"

The soldier aimed a blow at Sophron with his sword, which he turned aside with a stick he held in his hand, so that it glanced inoffensively down; and before he could recover the

use of his weapon, Sophron, who was infinitely stronger, closed in with him, wrested it out of his hands, and hurled him roughly to the ground. Some of the comrades of the vanquished soldier came in an instant to his assistance, and without inquiring into the merits of the cause, drew their swords and began to assail the undaunted young man. But he, brandishing the weapon which he had just seized, appeared ready to defend himself with so much strength and courage that they did not choose to come too near. While they were thus engaged, the officer approached, and inquired into the occasion of the contest. Sophron then recounted, with so much modesty, the indignities and insults he had received, and the unprovoked attack of the soldier, that the officer, who had a real respect for courage, was charmed with the behaviour of the young man. He therefore reprovved his men for their disorderly manners, praised the intrepidity of Sophron, and ordered his lamb to be restored to him, with which he joyfully departed.

Sophron was scarcely out of sight, when Tigranes met the same party upon their march. Their military attire and glittering arms instantly struck him with admiration. He stopped to gaze upon them as they passed; and the officer made him the same proposals which he had before done to Sophron. Such incentives were irresistible to a vain and ambitious mind: the young man in an instant forgot his friends, his country, and his parents, and marched away with all the pleasure that strong presumption and aspiring hopes could raise. Nor was it long before he had an opportunity of signalising his intrepidity. Asia was at that time overrun by numerous bands of savage warriors, under different and independent chiefs.

Under the most enterprising of these rival chiefs was Tigranes now enrolled, and in the very first engagement at which he was present, he gave such uncommon proofs of valour, that he was distinguished by the general with marks of particular regard, and became the admiration of all his comrades. Under the banners of this adventurous warrior did Tigranes toil with various fortunes, during the space of many years; sometimes victorious in the fight, sometimes baffled; at one time crowned with conquest and glory, at another beset with dangers, covered with wounds, and hunted like a wild beast through rocks and forests. At length, in a decisive battle, in which the chief-

tain under whom Tigranes had enlisted contended with the most powerful of his rivals, he had the honour of retrieving the victory, when his own party seemed totally routed ; and, after having penetrated the thickest squadrons of the enemy, to kill their general with his own hand. From this moment he seemed to be in possession of all that his ambition could desire. He was appointed general of all the troops, under the chief himself, whose repeated victories had rendered him equal in power to the most celebrated monarchs. Nor did his fortune stop even here ; for after a number of battles he was, upon the unexpected death of the chief, unanimously chosen by the whole nation to succeed him.

In the meantime Sophron, free from envy, avarice, or ambition, pursued the natural impulse of his character, and contented himself with a life of virtuous obscurity. He passed his time in rural labours, in watching his flocks, and in attending, with all the duty of an affectionate child, upon his aged parents. All his rural labours succeeded in the amplest manner ; his flocks were the fairest, the most healthy and numerous of the district ; he was loved and esteemed by the youth of the neighbourhood, and equally respected by the aged, who pointed him out as an example of every virtue to their families. But what was more dear than all the rest to such a mind as Sophron's, was to see himself the joy, the comfort, and support of his parents.

Nor was his humanity confined to his own species: the innocent inhabitants of the forest were safe from the pursuit of Sophron, and all that lived under his protection were sure to meet with tenderness. "It is enough," said Sophron, "that the innocent sheep supplies me with his fleece, to form my winter garments and defend me from the cold ; I will not bereave him of his little life, nor stop his harmless gambols on the green, to gratify a guilty sensuality. More wholesome, more adapted to human life, are the spontaneous fruits which liberal nature produces for the sustenance of man, or which the earth affords to recompense his labours."

Here the interest and concern which had been long visible in Tommy's face, could no longer be repressed, and tears began to trickle down his cheeks. "What is the matter, my darling?" said his mother. "Alas!" said Tommy, "mamma, it

reminds me of poor Harry Sandford ; just such another good young man will he be, when he is as old as Sophron ; and I, and I," added he, sobbing, "am just such another worthless, ungrateful wretch as Tigranes." "But Tigranes," said Mrs. Merton, "you see, became a great and powerful man, while Sophron remained only a poor and ignorant shepherd." "What does that signify, mamma?" said Tommy; "for my part, I begin to find that it is not always the greatest people that are the best or happiest ; and as to Sophron, very likely he could read and write better than Tigranes, in spite of all his pomp and grandeur ; for I am sure there is not one of the young gentlemen that went home to-day who reads as well as Harry Sandford, or has half his understanding." Mr. Merton could hardly help smiling at Tommy's conjecture about Sophron's reading ; but he told him that he was very happy to find him so sensible of his faults, and hoped he would be equally ready to amend them. Miss Simmons then continued her narrative.

If Sophron ever permitted himself to shed the blood of living creatures, it was of those ferocious animals that wage continual war with every other species. Amid the mountains which he inhabited, there were rugged cliffs and inaccessible caverns which afforded retreat to wolves, and bears, and tigers. In this warfare, which was equally just and honourable, Sophron was always foremost ; his unequalled strength and courage made all the youth adopt him as their leader, and march with confidence under his command.

It happened one day that Sophron had been following the chase of a wolf which had made some depredations upon the flocks, and in the ardour of his pursuit was separated from his companions. He was too well acquainted with the roughest parts of the neighbouring mountains, and too indifferent to danger, to be disturbed at this circumstance ; he therefore followed his flying foe with so much impetuosity that he completely lost sight of every landmark with which he was acquainted. As it is difficult, in a wild and uncultivated district, to find the path again when once lost, Sophron only wandered further from his home, the more he endeavoured to return. He found himself entangled in a dreary wilderness, where he was every instant stopped by torrents that tumbled from the neighbouring cliffs, or in danger of slipping down

precipices of immense height. He was alone in the midst of a gloomy forest, where human industry had never penetrated, nor the woodman's axe been heard, since the moment of its creation; to add to his distress, the setting sun disappeared in the west, and the shades of night gathered gradually round.

He cast his eyes around, but could discern nothing but an immense tract of country, rough with rocks and overhung with forests, but destitute of every mark of cultivation or inhabitants. He, however, pursued his way along the side of the mountain till he descended into a pleasant valley, free from trees and watered by a winding stream. Here he was going to repose for the remainder of the night, under the crag of an impending rock, when a rising gleam of light darted suddenly into the skies from a considerable distance, and attracted his curiosity. Sophron looked towards the quarter whence it came, and plainly discerned that it was a fire, kindled either by some benighted traveller like himself, or by some less innocent wanderers of the dark. He determined to approach the light, but knowing the unsettled state of all the neighbouring districts, thought it prudent to advance with caution. He therefore made a circuit, and by clambering along the higher grounds perceived that a party of soldiers were reposing round a flaming pile of wood, and carousing at their ease; all about was strewn the plunder which they had accumulated in their march, and in the midst was seated a venerable old man, accompanied by a beautiful young woman. Sophron easily comprehended, by the dejection of their countenances, as well as by the insolence with which they were treated, that they were prisoners. The virtuous indignation of his temper was instantly excited, and he determined to attempt their deliverance. But this, in spite of all his intrepidity, he perceived was no easy matter to accomplish. He was alone and weakly armed; his enemies were too many for him to flatter himself with any rational hope of success by open force; and should he make a fruitless effort, he might rashly throw his life away, and only aggravate the distresses he sought to cure. With this consideration, he at length determined to attempt by stratagem what he thought could scarcely be performed by force. He therefore silently withdrew, and skirted the side of the wood which had concealed him, carefully remarking every circumstance of the way, till he had ascended a mountain which immediately fronted the

camp of the soldiers, at no considerable distance. He had by his side a kind of battle-axe which they use in the chase of bears ; with this he applied himself to lopping the branches of trees, collecting at the same time all the fallen ones he could find, till in a short time he had reared several piles of wood upon the most conspicuous part of the mountain, and full in the view of the soldiers. He then easily kindled a blaze by rubbing two decayed branches together, and in an instant all the piles were blazing with so many streams of light, that the neighbouring hills and forests were illuminated with the gleam. Sophron knew the nature of man, always prone to sudden impressions of fear, more particularly amid the obscurity of the night, and promised himself the amplest success from his stratagem. In the meantime he hastened back with the utmost speed to the wood where he had lurked before ; he then raised his voice, which was naturally loud and clear, and shouted several times successively. A hundred echoes from the neighbouring cliffs and caverns returned the sound, with a reverberation that made it appear like the noise of a mighty squadron.

The soldiers, who had been alarmed by the sudden blaze of so many fires, which they attributed to a numerous band of troops, were now impressed with such a panic that they were dispersed in an instant, and left the prisoners to themselves. Sophron did not wait for them to be undeceived, but running to the spot they had abandoned, explained to the trembling and amazed captives the nature of his stratagem, and exhorted them to escape as swiftly as possible. But few entreaties were necessary to prevail upon them ; they therefore arose and followed Sophron, who led them up into the mountains, and when he thought them out of the immediate danger of pursuit, they sheltered themselves in a rocky cavern, and determined there to await the light of the morning.

When they were thus in a place of safety, the venerable old man seized the hand of Sophron, and bedewing it with his tears, gave way to the strong emotions of gratitude which overwhelmed his mind. "Generous youth !" said he, "I know not by what extraordinary fortune you have thus been able to effect our deliverance when we imagined ourselves out of the reach of human succour ; but you may command our lives and employ them in your service."

"Father," answered Sophron, "you infinitely overrate the

merits of the service which I have happily been enabled to perform." Sophron then explained the nature of the stratagem, by which, alone and unsupported, he had been enabled to disperse their enemies. He added, "that if he appeared to have any little merit in their eyes, he should be amply recompensed by being admitted to their friendship and confidence." With these mutual professions of esteem they thought it prudent to terminate a conversation which, however agreeable, was not entirely free from danger, as some of their late oppressors might happen to distinguish their voices, and thus directed to their lurking-place, exact a severe revenge for the terrors they had undergone.

With the first ray of morning the three companions arose, and Sophron, leading them along the skirts of the mountains, where bushes and brushwood concealed them from observation, and still following the windings of the river as a guide, they at length came to a cultivated spot. Sophron recollected that he had formerly visited this village with his father when a child, and before the country had suffered the rage of barbarous invasions. It was a long day's march from home, but by exerting all their force they at length arrived, through rough and secret paths, at the hospitable cottage where Sophron and his parents dwelt. Here they were joyfully received, as the long absence of the young man had much alarmed his parents, and made all the hamlet anxious concerning his safety. That night they comfortably reposed in a place of safety, and the next morning, after a plentiful but coarse repast, the father of Sophron again congratulated his guests upon their escape, and entreated them to let him hear the history of their misfortunes.

"I can refuse nothing," said the venerable stranger, "to persons to whom I am under such extraordinary obligations; although the history of my life is short and simple, and contains little worthy to be recited. My name is Chares, and I was born in one of the maritime cities of Asia, of opulent parents, who died while I was yet a youth. The loss of my parents, to whom I was most affectionately attached, made so strong an impression upon my mind, that I determined to seek relief in travel, and for that purpose sold my paternal estate, the price of which I converted into money and jewels, as being most portable. The first place which I visited was Egypt, a country renowned in every age for its invention of all the arts which

contribute to support or adorn human life. This country is one immense plain, divided by the Nile, which is one of the noblest rivers in the world, and pours its tide along the middle of its territory. Every year, at a particular season, the stream begins gradually to swell with such an increase of waters that at length it rises over its banks, and the whole extent of Egypt becomes an immense lake, where buildings, temples, and cities appear as floating upon the inundation. The instant the waters have retired, the farmer returns to his fields, and begins the operations of agriculture. These labours are not very difficult in a soft and yielding slime, such as the river leaves behind it. The seeds are sown, and vegetate with inconceivable rapidity, and in a few weeks an abundant harvest of every kind of grain covers the land. For this reason all the necessaries of life are easily procured by the innumerable multitudes which inhabit the country.

“Nor is the climate less favourable than the soil, for here an eternal spring and summer seem to have fixed their abode. No frost or snow is ever known to chill the atmosphere, which is always perfumed with the smell of aromatic plants, that grow on every side, and bring on a pleasing forgetfulness of human care. But, alas! these blessings, great as they may appear, produce the effect of curses upon the inhabitants. No one is here inflamed with the sacred love of his country or of public liberty; no one is inured to arms, or taught to prefer his honour to his life. The very children catch the contagion from their parents; they are instructed in every effeminate art: to dance in soft, unmanly attitudes, to modulate their voice by musical instruments, and to adjust the floating drapery of their dress; these are the arts in which both sexes are instructed from their infancy. But no one is instructed to wield the arms of men, to tame the noble steeds with which the country abounds, to observe his rank in war, or to bear the hardships of a military life. Hence this celebrated country, which has been in every age the admiration of mankind, is destined to the most degrading servitude. A few thousand disciplined troops are sufficient to hold the many millions it contains in bondage, under which they groan, without ever conceiving the design of vindicating their natural rights by arms.”

“Unhappy people!” exclaimed Sophron, “how useless to them are all the blessings of their climate! How much rather

would I inhabit the stormy top of Lebanon, amid eternal snows and barrenness, than wallow in the vile sensuality of such a country, or breathe an air infected by its vices !”

Chares was charmed with the generous indignation of Sophron, and thus continued: “I was of the same opinion with yourself, and therefore determined to leave a country which all its natural advantages could not render agreeable. But before I quitted that part of the globe, my curiosity led me to visit the neighbouring tribes of Arabia, a nation bordering upon the Egyptians, but as different in spirits and manners, as the hardy shepherds of these mountains from the effeminate natives of the plains. Egypt is bounded on one side by the sea; on every other it is surrounded by immense plains or gentle eminences, which being beyond the reach of the fertilising inundations of the Nile, have been, beyond all memory, converted into waste and barren sands by the excessive heat of the sun. I therefore made preparations for my journey, and hired a guide, who was to furnish me with beasts of burden and accompany me across those dreary deserts. We accordingly began our march, mounted each upon a camel, which are found much more useful than horses in such a burning climate.”

“I am sorry to interrupt the story,” said Tommy, “but I shall be much obliged to you, sir, if you will inform me what kind of animal a camel is.”

“The camel,” answered Mr. Barlow, “is chiefly found in those burning climates which you have heard described. His height is very great, rising to fourteen or fifteen feet, reckoning to the top of his head. His legs are long and slender, and his neck of an amazing length. In his temper he is gentle and tractable, and his patience in bearing thirst and hunger is superior to that of any animal we are acquainted with. He is driven across the burning deserts, loaded with the merchandise of those countries, and frequently does not find water to quench his thirst for several days. As to his food, it is nothing but the few herbs which are found in the least barren parts of the deserts, and prickly bushes, upon which he browses as a delicacy: sometimes he does not find even these for many days, yet pursues his journey with a degree of patience which is hardly credible.”

“We mounted our camels,” continued Chares, “and soon had reached the confines of Egypt. The way, as we proceeded,

grew sensibly more dreary and disagreeable, yet was sometimes varied with little tufts of trees and scanty patches of herbage. But these at length entirely disappeared, and nothing was seen on every side but an immense extent of barren sands, destitute of vegetation, and parched by the continual heat of the sun. I felt a burning fever take possession of my body; my tongue was scorched with intolerable heat, and it was in vain I endeavoured to moisten my mouth with repeated draughts of water. At night we came to a little rising ground, at the foot of which we perceived some aquatic herbs, and a small quantity of muddy water, of which our camels took prodigious draughts. Here we spread our tents, and encamped for the night.

“ With the morning we pursued our journey, but had not proceeded far before we saw a cloud of dust that seemed to rise along the desert; and, as we approached nearer, we easily distinguished the glitter of arms that reflected the rising sun. This was a band of Arabians who had discovered us, and came to know our intentions. As they advanced, they spurred their horses, which are the most fleet and excellent in the world, and bounded along the desert with the lightness of an antelope; at the same time they brandished their lances, and seemed prepared alike for war or peace. But when they saw that we had neither the intention nor the power to commit hostilities, they stopped their coursers at the distance of a few paces from us; and the chief advanced, and with a firm but mild tone of voice inquired into the reason of our coming. It was then that I took the liberty of addressing him in his own language, to which I had for some time applied myself before my journey. I explained to him the curiosity which led me to observe in person the manners of a people who are celebrated over the whole world, for having preserved their native simplicity unaltered, and their liberty unviolated, amid the revolutions which agitate all the neighbouring nations. I then offered to him the loading of my camel, which I had brought, not as being worthy his acceptance, but as a slight testimony of my regard; and concluded with remarking, that the fidelity of the Arabians in observing their engagements was unimpeached in a single instance, and, therefore, relying upon the integrity of my own intentions, I had come a painful journey, unarmed and almost alone, to put myself into their power and demand the sacred rites of hospitality.

“While I was thus speaking, he looked at me with a penetration that seemed to read into my very soul, and when I had finished, he welcomed me to their tribe, telling me, at the same time, that they admitted me as their guest, and that I might consider myself as safer in their tent than in the crowded cities which I had left. The rest of the squadron then approached, and all saluted me as a friend and brother. We then struck off across the desert, and after a few hours’ march approached the encampment where they had left their wives and children.

“This people is the most singular and in many respects the most admirable of all that inhabit this globe of earth. All other nations are subject to revolutions and the various turns of fortune. The Arabians alone have never been known to vary in the smallest circumstance, either of their internal policy or external situation. They inhabit a climate which would be intolerable to the rest of the human species for its burning heat, and a soil which refuses to furnish any of the necessaries of life. Hence, they neither plough the earth, nor sow, nor depend upon corn for their sustenance, nor are acquainted with any of the mechanic arts. They live chiefly upon the milk of their herds and flocks, and sometimes eat their flesh. These burning deserts are stretched out to an immense extent on every side, and these they consider as their common country, without having any fixed or permanent place of abode.

“Arid and barren as are these wilds in general, there are various spots which are more productive than the rest. Here are found supplies of water, and some appearances of vegetation; and here the Arabians encamp till they have exhausted the spontaneous products of the soil. Other nations are involved in various pursuits of war, or government, or commerce; they have made a thousand inventions of luxury necessary to their welfare; and the enjoyment of these they call happiness. The Arab is ignorant of all these things, or, if he knows them, despises their possession. All his wants, his passions, his desires, terminate in one object, and that object is the preservation of his liberty. For this purpose, he contents himself with the coarsest and simplest food; and the small quantity of clothing which he requires in such a climate, is fabricated by the women of the tribe, who milk the cattle and prepare the food for their husbands.

“They have a breed of horses superior to any for gentleness, patience, and unrivalled swiftness. This is the particular passion and pride of the Arabian tribes. They are necessary to them in their warlike expeditions, and in their courses along the deserts. If they are attacked they mount their steeds, which bear them with the rapidity of a tempest, to avenge their injuries; or should they be overmatched in fight, they soon transport them beyond the possibility of pursuit. For this reason, the proudest monarchs and greatest conquerors have in vain endeavoured to subdue them, and those that survived the obstacles of nature, were easily overcome by the repeated attacks of the valiant Arabians.

“While I was in this country, I was myself witness to an embassy that was sent from a neighbouring prince, who imagined the fame of his exploits had struck the Arabians with terror, and disposed them to submission. The ambassador was introduced to the chief of the tribe, a venerable old man, undistinguished by any mark of ostentation from the rest, who received him sitting cross-legged at the door of his tent. He then began to speak, and, in a long and studied harangue, described the power of his master, the invincible courage of his armies, the profusion of his riches, his warlike engines, and his military stores; and concluded with a demand that the Arabians should submit to acknowledge him as their lord, and pay a yearly tribute.

“At this proud speech the younger part of the tribe began to frown with indignation, and to clash their weapons in token of defiance; but the chief himself, with a calm and manly composure, made this reply: ‘I expected, from the maturity of your age, and the gravity of your countenance, to have heard a rational discourse, befitting you to propose and us to hear. When you dwelt so long upon the power of your master, I also imagined that he had sent to us to promise a league of friendship and alliance, such as might become equals and bind man more closely to his fellows. In this case, the Arabians, although they want not the assistance of any king or nation, would gladly have consented, because it has been always their favourite maxim neither to leave injuries unpunished, nor to be outdone in kindness and hospitality. But since you have come thus far to deliver a message which must be disagreeable to the ears of

free-born men, who acknowledge no superior upon earth, you may thus report the sentiments of the Arabians to him that sent you.

“ ‘ You may tell him, that as to the land which we inhabit, we hold it from our ancestors, who received it in turn from theirs, by the common laws of nature. If, therefore, your king imagines that he has a right to retain the country which he and his people now inhabit, by the same tenure do the Arabians hold the sovereignty of these barren sands ; where the bones of their ancestors have been buried, even from the first creation of the world. But you have described to us in pompous language the extraordinary power and riches of your king, who, if your words be true, must be equally unjust and foolish, since, enjoying so many good things with ease and security to himself, he will rather put them all to hazard than repress the vain desires of his own intolerable avarice.

“ ‘ As to the tribute which you have demanded, what you have already seen of the Arabians and their country may afford you a sufficient answer. We have nothing which we can send as a tribute but the sands of our deserts, and the arrows and lances with which we have hitherto defended them from all invaders. If these are treasures worthy of his acceptance, he may lead his conquering troops to take possession of our country. But he will find men who are not softened by luxury nor vanquished by their own vices ; men who prize their liberty at a dearer rate than all other mortals do their riches or their lives, and to whom dishonour is more formidable than wounds and death. If he can vanquish us, however, he will do well to consider whether he can vanquish the obstacles which Nature herself has opposed to his ambition. In attempting to pass our deserts, he will have to struggle with famine and thirst, from which no enemy has hitherto escaped, even when he has failed to perish by the arrows of the Arabians.’ ”

“ ‘ Happy and generous people ! ’ exclaimed Sophron, “ how well do they deserve the liberty they enjoy ! With such principles, they need not fear the attack of kings or conquerors ! ”

“ ‘ Such sentiments, ’ replied Chares, “ convince me that I have not made a false estimate of the inhabitants of these mountainous districts. It is for this reason that I have been so particular in the description of Egypt and Arabia. I wished to know whether the general spirit of indolence and pusillani-

mity had infected the hardy inhabitants of Lebanon ; but from the generous enthusiasm which animates your countenance at the recital of noble actions, as well as from what I have experienced you are capable of attempting, I trust that these solitary scenes are uninfected with the vices that have deluged the rest of Asia, and bent its inhabitants to the yoke."

Here Tommy's impatience could no longer be restrained, and he addressed Mr. Barlow thus :

Tommy. Sir, will you give me leave to ask you a question?

Mr. Barlow. As many as you choose.

Tommy. In all these stories which I have heard, it seems as if those nations that possess little or nothing are more good-natured, and better, and braver than those that have a great deal.

Mr. Barlow. This is, indeed, sometimes the case.

Tommy. But then, why should it not be the case here as well as in other places? Are all the poor in this country better than the rich?

"It should seem," answered Mr. Barlow, smiling, "as if you were of that opinion."

Tommy. Why so, sir?

Mr. Barlow. Because, whatever you want to have done, I observe that you always address yourself to the poor, and not to the rich.

Tommy. Yes, sir, but that is a different case. The poor are used to do many things which the rich never do.

Mr. Barlow. Are those things useful or not useful?

Tommy. Many of them are extremely useful ; for they cultivate the ground, and build houses, and hammer iron ; besides feeding cattle, and dressing our victuals, and washing our clothes ; and, in short, doing everything which is necessary to be done.

Mr. Barlow. What ! do the poor do all these things?

Tommy. Yes, indeed, or they would never be done. For it would be a very ungentle thing to labour at a forge like a blacksmith, or hold the plough like a farmer, or build a house like a bricklayer.

Mr. Barlow. And did not you build a house in my garden, some little time ago?

Tommy. Yes, sir ; but that was only for my amusement. It was not intended for anybody to live in.

Mr. Barlow. So, you still think it the first qualification of a gentleman never to do anything useful?

Tommy looked a little ashamed at this, but he said it was not so much his own opinion as that of the other young gentlemen and ladies with whom he had conversed.

“But,” replied Mr. Barlow, “you asked just now which were the best, the rich or the poor; if the poor provide food, and clothing, and houses, and everything else, while the rich do nothing at all, it must appear that the poor are better than the rich.”

Tommy. Yes, sir; but then the poor do not act in that manner out of kindness, but because they are obliged to it.

Mr. Barlow. That, indeed, is a better argument than you sometimes use. But tell me, which set of people you would prefer, those that are always doing useful things because they are obliged to do them, or those who never do anything useful at all?

Tommy. Indeed, sir, I hardly know what to say; but now I think of it, the rich do a great deal of good by buying the things of the poor, and giving them money in return.

Mr. Barlow. What is money?

Tommy. Money, sir, money is — I believe, little pieces of silver and gold, with a head upon them.

Mr. Barlow. And what is the use of these little pieces of silver and gold?

Tommy. Indeed I do not know that they are of any use; but everybody has agreed to take them, and therefore you may buy with them whatever you want.

Mr. Barlow. Then, according to your last account, the goodness of the rich consists in taking from the poor, houses, clothes, and food, and giving them in return little bits of silver and gold, which are really good for nothing?

Tommy. Yes, sir; but then if a poor man has money in his pocket, he can always exchange it for clothes, or food, or any other necessary.

Mr. Barlow. But whom must he buy them from? For, according to your account, the rich never produce any of these things: therefore, the poor, if they want to purchase them, can only do it of each other.

Tommy. But, sir, I cannot think that is always the case; for I have been with my mamma to shops where there were fine

gentlemen and ladies, who sold things to other people, and seemed almost as genteel as ourselves.

Mr. Barlow. But, my good little friend, do you imagine that these fine gentlemen and ladies made the things which they sold?

Tommy. Why, no, sir, I should not suppose they do.

Mr. Barlow. All that they do, then, is to employ poorer persons to work for them, while they only sell what is produced by their labour. So that still, you see, we reach no further than this; the rich do nothing and produce nothing, and the poor everything that is really useful. Were there a whole nation of rich people, they would all be starved, unless they had neighbours who were poorer to supply them. But a nation which was poor might be industrious, and supply themselves with all they wanted; and then it would be of little consequence whether they had pieces of metal with heads upon them or not. But this conversation has lasted long enough at present; and as you are now going to bed, I dare say Miss Simmons will be so good as to defer the remainder of her story until to-morrow.

The next day Tommy rose before his father and mother, with his head full of the description he had heard of the Arabian horsemen, and desired that his little horse might be saddled, and that William, his father's man, would attend him. Unfortunately for Tommy, his vivacity was greater than his reason, and his taste for imitation was continually leading him into some misfortune. The idea, therefore, which presented itself to his mind, as soon as he had opened his eyes, was that of being an Arabian horseman. Nothing, he imagined, could equal the pleasure of guiding a fiery steed over those immense and desolate wastes which he had heard described. In the meantime, as the country where he wished to exhibit was rather at too great a distance, he thought he might excite some applause even upon the common before his father's house.

Full of this idea, he rose, put on his boots, and summoned William to attend him. William had been too much accustomed to humour all his caprices to make any difficulty in obeying him; and, as he had often ridden out with his young master before, he did not foresee the least inconvenience. But Mrs. Merton had never allowed her son to wear spurs, and Tommy had long murmured in secret at this prohibition,

which sensibly wounded his pride. But since he had taken it into his head to emulate the Arabs themselves, he considered it as no longer possible to endure the disgrace. But as he was no stranger to the strict injunction which had been given to all the servants, he did not dare to solicit their assistance. While he was in this embarrassment, a new and sudden expedient presented itself to his fertile genius. Tommy went to his mamma's maid, and without difficulty obtained from her a couple of very large pins, which he thrust through the leather of his boots, and thus accoutred he mounted his horse without suspicion or observation. Tommy had not ridden far before he gave vent to his reigning passion, and asked William if he had ever seen an Arabian on horseback. The answer of William sufficiently proved his ignorance, which Tommy kindly undertook to remove, by giving him a detail of all the particulars he had heard the preceding night: but Tommy, unluckily for himself, became too eloquent; for just as he was describing their rapid flight across the deserts, the interest of his subject so transported him that he closed his legs upon his little horse, and pricked him in so sensible a manner, that the pony, which was not deficient in spirit, resented the attack and set off with him at a prodigious rate. William, when he saw his master thus burst forth, was at a loss whether to consider it as an accident or only an oratorical grace; but seeing the horse hurrying along the roughest part of the common, while Tommy tugged in vain to restrain his efforts, he thought it necessary to endeavour to overtake him, and therefore pursued him with all possible speed. But the pony, whose blood seemed to be only the more inflamed by the violence of his own exertions, ran the faster when he heard the trampling of another horse behind him. In this manner did Tommy scamper over the common, while William pursued in vain; for just as the servant thought he had reached his master, his horse would push forward with such rapidity as left his pursuer far behind. Tommy kept his seat with infinite address: but he now began seriously to repent of his own ungovernable ambition, and would with the greatest pleasure have exchanged his own spirited steed for the dullest ass in England. The race had now endured a considerable time, and seemed to be no nearer to a conclusion, when, on a sudden, the pony turned short, and

rushed precipitately into a large bog, or quagmire, which was full before him: here he made a momentary halt, and Tommy wisely embraced the opportunity of letting himself slide off upon a soft and yielding bed of mire. The servant now came up to Tommy, and rescued him from his disagreeable situation, where, however, he had received no other damage than that of daubing himself all over. William had been at first very much frightened at the danger of his master; but when he saw that he had so luckily escaped all hurt, he could not help asking him, with a smile, whether this too was a stroke of Arabian horsemanship. Tommy was a little provoked at this reflection upon his horsemanship; but he wisely repressed his passion, and desired William to catch his horse, while he returned homewards on foot to warm himself. The servant, therefore, endeavoured to approach the pony, which, as if contented with the triumph he had obtained over his rider, was quietly feeding at a little distance; but, the instant William approached, he set off again at full speed, and seemed disposed to lead him a second chase, not inferior to the first.

In the meantime, Tommy walked pensively along the common, reflecting upon the repeated disappointments he had found in all his attempts to distinguish himself. While he was thus engaged, he overtook a poor and ragged figure, the singularity of whose appearance engaged his attention. It was a man of middle age, in a dress he had never before seen, with two poor children, who seemed with difficulty to keep up with him, while he carried a third in his arms, whose pale, emaciated looks sufficiently declared disease and pain. The man had upon his head a coarse blue bonnet instead of a hat; he was wrapped round by a tattered kind of garment, striped with various colours, and at his side hung a long and formidable sword. Tommy surveyed him so earnestly that at length the man took notice of it, and bowing to him with the greatest civility, ventured to ask him if he had met with any accident, as he appeared in a plight quite unsuited to his station. Tommy was not a little pleased with the discernment of the man, who could distinguish his importance in spite of the dirtiness of his clothes, and therefore mildly answered, "No, my friend, there is not much the matter. I have a little obstinate horse that ran away with me, and after trying in vain to throw me down, he plunged into the middle of that great bog; so I jumped off, for

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Tommy rescues the lamb.

fear of being swallowed up, otherwise I should soon have made him submit, for I am used to such things, and don't mind them in the least."

Here the child that the man was carrying began to cry bitterly, and the father endeavoured to pacify him, but in vain. "Poor thing," said Tommy, "he seems not to be well." "Alas! master," answered the man, "he is not well, indeed; he has now a violent ague-fit upon him, and I have not had a morsel of bread to give him since yesterday noon." Tommy was naturally generous, and now his heart was unusually softened by the remembrance of his own recent distresses; he therefore pulled a shilling out of his pocket and gave it to the man, saying, "Here, my honest friend, here is something to buy your child some food, and I sincerely wish he may soon recover." "Bless your sweet face!" said the man: "you are the best friend I have seen this many a day; but for this kind assistance we might have been all lost." He then, with many bows and thanks, struck across the common into a different path; and Tommy went forward, feeling great pleasure at this little act of humanity. He had walked but a very little way with these reflections, before he met with a flock of sheep running from a large dog; and just as Tommy approached, the dog had overtaken a lamb, and seemed disposed to devour it. Tommy was naturally an enemy to all cruelty, and therefore running towards the dog, with more alacrity than prudence, he endeavoured to drive him from his prey. But the animal, despising the diminutive size of his adversary, growled and showed his teeth, and when he found that this was not sufficient to deter him from intermeddling, entirely quitted the sheep, and making a sudden spring, seized upon the skirt of Tommy's coat, which he shook with every expression of rage. Tommy behaved with more intrepidity than could have been expected, for he neither cried out nor attempted to run, but made his utmost efforts to disengage himself from his enemy. But as the contest was so unequal, it is probable he would have been severely bitten, had not the honest stranger whom he had relieved come running up to his assistance, and seeing the danger of his benefactor, laid the dog dead at his feet, by a furious stroke of his broadsword. Tommy, thus delivered from the impending danger, expressed his gratitude to the stranger, and desired him to accompany him to his father's house, where

he and his children should receive whatever refreshment they wished. He then turned his eyes to the lamb which lay panting upon the ground, bleeding and wounded, and remarked with astonishment, upon his fleece, the well-known characters of H. S. accompanied with a cross. "Really," said Tommy, "I believe this is the very lamb which Harry used to be so fond of, and which used sometimes to follow him to Mr Barlow's. I am the luckiest fellow in the world, to have come in time to deliver him; and now, perhaps, Harry may forgive me all the ill-usage he has met with." Saying this, he took the lamb up and kissed it with the greatest tenderness: nay, he would have even borne it home in his arms, had it not been rather too heavy for his strength: but the honest stranger with a grateful officiousness, offered his services, and prevailed on Tommy to let him carry it, while he delivered his child to the biggest of its brothers.

When Tommy was now arrived within a little distance of his home, he met his father and Mr. Barlow, who had left the house to enjoy the morning air, before breakfast. They were surprised to see him in such a condition; for the dirt, which had bespattered him from head to foot, began to dry in various places, and gave him the appearance of a clay-built wall in the act of hardening. But Tommy, without giving them time to make inquiries, ran affectionately to Mr. Barlow, and taking him by the hand, said, "Oh, sir! here is the luckiest accident in the world—poor Harry Sandford's favourite lamb would have been killed by a great mischievous dog, if I had not happened to come by and save his life." "And who is this honest man," said Mr. Merton, "whom you have picked up on the common? He seems to be in distress, and his famished children are scarcely able to drag themselves along."

"Poor man!" answered Tommy, "I am very much obliged to him; for when I went to save Harry's lamb, the dog attacked me, and would have hurt me very much if he had not come to my assistance, and killed him with his great sword. So I have brought him with me, that he might refresh himself and his poor children, one of whom has a terrible ague. For I knew, papa, though I have not behaved well of late, you would not be against my doing an act of charity."

"I am, on the contrary, very glad," said Mr. Merton, "to see you have so much gratitude in your temper. But what is the

reason that I see you thus disfigured with dirt? Surely your horse has thrown you? and so it is, for here is William following, with both the horses in a foam."

William at that moment appeared, and trotting up to his master, began to make excuses for his own share in the business.

"Indeed, sir," said he, "I did not think there was the least harm in going out with Master Tommy; and we were riding along as quietly as possible, and master was giving me a long account of the Arabs, who, he said, ride the most mettled horses in the world, fit to start for any plate in England. And just as he was giving me this account, Punch took it into his head to run away, and while I was endeavouring to catch him, he jumped into a quagmire and shot Master Tommy off in the middle of it."

"No," said Tommy, "there you mistake: I believe I could manage a much more spirited horse than Punch; but I thought it prudent to throw myself off, for fear of his plunging deeper in the mire."

"But how is this?" said Mr. Merton: "the pony used to be the quietest of horses. Surely, William, you were not so imprudent as to trust your young master with spurs?"

"No, sir," answered William, "not I; and I can take my oath he had no spurs on when we set out." Mr. Merton was convinced there was some mystery in the transaction, and at length discovered the ingenious contrivance of Tommy to supply the place of spurs, and could hardly preserve his gravity at the sight. He, however, mildly set before him his imprudence, which might have been attended with the most fatal consequences; and desired him, for the future, to be more cautious. They then returned to the house, and Mr. Merton ordered the servants to supply his guests with plenty of the most nourishing food. After breakfast they then sent for the unhappy stranger into the parlour, whose countenance now bespoke his satisfaction and gratitude; and Mr. Merton desired to know by what accident he had thus wandered so far from home, with these poor helpless children.

"Alas! your Honour," answered the man, "I fear there can be nothing in the story of my distress the least deserving of your attention."

"Surely," said Mr. Merton, with the most benevolent

courtesy, "there must be something in the distress of every honest man which ought to interest his fellow-creatures ; and it may perhaps be within our power, as it certainly is in our inclination, to do you further services."

The man then bowed to the company with an air of dignity which surprised them all, and thus began : "I was born in the North of Scotland. More than half the year our mountains are covered with continual snows, which prohibit the use of agriculture, or blast the expectations of an harvest. Yet the race of men which inhabit these dreary wilds are perhaps as deserving of the smiles of fortune as many of their happier neighbours. Accustomed to a life of toil and hardship, their bodies are braced by the incessant difficulties they have to encounter, and their minds remain untainted by the example of their more luxurious neighbours. Every man there is more or less acquainted with the history of his clan and the martial exploits which they have performed. In the winter season we sit around our fires, and commemorate the glorious actions of our ancestors ; the children catch the sound, and consider themselves as interested in supporting the honour of a nation which is yet unsullied in the annals of the world, and resolve to transmit it equally pure to their posterity. With these impressions, which were the earliest I can remember, you cannot wonder, gentlemen, that I should have imbibed a spirit of enterprise and a love of arms. My father was indeed poor, but he had been himself a soldier, and therefore did not so strenuously oppose my growing inclinations. He indeed set before me the little chance I should have of promotion, and the difficulties of my intended profession. But what were difficulties to a youth brought up to subsist upon a handful of meal, to drink the waters of the stream, and to sleep shrouded in his plaid, beneath the arch of an impending rock ! When my father saw that the determined bent of my temper was towards a military life, he thought it vain to oppose my inclinations. He even, perhaps, involuntarily cherished them, by explaining to me, during the long leisure of our dreary winter, some books which treated of military sciences and ancient history. From these I imbibed an early love of truth and honour, which I hope has not abandoned me since ; and which has, perhaps, prevented me from entirely sinking under my misfortunes.

"One night, in the autumn of the year, as we were seated

round the embers of our fire, we heard a knocking at the door. My father rose, and a man of a majestic presence came in, and requested permission to pass the night in our cottage. He told us he was an English officer, who had long been stationed in the Highlands, but now, upon the breaking out of war, he had been sent for in haste to London, whence he was to embark for America as soon as he could be joined by his regiment. This (said he) has been the reason of my travelling later than prudence permits, in a mountainous country with which I am imperfectly acquainted. I have unfortunately lost my way, and but for your kindness (added he, smiling), I must here begin my campaign, and pass the night upon a bed of heath amid the mountains. My father rose and received the officer with all the courtesy he was able; for in Scotland every man thinks himself honoured by being permitted to exercise his hospitality. He told him his accommodations were mean and poor, but what he had was heartily at his service. He then sent me to look after his visitor's horse, and set before him some milk and oaten bread, which were all the dainties we possessed. Our guest, however, seemed to feed upon it with an appetite as keen as if he had been educated in the Highlands; and what I could not help remarking with astonishment, although his air and manners proved that he could be no stranger to a more delicate way of living, not a single word fell from him that intimated he had ever been used to better fare. During the evening he entertained us with various accounts of the dangers he had already escaped and the service he had seen. He described the customs of the savage tribes he was going to encounter in America, and the nature of their warfare. All this so inflamed my military ardour, that I was no longer capable of repressing it. The stranger perceived it, and looking at me with an air of tenderness and compassion, asked if that young man was intended for the service. My colour rose, and my heart swelled at the question: the look and manner of our guest had strangely interested me in his favour, and the natural grace and simplicity with which he related his own exploits put me in mind of the great men of other times. Could I but march under the banners of such a leader, I thought, nothing would be too arduous to be achieved. I saw a long perspective before me, of combats, difficulties, and dangers; something, however, whispered to my mind that I should be successful in the end, and support

the reputation of our name and clan. Full of these ideas, I sprang forward at the question, and told the officer that the darling passion of my life would be to bear arms under a chief like him; and that if he would suffer me to enlist under his command, I should be ready to justify his kindness by patiently supporting every hardship, and facing every danger. 'Young man,' replied he, with a look of kind concern, 'there is not an officer in the army that would not be proud of such a recruit; but I should ill repay the hospitality I have received from your parents, if I suffered you to be deceived in your opinion of the military profession.' He then set before me, in the strongest language, all the hardships which would be my lot; the dangers of the field, the pestilence of camps, the slow consuming languor of hospitals, the insolence of command, the mortification of subordination, and the uncertainty that the exertions of even a long life would ever lead to the least promotion. 'All this,' replied I, 'I knew before; but I feel an irresistible impulse within me which compels me to the field. If you, sir, refuse me, I will, however, enlist with the first officer that will accept me; for I will no longer wear out life amid the solitude of these mountains, without even a chance of distinguishing my name.'

"The officer then desisted from his opposition, and turning to my parents, asked them if it was with their consent that I was going to enlist. My mother burst into tears, and my sisters hung about me weeping. My father replied, with a deep sigh, 'I have long experienced that it is in vain to oppose the decrees of Providence. If, therefore, sir, you do not despise his youth and mien, take him with you, and let him have the advantage of your example. I have been a soldier myself, and I can assure you, with truth, that I have never seen an officer under whom I would more gladly march than yourself.' Our guest made a polite reply to my father, and instantly agreed to receive me. He then pulled out a purse, and offering it to my father, said, 'The common price of a recruit is now five guineas, but so well am I satisfied with the appearance of your son and the confidence you repose in me, that I must insist upon your accepting what is contained in this purse: you will dispose of it as you please, for your mutual advantage. Before I depart to-morrow, I will give him such directions as may enable him to join the regiment, which is now preparing to march.' He

then requested that he might retire to rest, and my father would have resigned the only bed he had in the house to his guest ; but he absolutely refused, and said, ‘ Would you shame me in the eyes of my new recruit ? What is a soldier good for that cannot sleep without a bed ? The time will soon arrive when I shall think a comfortable roof and a little straw an enviable luxury.’ I, therefore, raised him as convenient a couch as I was able to make with heath and straw ; and wrapping himself in his riding-coat, he threw himself down upon it and slept till morning. With the first dawn of day he arose and departed, having first given me the directions which were necessary to enable me to join the regiment ; but before he went, my father, who was equally charmed with his generosity and manners, pressed him to take back part of the money he had given us. This, however, he absolutely refused, and left us full of esteem and admiration.

“ I will not, gentlemen, repeat the affecting scene I had to undergo in taking leave of my family and friends. I will not trespass upon your time to describe the various emotions which I felt at the crowd of new sensations which entered my mind on our march. I arrived without any accident at London, the splendid capital of this kingdom, and thence soon embarked, and arrived without any other accident than a horrible sickness, at the place of our destination in America. Here I joined my gallant officer, Colonel Simmons, who had performed the voyage in another ship.” Miss Simmons, who was present at this narration, seemed to be much interested at this mention of her own name ; she, however, did not express her feelings, and the stranger proceeded with his story. “ This gentleman was, with justice, the most beloved, and the most deserving to be so, of any officer I have ever known. Inflexible in everything that concerned the honour of the service, he never pardoned wilful misbehaviour, because he knew that it was incompatible with military discipline ; yet, when obliged to punish, he did it with such reluctance that he seemed to suffer almost as much as the criminal. But if his reason imposed this necessary severity, his heart had taught him another lesson in respect to the private distresses of his men. He visited them in their sickness, relieved their miseries, and was a niggard of nothing but human blood. But I ought to correct

myself in that expression, for he was rashly lavish of his own, and to that we owe his untimely loss.

"I had not been long in America before the colonel, who was perfectly acquainted with the language and manners of the savage tribes that border upon the British colonies, was sent on an embassy to one of their nations for the purpose of soliciting their alliance with Britain. It may, perhaps, be not uninteresting to you, gentlemen, and to this my honourable little master, to hear some account of a people whose manners and customs are so much the reverse of what you see at home. As my worthy officer, therefore, contented with my assiduity and improvement in military knowledge, permitted me to have the honour of attending him, I will describe some of the most curious facts which I was witness to.

"You have, doubtless, heard many accounts of the surprising increase of the English colonies in America; and when we reflect that it is scarcely a hundred years since some of them were established, it must be confessed that they have made rapid improvements in clearing the ground of woods, and bringing it to cultivation. Yet, much as they have already done, the country is still an immense forest, except immediately upon the coast. These forests abound in every species of tree which you see in England, to which may be added many more which are unknown among us. Under their shade is generally found a rich luxuriant herbage, which serves for pasture to a thousand herds of animals. Here are seen elks, a kind of deer of the largest size, and buffaloes, a species of wild ox, by thousands; and even horses, which, having been originally brought over by the Spaniards, have escaped from their settlements and multiplied in the woods."

"Dear," said Tommy, "that must be a fine country indeed, where horses run wild: why, a man might have one for nothing!" "And yet," said Mr. Merton, "it would be of little use to a person to have a wild horse who is not able to manage a tame one."

Tommy made no answer to his father, and the man proceeded: "But the greatest curiosity of all this country is, in my opinion, the various tribes or nations which inhabit it. Bred up from their infancy to a life of equal hardiness with the wild animals, they are almost as robust in their constitu-

tions. These tribes inhabit little villages, and seek the greater part of their subsistence from the chase. In their persons they are rather tall and slender, and their skin is the colour of copper. Accustomed to roam about the woods and brave the attacks of their enemies, they acquire a degree of courage and fortitude which can scarcely be conceived. It is nothing to them to pass whole days without a morsel of food, to lie whole nights upon the bare damp ground, and to swim the widest rivers in the depth of winter. When they are at peace, they exercise the virtue of hospitality to a degree that might shame more polished nations: if a stranger arrives at any of their towns, he enters into the first habitation he pleases, and is sure to be entertained with all the family possess. In this manner he might journey from one end of the continent to the other, and always find a friendly reception.

“But if their manners are gentle in peace, they are more dreadful when provoked than all the wild animals of the forest. Bred up from infancy to suffer no restraint, and to give an unbounded loose to all their passions, they know not what it is to forgive an injury. Wounds, and pain, and death they despise as often as the interest of their country is concerned; but the same attachment renders them implacable and unforgiving to all their enemies: in short, they seem to have all the virtues and the vices of the ancient Spartans.

“To one of these tribes, called the Ottigamies, was Colonel Simmons sent ambassador, accompanied by a few more officers and some private men, among whom I had the honour to be included. We pursued our march for several days through forests which seemed to be as ancient as the world itself. Sometimes we were shrouded in such obscurity that we could scarcely see the light of heaven; sometimes we emerged into spacious meadows bare of trees and covered with the most luxuriant herbage, on which were feeding immense herds of buffaloes. At length we came to a wide and rapid river, and upon its banks we found a party of friendly Indians, with some of whom we embarked, upon boats made of the bark of trees, to proceed to the country of the Ottigamies.

“After three days’ incessant rowing, we entered a spacious lake, upon the banks of which were encamped a considerable part of the nation we sought. As we approached the shore, they saluted us with a volley of balls from their muskets,

which whistled just above our heads, without producing mischief. I and several of the soldiers instantly seized our arms, imagining it to be a hostile attack; but our leader quieted our apprehensions by informing us that this was only a friendly salute, with which a nation of warriors received and welcomed their allies. We landed, and were conducted to the assembly of the chiefs, who were sitting upon the ground, with their arms beside them; but there was in their countenances and eyes an expression of ferocious grandeur which would have daunted the boldest European.

“As soon as our leader entered the circle he produced the calumet, or pipe of peace. This is the universal mark of friendship and alliance among all the barbarous nations of America, and he that bears it is considered with so much respect that his person is always safe. The calumet is nothing but a long and slender pipe, ornamented with the most beautiful feathers, which are ingeniously fixed along the tube; the bowl is composed of a peculiar kind of reddish marble, and filled with scented herbs and tobacco. Colonel Simmons lighted his pipe with great solemnity, and turning the bowl first towards the heavens, then to the earth, then in a circle round him, he began to smoke. In the meantime, the whole assembly sat with mute attention, waiting to hear his proposals; for though we call them savages, yet in some respects they well deserve to be imitated by more refined nations, and whoever rises to speak is sure of being patiently heard to the end, without the least interruption. Our leader then began to harangue them in their own language, with which he was well acquainted. I did not understand what passed, but it was afterwards explained to me that he set before their eyes the injuries they had mutually received from the French and the tribes in their alliance. He told them their great father, for so these people call the king of Britain, had taken up the hatchet of war, and was sending an innumerable band of warriors to punish the insults of his enemies. He told them that he had ordered him to visit the Ottigamies, his dutiful children, and smoke with them the pipe of peace. He invited their young men to join the warriors that came from beyond the ocean, and who were marching to bury the bones of their brethren, who had been killed by their mutual foes. When he had concluded, he flung upon the ground a curious string of

shells, which is called the belt of wampum. This is a necessary circumstance in all the treaties made with these tribes. Whoever comes as an ambassador, brings one with him to present to the people whose friendship is solicited, and if the belt is accepted, the proposed alliance is considered as entered into. As soon as our leader had finished, a gigantic chief jumped into the middle of the assembly, and taking up the belt, cried out: 'Let us march, my brethren, with the young men of our great father. Let us dig up the hatchet of war, and revenge the bones of our countrymen: they lie unburied, and cry to us for vengeance. We will not be deaf to their cries: we will drink the blood of our enemies, and spread a feast of carnage for the fowls of the air and the wild beasts of the forest.' This resolution was universally approved by the whole nation, who consented to the war with a ferocious joy. The assembly was then dissolved, and the chiefs prepared for their intended march, according to the manners of their country.

"All these savage tribes are accustomed to very little clothing. Inured to the inclemencies of the weather, and being in the constant exercise of all their limbs, they cannot bear the restraint and confinement of a European dress. The greater part of their bodies, therefore, is naked: and this they paint in various fashions, to give additional terror to their looks. When the chiefs were thus prepared, they came from their tents; and the last solemnity I was witness to was dancing the dance of war, and singing the song of death. Every man was armed with a kind of hatchet, which is their usual weapon in battle, and called a tomahawk. This he held in his hand, and brandished through the whole of the dreadful spectacle. As they went on, their faces kindled into an expression of anger which would have daunted the boldest spectator. Their gestures seemed to be inspired by frantic rage and animosity. They seemed to be engaged in close or distant battle, and brandished their weapons with so much fury that you would have imagined they were going every instant to hew each other to pieces; nor would it have been possible, even for the performers themselves of this terrific dance, to have avoided mutual wounds and slaughter, had they not been endued with that extraordinary activity which is peculiar to savage nations. By intervals they increased the horrid solemnity of the exhibition by uttering yells that would have pierced a European

ear with horror. I have seen rage and fury under various forms and in different parts of the globe, but I must confess that everything I have seen elsewhere is feeble and contemptible when compared with this day's spectacle.

"When the whole was finished, they entertained us at a public festival in their cabins; and when we departed, prayed that the Great Spirit would favour us with a prosperous voyage; that he would give us an unclouded sky and smooth waters by day, and that we might lie down at night on a beaver blanket, enjoying uninterrupted sleep and pleasant dreams; and that we might find continual protection under the great pipe of peace.—I have been thus particular," said the Highlander, "in describing the circumstances of this embassy, because I thought that this description of a people so totally unlike all you have been accustomed to in Europe, might not prove entirely uninteresting."

"We are much obliged to you," said Mr. Barlow, "for all these curious particulars, which are perfectly conformable to all I have heard and read upon the subject. Nor can I consider, without a certain degree of admiration, the savage grandeur of man in his most simple state. The passion for revenge, which marks the character of all uncivilised nations, is certainly to be condemned. But it is one of the constant prejudices of their education; and many of those who call themselves refined, have more to blush for in that respect than they are aware of."

"I will not fatigue you," continued the Highlander, "with a recital of the progress of the war. The description of blood and carnage is always painful to a humane mind; and though the perversity of mankind may sometimes render war a necessary evil, the remembrance of its mischiefs is always painful. I will only mention one event, continually lamented in the annals of this country, because it is connected with the untimely fate of my noble friend and gallant leader.

"It was determined by those who governed, that we should march through the woods upon a distant expedition against the French. The conduct of this enterprise was given to a brave but rash commander, totally unacquainted with the people he had to oppose, and unskilled in the nature of a savage war. We began our march through the same trackless wilds I have described. We proceeded for several days, with-

out any other difficulties than the nature of the country itself produced, and without seeing the face of an enemy. It was in vain that officers of the greatest experience, and particularly my worthy colonel, suggested to our commander the necessity of using every precaution against a dangerous and insidious foe. War, amid the forests of America, is a continual scene of stratagems and surprise. Unincumbered with tents, or baggage, or artillery, the hostile warriors set out in small and chosen parties, with nothing but their arms, and are continually upon the watch to deceive their enemies. When they are near their enemies, they frequently lurk all day in thickets, for fear of a discovery, and pursue their march by night. Hundreds of them sometimes pursue their course in the same line, treading only in each other's steps, and the last of the party carefully covers over the impressions which his fellows have made. All this our colonel represented to the general, and conjured him with the strongest entreaties not to hazard the safety of our army by an incautious progress. He advised him to send out numerous detachments, to beat the bushes and examine the woods; and offered himself to secure the march of the army. But presumption is always blind; our general was unacquainted with any other than European warfare, and could not conceive that naked savages would dare to attack an army of two thousand disciplined troops.

"One morning, the way before us appeared more intricate and obscure than usual. At length we entered a gloomy valley, surrounded on every side by the thickest shade, and rendered swampy by the overflowings of a little rivulet. In this situation it was impossible to continue our march without disordering our ranks; and part of the army extended itself beyond the rest, while another part of the line involuntarily fell behind. In the moment while the officers were employed in rectifying the disorder of their men, a sudden noise of musketry was heard in front, which stretched about twenty of our men upon the field. The soldiers instinctively fired towards the part whence they were attacked, and fell back into disorder. But it was equally vain to retreat or go forward, for it now appeared that we were completely hemmed in. On every side resounded the fatal peals of scattering fire that thinned our ranks and extended our bravest comrades on the earth. After a few unavailing discharges, which gave no annoyance

to a secret enemy, that scattered death unseen, the ranks were broken, and all subordination lost.

“The ground was covered with gasping wretches, and stained with blood; the woods resounded with cries, and groans, and fruitless attempts of our gallant officers to rally their men, and check the progress of the enemy. By intervals was heard, more shrill, more dreadful than all the rest, the dismal yell of the victorious savages, who now, emboldened by their success, began to leave their covert, and hew down those who fled with unrelenting cruelty. As to myself, the description which our colonel had given me of their method of attack, and the precautions to be used against it, rendered me perhaps less disturbed than I otherwise should have been. I remarked that those who stood and those who fled were exposed to equal danger; those who endeavoured to repel the enemy were successively shot down, while those who fled frequently rushed headlong upon the very death they sought to avoid. Pierced to the heart at the sight of such a carnage, I grew indifferent to life, and abandoned myself to despair; but it was a despair which neither impaired my exertions, nor robbed me of the faculties of my mind. ‘Imitate me,’ I cried, ‘my gallant countrymen, and we shall yet be safe.’ I then directly ran to the nearest tree, and sheltered myself behind its stem; convinced that this precaution alone could secure me from the incessant volleys on every side. A small number of Highlanders followed my example; and thus secured, we began to fire with more success on the enemy, who now exposed themselves with less reserve. But it was now too late to hope for victory, or even safety; the ranks were broken on every side, the greater part of our officers slain or wounded, and our unfortunate general himself had expiated with his life his fatal rashness.

“I cast my eyes around, and saw nothing but death, and horror, and frantic rage. Yet even then the safety of my noble colonel was dearer to me than my own. I sought him for some time in vain. At length I discovered him at a distance, almost deserted by his men, yet still attempting to renew the fight, and heedless of the wounds which covered him. Transported with grief and passion, I immediately darted forward to offer him my feeble support: but in the very instant of my arrival, he received a ball in his bosom,

and supported his fainting limbs against a tree. Just in that moment, three of our savage enemies darted upon him with the speed and fierceness of wolves. Fury then took possession of my soul; and had I possessed a thousand lives, I should have held them cheap in the balance. I fired with so unerring an aim, that I stretched the foremost on the earth; the second received the point of my bayonet in his breast, and fell in the pangs of death; the third, daunted by the fate of his companions, turned his steps another way. Just then a horse, that had lost his rider, was galloping along the wood; I bounded across the path, and seizing him by the bridle, led him to my colonel, and conjured him to preserve his glorious life. He thanked me in the most affectionate manner for my friendship, bidding me preserve my own. 'As to myself,' said he, 'I do not wish to survive my country's dishonour, and even had I such a wish, the wounds I have received would render escape impossible.' 'If that is your resolution,' said I, 'we will die together, for never will I leave you.'

"When he saw me thus resolved, he consented to use my assistance, and with infinite difficulty I seated him upon the horse, which I guided along the wood with considerable speed. Fortunately for me, we were not observed by any of our savage enemies; so that, flying through the thickest part of the forest, we left the danger behind, and were soon removed beyond the sight or hearing of the battle. 'Courage,' said I, 'my noble leader! you are now almost in safety; and I trust you will yet preserve a life so necessary to your friends and country.' He answered me with a feeble voice: 'Campbell, I have consented to fly, more for the sake of preserving your life than from any hopes of my own. I faint from loss of blood.' He sank down, and would have fallen, but I received him in my arms, bore him to the next thicket, and strewing grass and leaves upon the ground, endeavoured to prepare him a bed. He thanked me again with gratitude and tenderness, and grasped my hand as he lay in the very agonies of death; for such it was, although I believed he had only fainted, and long tried every method to restore departed life. Thus was I deprived of the noblest officer and kindest friend that ever deserved the attachment of a soldier: twenty years have now rolled over me since that inauspicious day: yet it lives in my remembrance, and never will be blotted from my soul."

The Highlander then turned away to hide a tear, and the company seemed all to share his grief, but Miss Simmons above the rest; however, as the natural gentleness of her temper was sufficiently known, no one suspected that she had any particular interest in the relation.

“I sat till night,” continued the stranger, “supporting the body of my colonel, and vainly hoping he might return to life.

At length my own wounds grew stiff and painful, and exhausted nature required a supply of food. I therefore arose, and finding a spring that trickled down a hill at no great distance, I refreshed myself by a copious draught, and washed the blood from my wounds. I then crushed some leaves, and bound them on with bandages I tore from my linen. I also found a few wild fruits, with which I allayed the pains of hunger. I then returned to the thicket, and creeping into the thickest part, sank into a sleep as deep and profound as that of death itself.

“I awoke next morning with the first rays of the sun; and being more composed, I better understood the difficulties by which I was surrounded, and the uncertainty of my escape. I was in the midst of an immense forest, totally destitute of human assistance or support. I recollected, however, that the providence of Heaven was as capable of protecting me in the forests of America, as upon my native mountains, and I therefore determined to struggle with the difficulties which surrounded me till the last, and to meet my fortune like a man. Yet, as I still at intervals heard the dismal cries of the enemy, and saw their fires at a distance, I lay till night in the obscurity of my thicket. When all was dark and still, I ventured abroad, and laid in my scanty provision of fruits and herbs, and drank again at the spring. The pain of my wounds began now to abate, though I suffered extremely from the cold, as I did not dare to kindle a fire from the fear of discovering myself by its light. Three nights and days I led this solitary life, in continual dread of the parties which scoured the woods in pursuit of stragglers.

“At length, upon the fourth evening, I ventured out and pursued my march. I scarcely need describe the various difficulties and dangers to which I was exposed in such a journey; however, I still had with me my musket, and as my ammunition was not quite exhausted, I depended upon the woods

themselves to supply me with food. I travelled the greater part of the night, involving myself still deeper in these inextricable forests; for I was afraid to pursue the direction of our former march, as I imagined the savages were dispersed along the country in pursuit of the fugitives. I therefore took a direction, as nearly as I could judge, parallel to the English settlements, and inclining to the south. In this manner I forced my way along the woods during the night, and with the morning had reason to think that I had advanced a considerable distance. My wounds now began to pain me afresh from this exertion, and compelled me to allow myself some repose. I chose out the thickest covert I could find, and shrouding myself as well as I was able, was soon overpowered by sleep. I did not wake till the sun had gained the meridian, and, creeping from my retreat, beheld, with some degree of terror, an enormous rattle-snake that was coiled up full in my way, and seemed determined to oppose my passage. However, I soon destroyed my hissing foe, and taking courage for the first time to kindle a fire, I roasted him upon the embers, and made the most delicious meal I ever remember, upon his flesh."

"What!" exclaimed Tommy, "is it possible to eat snakes? I thought they had been all over poison."

"Master," replied the Highlander, "the want of food will reconcile us to many meats which we should scarcely think eatable. As to snakes, the poison of them is contained in the hollow of their teeth. When they bite, they instil their venom into the wound, which mixes with the blood, and destroys the sufferer. But if you cut off the head, the rest of the body is not only wholesome, but palatable, and I have known it eaten as a delicacy by many inhabitants of the colonies.—Thus refreshed, I pursued my march through the same thick, gloomy country, without meeting the least appearance of a human creature; and at night I cut with a hatchet that I had about me, some boughs, with which I erected a temporary shelter.

"The next day, as I was pursuing my march, I saw a deer bound by me, and upon its shoulders was fixed a fierce and destructive animal that resembles a tiger. This creature, which is about the size of a dog, ascends the trees, and hides himself among the branches, till a deer, or any other animal that he thinks he can master, passes within his reach. He then darts himself upon the neck of the unfortunate animal,

which he continues tearing with so much violence that he soon dispatches him. This was actually the case with the poor deer that passed me; for he had not run a hundred yards before he fell down in the agonies of death, and his destroyer began to regale himself upon the prey. This was a lucky opportunity of supplying myself with food for several days; I therefore ran towards the animal, and by a violent shout made him retire growling into the woods. I then kindled a fire with leaves and sticks, and cutting off a large slice of venison, refreshed myself for my journey. I then packed up as much of the most fleshy parts of the body as I could conveniently carry, and abandoned the rest to wild beasts.

“In this manner did I march for several days without wanting food, but seeing no probable end to my fatigues. At length I found a lofty mountain before me, which I determined to ascend, imagining that such an elevation might enable me to make some useful discoveries in respect to the nature of the country I had to traverse, and perhaps present me with some appearances of cultivation or inhabitants. I therefore climbed a rough and stony ascent of several miles, in which I was frequently obliged to clamber up pointed rocks, and work my way along the edge of dangerous precipices. I however arrived without accident at the top, which was entirely bare of trees, and, looking round me, beheld a wild and desert country. Far as my eye could reach, I discovered forests on every side but one. There the country seemed to be more open, though equally uncultivated; and I saw meadows and savannahs opening one beyond another, bounded at length by a spacious river, the end and beginning of which were equally concealed from my eye.

“I was now so weary of this solitary kind of life, that I began to consider the inhabitants themselves with less apprehension. I therefore reflected, that by directing my course to the river, and following the direction of its waters, I should have the greatest probability of meeting with some of those friendly natives who build their villages near lakes and streams, and choose their banks as a residence, when they are employed in hunting. I therefore descended the mountain, and entered the level district which I saw before me. I marched along an open country for several hours, covered over with a rank species of grass, and beheld numerous herds of

buffaloes grazing all around. It was here that an accident befell me, which I will relate for its singularity, both in respect to the dangers I incurred and my method of escape.

“As I was journeying on, I discovered a prodigious light, that seemed to efface the sun itself, and streak the skies with an angry kind of illumination. I looked round me to discover the cause of this strange appearance, and beheld, with equal horror and astonishment, that the whole country behind me was in flames. In order to explain this event, I must observe, that all the plains in America produce a rank, luxuriant vegetation, the juices of which are exhausted by the heat of the summer’s sun: it is then as inflammable as straw, and when a casual spark of fire communicates with it, the flame frequently drives before the wind for miles together, and consumes everything it meets. This was actually the case at present: far as my eye could reach, the country was in flames: a powerful wind added fresh fury to the fire, and drove it on with a degree of swiftness which precluded all possibility of flight. I was horrorstruck at the sudden approach of a death so new, so dreadful, so unexpected. I saw it was in vain to fly: the flaming line extended for several miles on every side, and advanced with such velocity that I considered my fate as inevitable. I looked round me with a kind of mute despair, and began to envy the fate of my comrades who had fallen by honourable wounds in battle. Already did the conflagration scorch me in its approach, accompanied by clouds of smoke that almost suffocated me with their baneful vapour. In this extremity, I considered that nothing could stop the conflagration but an actual want of matter to continue it; and therefore, by setting fire to the vegetables before me, I might follow my own path in safety. Experience the pleasure which the first glance of this expedient afforded to my mind. I instantly pulled out the flint and steel upon which my preservation was to depend. I struck a light, and kindled the driest grass before me: the conflagration spread along the country, the wind drove it on with inconceivable fury, and I saw the path of my deliverance open before my eyes. In a few seconds a considerable vacancy was burnt before me, which I traversed with the speed of a man that flies from instant death. My feet were scorched with the glowing soil; but every step I made convinced me of the certainty of my escape, and in a little time I stopped to con-

sider at leisure the conflagration I had avoided ; which, after proceeding to the point whence I set out, was extinguished, as I had foreseen, and delivered me from all apprehension."

"This," said Tommy, "is the most extraordinary thing I ever heard ; and yet I can easily conceive it, for I once saw some men set fire to the heath and furzes upon the common, and they burnt so furiously that I was quite afraid to come near the flame."

"I pursued my way," continued the Highlander, "over the smoking soil, which I had rendered bare to a considerable extent, and lodged at night, as usual, under some boughs which I stuck up for a defence. In the morning I set out again, and soon arrived at a spacious lake, upon the banks of which I could discern the signs of an American encampment. I hesitated some time whether I should again conceal myself in the woods, or deliver myself up to their mercy. But I considered that it was impossible long to continue this wandering life, and that in the end I must have recourse to some of these savage tribes for assistance. What therefore must be done at last, it was fruitless to delay. I had every reason to imagine that the people before me must either be favourable to Great Britain, or at least indifferent to the war ; and in either case, from the experience I possessed of the manners of the natives, I did not think I had much to fear. I therefore determined to hazard everything upon the probability of a favourable reception, and so marched boldly forward, and soon arrived at the encampment. As soon as I entered the village, the women and children gathered round me with the curiosity natural to mankind at the sight of an unusual object. I formed a favourable conjecture from this apparent ignorance of Europeans, and walking on with a composed step and steady countenance, I at length entered one of the largest cabins I could find. When I was within, I saw a venerable old man, whom I took to be a chief from his appearance, sitting at his ease upon the ground, and smoking. I saluted him with all the courtesy I was able, and placed myself upon the ground, at some little distance, waiting with inward anxiety, but external composure, for him to begin the conversation. After he had eyed me for some time with fixed attention, but without either sternness or anger, he calmly took the pipe from his mouth and presented it to me. I received it with infinite satisfaction ; for, as I have before

remarked, this is always with the American tribes the firmest pledge of peace and a friendly reception. When we had thus been seated for some time, in mutual contemplation of each other, he spoke to me in a dialect which I understood tolerably well, and invited me to eat. I did not think it prudent to refuse any offered civility, and therefore accepted the offer; and in a little time a young woman, who was in the back part of the hut, set before me some broiled fish and parched maize.

"After I had eaten, my friendly host inquired into my country, and the reasons of my visit. I was just enough acquainted with the language he spoke to be able to understand him, and to give an intelligible, though imperfect, answer. I therefore explained to him, as well as I was able, that I had crossed the great water with the warriors of the king of Britain; that we had been compelled to take up the hatchet against the French and their allies; and that we had been surprised by a lurking party in the woods; that in the confusion of the fight I had been separated from the rest, and had wandered several days through the woods in search of my comrades; and that now, seeing the tents of my brethren the red men, I had come to visit them, and smoke the pipe of peace in their company. All this, I explained to my entertainer, who listened with great attention, and then bade me welcome in the name of his nation, which he told me was called the Saukies: he added, that their young men were dispersed through the woods hunting the deer and buffalo; but they would soon return loaded with provisions, and in the meantime I might share his cabin and such provisions as he could command.

"I thanked him for his offer, and remained several days in his hut, always entertained with the same hospitality until the return of the young men from hunting. They came at last in several boats along the lake, bringing with them a considerable quantity of wild beasts which they had killed. I was received by all the tribe with the same hospitality I had experienced from the old chief; and as it was necessary to gain their friendship as much as possible, I joined them in all their hunting and fishing parties, and soon acquired a considerable degree of skill in both.

"Hunting itself has something cruel in the practice: it is a species of war which we wage with brute animals for their spoils; but if ever it can be considered excusable, it is in these savage

nations, who have recourse to it for their subsistence. Their hunting parties generally consist of almost all the youth of their nation, who go in a body to particular districts where they know game is plentiful. Their common method is, when they are arrived at a spot which abounds in deer or buffaloes, to disperse themselves through the woods; and then, alarming the beasts in the neighbourhood, they drive them with shouts and dogs towards some place, which is always in the middle of their parties. When they have thus roused their prey, the squadrons gradually advance towards the centre, till they unite in a circle, and enclose a prodigious number of frightened animals. They then attack them, either with fire-arms or arrows, and shoot them down successively. By these means they are sure, in a single day, to destroy a prodigious number of different beasts. But it sometimes happens, that while they are engaged in the chase of other animals, they become a prey themselves to their enemies: who take this method of surprising them in the woods, and gratifying their resentment. This was actually the case with my friends the Saukies, and produced a surprising event, the consequence of which was my return to the English colonies in safety.

“The Saukies had been long at war with the Iroquese, a powerful tribe of North Americans, in the interest of the French. The Iroquese had received intelligence of the situation of the Saukies’ encampment, and determined to surprise them. For this purpose a thousand warriors set out by a secret march through the woods, and travelled with the silence and celerity which are peculiar to all these nations. When they had nearly approached the hunting grounds of their enemies, they happened to be discovered upon their march by four warriors of another nation, who suspected their design, and running with greater diligence than it was possible so large a body could make, arrived at the encampment of the Saukies, and informed them of the near approach of their enemies. A great council was instantly assembled, to consult upon the choice of proper measures for their defence. As they were encumbered by their families, it was impracticable to retreat with safety, and it seemed equally difficult to resist so large a force with inferior numbers. While they were in this uncertainty I considered the nature of their situation, and had the good fortune to find out a resource, which was the means of their

safety. I observed that the passage to the Saukie camp, for the Iroquese, lay along a narrow slip of land, which extended for near a mile between two lakes. I therefore advised the Saukies to cast up a strong barrier at the end of the passage, which I showed them how to strengthen with ditches, palisades and some of the improvements of European fortifications. Their number of warriors amounted to about four hundred; these I divided into equal parts, and leaving one to defend the lines, I placed the other in ambuscade along the neighbouring woods.

“Scarcely were these dispositions finished, before the Iroquese appeared, and imagining they were rushing upon an unguarded foe, entered the defile without hesitation. As soon as the whole body was thus imprudently engaged, the other party of the Saukies started from their hiding places, and running to the entrance of the strait, threw up in an instant another fortification, and had the satisfaction to see the whole force of their enemies thus circumvented and caught in a trap. The Iroquese soon perceived the difficulty and danger of escape. They, however, behaved with that extraordinary composure which is the peculiar characteristic of this people on every occasion. The lakes were at that time frozen over, yet not so hard as to permit them to effect a passage over the ice; and though a thaw succeeded in a short time, it was equally impracticable to pass by swimming or on rafts. Three days, therefore, the Iroquese remained quiet in this disagreeable situation; and, as if they had nothing to apprehend, occupied themselves with fishing. On the fourth morning they judged the ice sufficiently dissolved to attempt their escape, and therefore cutting down some trees which grew upon the strait, they formed them into rafts and embarked their whole force. But this could not be done without the knowledge of the Saukies, who despatched a considerable body of warriors to oppose their landing. It is unnecessary to relate all the particulars of the battle which ensued; I will only mention that the Iroquese at length effected their landing with the loss of half their number, and retreated precipitately to their own country, leaving behind them all the furs and skins which they had taken in their hunting. The share I had had in this success gained me the friendship of all the nation, and at my desire they sent some of their young men to guide me through the woods to the

English settlements, and took their leave of me with every expression of esteem, and a present of valuable furs.

“These, gentlemen, are the most important and interesting of my adventures; and, as I have already trespassed too long upon your patience, I shall hasten to conclude my story. After this, I was employed in various parts of America and the West Indies, during the rest of the war. I suffered hardships and difficulties innumerable, and acquired, as my father had foretold, a little wisdom at the price of a considerable quantity of blood. When the war was ended, I found myself no richer than when I began, except by the present of my friendly Americans, which I had turned into money and remitted to England. I therefore now began to feel my military enthusiasm abated, and having permission to leave the service, I embraced that opportunity of returning to my country, determined to spend the remainder of my life amid my family and friends. I found my father and mother still living, who received me in the fondest manner. I then employed the little fund I had acquired to stock a farm, which I hired in the neighbourhood, and where I imagined my care and industry would be sufficient to insure us all a comfortable subsistence. Some little time after, I married a virtuous and industrious young woman, the mother of the unfortunate children who are so much indebted to your bounty. For some time I succeeded tolerably well: but, at length, the distresses of my country increasing, I found myself involved in the deepest poverty. Several years of uncommon severity destroyed my cattle, which is the chief support of the Highlanders, and rotted the scanty crops, that were to supply us with food. I cannot accuse myself of neglect of my business; but there are some situations in which it seems impossible for human exertion to stem the torrent of misfortune. But wherefore should I give pain to such kind and worthy benefactors, by a detail of all the miseries which I and many of my poor countrymen have endured? I will only mention, that after having suffered, I think, every distress which human nature is equal to support; after having seen my tender parents, and unfortunate wife, perish by the hardships of our situation, I took the resolution of for ever abandoning a country which seemed incapable of supporting its inhabitants. I thought that the milder climate and more fertile soil of America might perhaps enable a

wretched wanderer, who asked no more than food for his starving children, to drag on a little longer a miserable life. With this idea I sold the remainder of my stock, and, after having paid whatever was due to my landlord, I found I had just enough to transport myself and family into eternal banishment. I reached a sea-port town, and embarked with my children on board a ship that was setting sail for Philadelphia. But the same ill-fortune seemed still to accompany my steps; for a dreadful storm arose, which wrecked us at length upon the coast. All the crew, indeed, escaped, and with infinite difficulty I saved these dear but miserable infants, who now accompany me; but when I reflect upon my situation in a distant country, without resources, friends, or hopes, I am almost inclined to think that we might have been happier in the bosom of the ocean."

Here the Highlander finished his story, and all the company were affected with the recital of his distresses. They all endeavoured to comfort him with the kindest expressions and promises of assistance; but Miss Simmons, after she had with some difficulty composed herself enough to speak, asked the man if his name was not Andrew Campbell. The Highlander answered, with some surprise, it was. "Then," said she, "you will find that you have a friend, whom, as yet, you are not acquainted with, who has both the ability and the will to serve you. That friend," added she, seeing all the company were astonished, "is no other than my uncle. That Colonel Simmons, whom you have described with so much affection, was brother to my father, and consequently uncle to myself. It is no wonder that the memory of such a man should be venerated by all his relations. I have often heard my uncle speak of his untimely death as the greatest misfortune which ever happened to our family; and I have often seen him read, with tears in his eyes, many of his brother's letters, in which he speaks, with the greatest affection, of his faithful Highlander, Andrew Campbell."

At these words the poor Highlander sprang forward in a sudden transport of joy, and, without consideration, caught Miss Simmons in his arms, exclaiming at the same time, "Praised be God for this happy and unexpected meeting! Blessed be my shipwreck itself that has given me an opportunity of seeing before I die, some of the blood of my dear and worthy colonel!"

And perceiving Miss Simmons confused at this abrupt and unexpected salutation, he added, in the most respectful manner, "Pardon me, my honoured young lady, for the improper liberty I have taken; but I was not master of myself, to find, at a time when I thought myself the most forlorn and miserable of the human race, that I was in company with the nearest relation of the man who, after my own father, I have always loved and revered the most." Miss Simmons answered with the greatest affability, that she freely excused the warmth of his affection; and that she would that very day acquaint her uncle with this extraordinary event, who, she had no doubt, would come over with the greatest expedition to see a person whom he knew so well by name, and who could inform him of so many particulars respecting her uncle.

And now the company separating, Tommy, who had listened with silent attention to the story of the Highlander, took an opportunity of following Mr. Barlow, who was walking out, and when he perceived they were alone, he looked at him as if he had some weighty matter to disclose, but was unable to give it utterance. Mr. Barlow, therefore, turned towards him with the greatest kindness, and taking him tenderly by the hand, inquired what he wished. "Indeed, sir," answered Tommy, almost crying, "I am scarcely able to tell you. But I have been a very naughty and ungrateful boy, and I am afraid you no longer have the same affection for me."

Mr. Barlow. If you are sensible of your faults, my little friend, that is a very great step towards amending them. Let me, therefore, know what it is, the recollection of which distresses you so much; and if it is in my power to assist in making you easy, there is nothing, I am sure, which I shall be inclined to refuse you.

Tommy. Oh, sir! your speaking to me with so much goodness hurts me a great deal more than if you were to be very angry, because I know I have not deserved it.

Mr. Barlow. But if you are sensible of your faults, you may resolve to behave so well for the future, as to deserve everybody's friendship and esteem. Few people are so perfect as not to err sometimes; and if you are convinced of your errors, you will be more cautious how you give way to them a second time.

Tommy. Indeed, sir, I am very happy to hear you say so.

You must know then, sir, that although I have lived so long with you, and you have taken so much pains to improve me in everything, and teach me to act well to everybody, I had no sooner quitted your sight than I became, I think, a worse boy than ever I was before.

Mr. Barlow. But why do you judge so severely of yourself, as to think you were become worse than ever? Perhaps you have been a little thoughtless and giddy, and these are faults which I cannot with truth say you were ever free from.

Tommy. No, sir; what I have been guilty of is infinitely worse than that. I have always been very giddy and very thoughtless, but I never imagined I could have been the most insolent and ungrateful boy in the world.

Mr. Barlow. You frighten me, my little friend. Is it possible you can have committed actions that deserve so harsh a name?

Tommy. You must judge yourself, sir—for now I have begun, I am determined to tell you all. You know, sir, that when I first came to you, I had a high opinion of myself for being born a gentleman, and a very great contempt for everybody in an inferior station.

Mr. Barlow. I must confess you have always had some tendency to both those follies.

Tommy. Yes, sir; but you have so often laughed at me upon the subject, that I was grown a little wiser. Besides, I have so often observed that those I despised could do a variety of things which I was ignorant of, while those who are vain of being gentlemen can do nothing useful, that I had begun to be ashamed of my folly. But since I came home, I have kept company with a great many fine young gentlemen and ladies, who thought themselves superior to all the rest of the world, and used to despise every one else, and they have made me forget everything I learned before.

Mr. Barlow. Perhaps then these fine young gentlemen and ladies may be wiser, and have given you better lessons. If that is the case, you will have great reason to rejoice that you have changed so much for the better.

Tommy. No, sir, no; I never thought them either good or wise; for they know very little indeed of those things which you have taught me to consider most useful. But they persuaded me that it was necessary to be polite, and talked to me

so often upon the subject, that I could not help believing them.

Mr. Barlow. I am very glad to hear that ; as it is necessary for everybody to be polite. They therefore, I suppose, instructed you to be more obliging and civil in your manners than ever you were before. Instead of doing you any hurt, this will be the greatest improvement you can receive.

Tommy. No, sir, quite the contrary. Instead of teaching me to be civil and obliging, they have made me ruder and worse behaved than ever I was before.

Mr. Barlow. If that is the case, I fear these fine young gentlemen and ladies undertook to teach you more than they knew themselves.

Tommy. Indeed, sir, I am of the same opinion. But I did not think so then, and therefore I did as they did, and talked as I heard them talk. They used to be always laughing at Harry Sandford ; and I grew so foolish that I did not choose to keep company with him any longer.

Mr. Barlow. That was a pity, because I am convinced he really loves you. However, it is of no great consequence, for he has employment enough at home ; and I do not think that he will learn how to manage his land or raise food from your conversation. It will therefore be better for him to converse with farmers, and leave you to the society of gentlemen. Indeed this, I know, has always been his taste ; and had not your father pressed him very much to accompany you home, he would have liked much better to avoid the visit. However, I will inform him that you have gained other friends, and advise him, for the future, to avoid your company.

Tommy. Oh, sir ! I did not think you could be so cruel. I love Harry Sandford better than any other boy in the world, and I shall never be happy till he forgives me all my bad behaviour.

Mr. Barlow. But then perhaps you may lose the acquaintance of all those polite young gentlemen and ladies ?

Tommy. I care very little about that, sir. But I fear I have behaved so ill that he never will be able to love me as he did formerly.

Tommy then went on, and repeated with great exactness the story of his insolence and ingratitude, which had so great an effect upon him that he burst into tears and cried for a con-

siderable time. He then concluded with asking Mr. Barlow if he thought Harry would be ever able to forgive him.

Mr. Barlow. I cannot conceal from you, Tommy, that you have acted very ill indeed in this affair. However, if you are really ashamed of your past conduct, I do not doubt but so generous and good-natured a boy as Harry is, will forgive you all.

Tommy. Oh, sir! I should be the happiest creature in the world. Will you be so kind as to bring him here to-day, and you shall see how I will behave!

Mr. Barlow. Softly, Tommy, softly. What is Harry to come here for? Have not you insulted and abused him without reason, and at last proceeded so far as to strike him, only because he was giving you the best advice and trying to preserve you from danger? Can you imagine that any human being will come to you in return for such treatment, or at least till you have convinced him that you are ashamed of your passion and injustice, and that he may expect better usage for the future?

Tommy. What then must I do, sir?

Mr. Barlow. If you wish for a reconciliation with Harry Sandford, it is your duty to go to him and tell him so.

Tommy. What, sir? go to a farmer's to expose myself before all his family?

Mr. Barlow. Just now you told me you were ready to do everything, and yet you cannot take the trouble of visiting your friend at his own house. You then imagine that a person does not expose himself by acting wrong, but by acknowledging and amending his faults?

Tommy. But what would everybody say, if a young gentleman like me were to go and beg pardon of a farmer's son.

Mr. Barlow. They will probably say, that you have more sense and gratitude than they expected. However, with the sentiments you still seem to entertain, Harry will certainly be a very unfit companion, and you will do much better to cultivate the new acquaintance you have made.

Mr. Barlow was then going away, but Tommy burst again into tears, and begged him not to go; upon which Mr. Barlow said, "I do not want to leave you, Tommy, but our conversation is now at an end. You have asked my advice, which I have given you freely. I have told you how you ought to act,

if you would preserve the esteem of any good or sensible friend. But as you do not approve of what I have suggested, you must follow your own opinions."

"Pray, sir, pray, sir," said Tommy, sobbing, "do not go. I have used Harry Sandford in the most barbarous manner, my father is angry with me, and if you desert me I shall have no friend left in the world.

Mr. Barlow. That will be your own fault, and therefore you will not deserve to be pitied. Is it not in your own power to preserve all your friends, by an honest confession of your faults? Your father will be pleased, Harry Sandford will heartily forgive you, and I shall retain the same good opinion of your character which I have long had.

Tommy. And is it really possible, sir, that you should have a good opinion of me after all I have told you about myself?

Mr. Barlow. I have always thought you vain and careless; but at the same time I imagined you had both good sense and generosity in your character: I depended upon the first to make you see your faults, and upon the second to correct them.

Tommy. Dear sir, I am very much obliged to you; but you have always been extremely kind and friendly to me.

Mr. Barlow. And, therefore, I told your father yesterday, who is very much hurt at your quarrel with Harry, that though a sudden passion might have transported you too far, yet, when you came to consider the matter coolly, you would perceive your faults and acknowledge them; were you not to behave in this manner, I owned I could say nothing in your favour. And I was very much confirmed in this opinion when I saw the courage you exerted in the rescue of Harry's lamb, and the compassion you felt for the poor Highlander. A boy (said I) who has so many good intentions can never persist in bad behaviour. He may do wrong, but he will be ashamed of his errors, and endeavour to repair them by a frank and generous acknowledgment. This has always been the conduct of really great and elevated minds; while mean and grovelling ones alone imagine that it is necessary to persist in faults they have once committed.

Tommy. Oh, sir! I will go directly, and entreat Harry to forgive me: I am convinced that all you say is right. But will you not go with me? Do, pray, sir, be so good.

Mr. Barlow. Gently, gently, master Tommy, you are always for doing everything in an instant. I am very glad you have taken a resolution which will do you so much credit, and give so much satisfaction to your own mind: but before you execute it, I think it will be necessary to speak to your father and mother upon the subject, and in the meantime I will go and pay a visit to Farmer Sandford, and bring you an account of Harry.

Tommy. Do, sir, be so good; and tell Harry, if you please, there is nothing I desire so much as to see him, and that nothing shall ever make me behave ill again. I have heard too, sir, that there was a poor black who came begging to us, who saved Harry from the bull; if I could but find him out, I would be good to him as long as I live.

Mr. Barlow commended Tommy for his grateful inclinations, and taking leave of him went to communicate the conversation he had just had to Mr. Merton. That gentleman felt the sincerest pleasure at the account, and entreated Mr. Barlow to go directly to prepare Harry to receive his son. "That little boy," added he, "has the noblest mind that ever adorned a human being. Nor shall I be happy till I see my son acknowledging his faults, and entreating his forgiveness; for with the virtues that I have discovered in his soul, he appears to me a more eligible friend and companion than noblemen or princes."

Mr. Barlow, therefore, set out on foot, though Mr. Merton would have sent his carriage and servants to attend him, and soon arrived at Mr. Sandford's farm. It was a pleasant spot, situated upon the gentle declivity of a hill, at the foot of which wound along a swift and clear little stream. The house itself was small, but warm and convenient, furnished with the greatest simplicity and managed with perfect neatness. As Mr. Barlow approached, he saw the owner himself guiding a plough through one of his own fields, and Harry, who had now resumed the farmer, directing the horses. But when he saw Mr. Barlow coming across the field, he stopped his team, and letting fall his whip, sprang forward to meet him with all the unaffected eagerness of joy. As soon as Harry had saluted Mr. Barlow, and inquired after his health, he asked him with the greatest kindness after Tommy; "for I fancy, sir," said he, "by the direction in which you have come, that you have been at Mr. Merton's house." "Indeed I have," replied Mr.

Barlow ; "but I am very sorry to find that Tommy and you are not upon such good terms as you formerly were."

Harry. Indeed, sir, I am very sorry for it myself. But I do not know that I have given Master Merton any offence, and though I do not think he has treated me as well as he ought to do, I have the greatest desire to hear that he is well.

Mr. Barlow. That you might have known yourself, had you not left Mr. Merton's house so suddenly without taking leave of even your friend Mr. Merton, who has always treated you with so much kindness.

Harry. Indeed, sir, I shall be very unhappy if you think I have done wrong ; but be so good as to tell me how I could have acted otherwise. I am very sorry to appear to accuse Master Merton, neither do I bear any resentment against him for what he has done ; but since you speak to me upon the subject, I shall be obliged to tell the truth.

Mr. Barlow. Well, Harry, let me hear it. You know I shall be the last person to condemn you, if you do not deserve it.

Harry. I know your constant kindness to me, sir, and I always rely upon it ; however, I am not sensible now that I am in fault. You know, sir, that it was with great unwillingness I went to Mr. Merton's, for I thought there would be fine gentlemen and ladies there, who would ridicule my dress and manners ; and though Master Merton has been always very friendly in his behaviour towards me, I could not help thinking that he might grow ashamed of my company at his own house.

Mr. Barlow. Do you wonder at that, Harry, considering the difference there is in your rank and fortune ?

Harry. No, sir, I cannot say I do ; for I generally observe that those who are rich will scarcely treat the poor with common civility. But, in this particular case, I did not see any reason for it. I never expected Master Merton to admit me to his company or invite me to his house, because I knew that I was born and bred in a very inferior station. You were so good as to take me to your house, and if I was then much in his company, it was because he seemed to desire it himself, and I always endeavoured to treat him with respect.

Mr. Barlow. That, indeed, is true, Harry : in all your little plays and studies I have never observed anything but the greatest mildness and good-nature on your part.

Harry. I hope, sir, it has never been otherwise. But though I have the greatest affection for Master Merton, I never desire to go home with him. What sort of a figure could a poor boy like me make among the little masters and misses that visit at Mr. Merton's? If I attempted to speak, I was always laughed at; or if I did anything, I was sure to hear something about clowns and rustics! And yet, I think, though they were all gentlemen and ladies, you would not much have approved of their conversation, for it was about nothing but plays, and dress, and trifles of that nature. I never heard one of them mention a single word about being dutiful to their parents, or doing any good to the poor.

Mr. Barlow. Well, Harry, but if you did not like their conversation, you surely might have borne it with patience for a little while. And, then, I heard something about your being quarrelsome.

Harry. Oh, sir! I hope not. I was, to be sure, once a little passionate; but that I could not help, and I hope you will forgive me. There was a modest, sensible young lady, who was the only person that treated me with any kindness; and a bold ill-natured boy affronted her in the grossest manner, only because she took notice of me. Could I help taking her part? Have you not told me too, sir, that every person, though he should avoid quarrels, has a right to defend himself when he is attacked?

Mr. Barlow. Well, Harry, I do not much blame you, from the circumstances I have heard of that affair. But why did you leave without speaking to anybody, or thanking Mr. Merton himself for the kindness he had shown you? Was that right?

Harry. Oh, dear sir, I have cried about it several times, for I think I must appear very rude and ungrateful to Mr. Merton. But as to Master Tommy, I did not leave him while I thought I could be of any use. He treated me, I must say, in a very unworthy manner; he joined with all the other fine little gentlemen in abusing me, only because I endeavoured to persuade them not to go to a bull-baiting; and then at last he struck me. I did not strike him again, because I loved him so much, in spite of all his unkindness; nor did I leave him till I saw he was quite safe in the hands of his own servants. And then, how could I go back to his house after what he had done

to me? I did not choose to complain of him to Mr. Merton; and how could I behave to him as I had done before, without being guilty of meanness and falsehood? And therefore I thought it better to go home, and desire you to speak to Mr. Merton, and entreat him to forgive my rudeness.

Mr. Barlow. Well, Harry, I can inform you that Mr. Merton is perfectly satisfied upon that account. But there is one circumstance you have not yet mentioned, my little friend, and that is how you saved Tommy's life from the fury of the enraged bull.

Harry. As to that, sir, I hope I should have done the same for any human creature. But I believe that neither of us would have escaped if it had not been for the poor courageous black, who came to our assistance.

Mr. Barlow. I see, Harry, that you are a boy of a noble and generous spirit, and I highly approve of everything you have done; but are you determined to forsake Tommy Merton for ever because he has once behaved ill?

Harry. I, sir! no, I am sure. But, though I am poor, I do not desire the acquaintance of anybody who despises me. Let him keep company with his gentlemen and ladies, I am satisfied with companions in my own station. But surely, sir, it is not I that forsake him, but he that has cast me off.

Mr. Barlow. But if he is sorry for what he has done, and only desires to obtain your forgiveness?

Harry. Oh, dear, sir! I should forget everything in an instant. I knew Master Tommy was always a little passionate and headstrong; but he is at the same time generous and good-natured; nor would he, I am sure, have treated me so ill if he had not been encouraged to it by the other young gentlemen.

Mr. Barlow. Well, Harry, I believe your friend is thoroughly sensible of his faults, and that you will have little to fear for the future. He is impatient till he sees you, and asks your pardon.

Harry. Oh, sir, I should forgive him if he had beaten me a hundred times. But though I cannot leave the horses now, if you will be so kind as to wait a little, I dare say my father will let me go when he leaves off ploughing.

Mr. Barlow. No, Harry, there is no occasion for that, Tommy has indeed used you ill, and ought to acknowledge it, otherwise he will not deserve to be trusted again. He will call

upon you and tell you all he feels. In the meantime I was desired both by him and Mr. Merton, to inquire after the poor negro who served you so materially, and saved you from the bull.

Harry. He is at our house, sir, for I invited him home with me ; and when my father heard how well he had behaved, he made him up a little bed over the stable, and gives him victuals every day ; and the poor man seems very thankful and industrious, and says he would gladly do any kind of work to earn his subsistence.

Mr. Barlow then took leave of Harry, and after having spoken to his father, returned to Mr. Merton. During his absence, Mr. Simmons had arrived there to fetch away his niece ; but when he had heard the story of the Highlander, he perfectly recollected his name and character, and was touched with the sincerest compassion for his sufferings. Upon conversing with the poor man, he found that he was extremely well acquainted with agriculture, as well as truly industrious, and therefore instantly proposed to settle him in a small farm of his own which happened to be vacant. The poor man received this unexpected change in his fortune with tears of joy and every mark of unaffected gratitude ; and Mr. Merton, who never wanted generosity, insisted upon having a share in his establishment. He proposed to supply him with the necessary instruments of agriculture, and a couple of horses, to begin the culture of his land. Just at that moment, Mr. Barlow entered, and he also begged permission to share in so benevolent an action. "I have an excellent milch cow," said he, "which I can very well spare, the milk of which will speedily recruit the strength of these poor children ; and I have half a dozen ewes and a ram, which I hope, under Mr. Campbell's management, will soon increase to a numerous flock."

The poor Highlander seemed almost frantic with such a profusion of unexpected blessings, and said that he wished nothing more than to pass the remainder of his days in such a generous nation, and to be enabled to show, at least, the gratitude which such undeserved generosity had excited.

At night, Mr. Merton, who was desirous, by every method, to support the good impressions which had now been made upon Tommy's mind, proposed that Miss Simmons should favour them with the conclusion of the story which she had begun the

night before. That young lady instantly complied, and read them

THE CONCLUSION OF THE STORY OF SOPHRON AND
TIGRANES.

The venerable Chares continued his narration thus: "I passed several months among the Arabians, delighted with the simplicity of their life and the innocence of their manners; and would to Heaven," added he with a sigh, "that I had never quitted the silence of their hospitable deserts! How many scenes should I have avoided which fill these aged eyes with tears, and pierce my soul with horror as often as I recollect them! I should not have been witness to such a waste of human blood, nor traced the gradual ruin of my country. I should not have seen our towns involved in flames, nor our helpless children the captives of barbarians. But it is vain for human beings to repine at the just decrees of Providence, which have consigned every people to misery and servitude who abandon virtue and attach themselves to the pursuit of pleasure.

"I left Arabia with a heart penetrated with gratitude and admiration for its virtuous and benevolent inhabitants. They dismissed me with every mark of kindness and hospitality, guided me over their dreary deserts, and at parting presented me with one of those beautiful horses which are the admiration of all the surrounding nations. I will not trouble you with an account of the different countries over which I wandered in search of wisdom and experience. At length I returned to my native city, determined to pass the rest of my life in obscurity and retirement; for the result of all my observations was, that he is happiest who passes his time in innocent employments and the observation of nature. I had seen the princes and nobles of the earth repining in the midst of their splendid enjoyments. I had visited many of the principal cities of the world; but I had uniformly observed, that the miseries and crimes of mankind increased with their numbers. I therefore determined to avoid the general contagion, by fixing my abode in some sequestered spot at a distance from the passions and pursuits of my fellow-creatures. I collected the remainder of my effects, and with them purchased a little farm and vineyard in a beautiful and solitary spot near the sea. Soon afterwards I married a virtuous young woman, and in her society

enjoyed for several years as great a degree of tranquillity as generally falls to the lot of man. I did not disdain to labour in my fields with my own hands; for I thought man was dishonoured by that indolence which renders him a burden to his fellow-creatures, not by that industry which is necessary to the support of his species. I therefore sometimes guided the plough, and sometimes laboured in a little garden which supplied us with excellent fruits and herbs. I tended the cattle, whose patient labour enabled us to subdue the soil, and considered myself as only repaying part of the obligations I had received. My wife, too, exercised herself in domestic cares: she milked the sheep and goats, and prepared the food of the family. Amid my other employments, I did not entirely forget the study of philosophy, which had charmed me so much in my early youth. I used to walk amid the coolness and stillness of the evening, feeding my mind with pleasing meditations upon the beauty and perfection of nature. I turned my eyes upon the earth, and saw it covered with innumerable animals, that sported upon its surface, and each found subsistence adapted to its wants. I saw the air and water themselves teeming with life, and peopled with innumerable swarms of insects. I saw that, throughout the whole extent of creation, as far as I was capable of observing it, nothing was waste or desolate; everything was replete with life and adapted to support it. I particularly examined all the vegetables which are capable of becoming the food of man or of the various animals which contribute to his support; I studied their qualities, the soil in which they flourished, and the improvements which might be made in every species. I sometimes wandered among the neighbouring mountains, and considered with silent admiration the various substances which we call by the common name of earth. These I used to collect and mingle with the mould of my own garden, by which means I frequently made useful discoveries in fertilizing the soil and increasing the quantity of food.

“I also considered the qualities of the air which surrounds and sustains all living animals. I particularly remarked the effects it produces upon their constitutions, and by these means was frequently enabled to give useful counsel to all the neighbourhood. A large tract of ground had been formerly deluged by the sea, and the waters, finding no convenient vent, spread

themselves all around, and converted a large extent of soil into a filthy marsh. Every year, when the heat of summer prevailed, the atmosphere was filled with putrid exhalations, which produced fever and other disorders among the inhabitants. Touched with compassion for the evils which they endured, I persuaded them to undertake the task of draining the soil and letting off the superfluous waters. This I instructed them to do with such success that in a short time an unwholesome desert became covered with the most luxuriant harvests, and was deprived of all its noxious influence.

“Amid these tranquil and innocent employments, my life flowed gently away like a clear and even stream: I was a stranger to avarice, to ambition, and to all the cares which agitate the bulk of mortals. Alternate labour and study preserved the vigour both of body and mind; our wants were few and easily gratified; we chiefly subsisted upon the fruits of the earth, and seldom polluted our table with the bodies of slaughtered animals. One only child, the unfortunate girl who owes her preservation to the courage of this young man, was granted to our prayers. We hung with rapture upon her innocent smiles, and remarked her opening graces with all the partiality of parental fondness. As she grew up, her mother instructed her in all the arts and employments of her sex; while I, who already saw the tempest gathering which has since burst with such fatal fury upon my country, thought it necessary to arm her mind with all the firmness which education can bestow. For this reason I endeavoured to give both to her mind and body a degree of vigour which is seldom found in the female sex. As soon as she was sufficiently advanced in strength to be capable of the lighter labours of husbandry and gardening, I employed her as my constant companion.

“Selene, for that is her name, soon acquired a dexterity in all the rustic employments, which I considered with equal pleasure and admiration. If women are in general feeble, both in body and mind, it arises less from nature than from education. We encourage a vicious inactivity, which we falsely call delicacy; instead of hardening their minds by the severer principles of reason and philosophy, we breed them to useless arts, which terminate in vanity and triviality. In most of the countries which I had visited, they are taught nothing of a higher nature than a few modulations of the voice or useless

postures of the body: their time is consumed in trifles, and trifles become the only pursuits capable of interesting them. We seem to forget that it is upon the qualities of the female sex that our own domestic comforts and the education of our children must depend. And what are the comforts or the education which a race of beings unacquainted with all the duties of life are fitted to bestow? To touch a musical instrument with useless skill, to exhibit their natural or affected graces to the eyes of indolent and debauched young men, to dissipate their husbands' patrimony in riotous and unnecessary expenses—these are the only arts cultivated by women in most of the polished nations I had seen. And the consequences are such as may be anticipated from such polluted sources,—private misery and public servitude.

“But Selene's education was regulated by different views and conducted upon severer principles; if that can be called severity which opens the mind to a sense of moral and religious duties, and arms it against the inevitable evils of life. With the rising sun she left her bed, and accompanied me to the garden or the vineyard. Her little hands were employed in pruning the luxuriant shoots of fruitful trees, that supplied our table with wholesome and delicious fruits, or in supporting the branches of such as sunk beneath their load. Sometimes she fetched water from a clear and constant rill that rolled along the valley, and refreshed our plants that were exhausted by the sun. With what delight did I view her innocent cheerfulness and assiduity! With what pleasure did she receive the praises which I gave to her skill and industry; or hear the lessons of wisdom and the examples of virtuous women, which I used to read her at evening out of the writings of celebrated philosophers, which I had collected in my travels!

“But such a life was too unchequered with misfortune to last. The first stroke was the untimely loss of my dear and virtuous wife. The pestilential heats of autumn overpowered her tender frame, and raised a consuming fever in her veins: for some time she struggled against the disease, but at length her pure and innocent spirit forsook this earth for ever, and left me, comfortless and forlorn, to mourn her loss.

“I will not attempt to describe the distress which seized my soul at seeing myself thus deserted. Even now that time has

mitigated the keenness of the smart, I feel the habitual anguish of an incurable wound. But let me rather hasten to relate the few remaining events of a uniform unvaried life, than detain you with a useless repetition of my sorrows.

“Scarcely had time afforded me a feeble comfort, when the recollection of past misfortunes was almost extinguished by the new ones which overwhelmed my country. The fertile plains of Syria abounded in all the necessities and conveniences of life. The vine seemed to grow spontaneously in every valley. The industrious insect which spins silk out of its bowels, though lately introduced into that part of Asia, seemed to receive new vigour from the mildness of the climate. Corn and oil, the noblest fruits, and the most salubrious herbs, were found in the garden of every peasant; and the herds of cattle and horses, which wandered over our luxuriant pastures, equalled or surpassed all I had observed in other countries. But this profusion of blessings, instead of being attended with any beneficial effects, produced nothing but a foolish taste for frivolous employment and sensuality. Feasts, and dances, and music, the tricks of players and exhibitions of buffoons, were more attended to than the important cares of life. Every young man was a critic in the science of adjusting the folds of his robe, or of giving a studied negligence to his hair; every young woman was instructed in every art that serves to consume time or endanger modesty.

“In such a state of things it was not long to be expected that my countrymen would be suffered to hold the riches they abused. A warlike tribe of barbarians burst forth from the northern mountains of Asia and spread themselves over our fertile plains, which they laid waste like a consuming tempest. After a few ineffectual skirmishes, which only served to expose their weakness to the contempt of their enemies, they yielded without opposition to the invader. This, indeed, was more wise than to irritate him by a fruitless resistance; and thus, in a few weeks, the leader of an obscure tribe of barbarians saw himself become a powerful monarch, and possessor of one of the richest provinces of Asia.

“I was sitting one evening at the door of my cottage, and gazing upon the fading glory of the setting sun, when a man of majestic appearance, but with something ferocious in his look, attended by several others, passed by. As he approached

my little garden, he seemed to view it with satisfaction and to unbend the habitual sternness of his look. I asked him if he would enter and taste the fruits with his companions. He accepted my offer, and leading him to a shady arbour, I brought him the most palatable fruits I could find, with milk and other rustic fare such as my farm afforded. He seemed pleased with his entertainment, and when he was departing, thanked me with great affability, and bade me ask a favour in return; 'which,' added he, with a certain degree of conscious pride, 'you can scarcely make too great either for my gratitude or power.' 'If,' answered I (for I began to suspect that it was Arsaces, the leader of these barbarians), 'your power is indeed equal to every boon, give peace and liberty to my country.' 'The first,' said he, 'I have already given; and as to the second, it is impossible; their vices and effeminacy render them incapable of enjoying it. Men that have neither virtue, temperance, nor valour, can never be long without a master, even though Arsaces were to withdraw his conquering troops. But ask again,' added he, 'something for thyself, and let the favour be worthy of my bestowal.' 'Heaven,' answered I, with a smile, 'has already given everything that I can want when it gave the earth fertility and me the power to labour. All, therefore, that I request, O mighty conqueror, is, that you will please to order your men to step aside from the newly-cultivated ground, and not destroy my vegetables.' Arsaces, turning to his companions, exclaimed, 'There is something elevated in the tranquillity and composure of this man's mind, and were I not Arsaces, I should be with pleasure Chares.' He then departed, but commanded me to attend him the next day at the camp, and gave strict orders that none of the soldiers should molest me or injure my humble residence.

"I attended the great Arsaces at the time he had appointed, and beheld the encampment of his troops with admiration and regret. This people was a tribe of that mighty empire which is called Scythia, whose inhabitants have so often issued from their deserts for the conquest and destruction of their neighbours. This country extends to an unknown length beyond the most fertile districts of Europe and Asia. The climate is cold in winter, and the earth for several months covered with snow; but in summer it is warmed by the sun, and for that reason is possessed of an amazing degree of fertility. But as the inhabi-

tants live remote from the sea, and have few navigable rivers, they are little acquainted with agriculture or the arts of life. Instead of trusting to the increase of their fields for food, they raise prodigious herds of cattle and horses in the luxuriant pastures which everywhere abound. The Scythians, like the Arabians, wander over these immense spaces without a permanent residence. By the side of lakes and rivers, where the verdure is more constant and the vegetation stronger, they generally encamp, until the heats of the summer compel them to ascend the mountains and seek a cooler residence. Their houses are composed of slender poles, covered with skins or a coarse cloth, and therefore are easily erected or taken down and stowed in waggons for the convenience of transporting them in their marches. Their diet is conformable to the poverty of their habitations. They milk their herds, and above all, their mares, and preserve the produce in large bottles for months together. This sour and homely mess is to them the greatest dainty, and composes the chief of their nourishment. To this they add the flesh of their cattle and horses, which they kill when afflicted with disease, but rarely in health.

“This is the simple and uniform life of all the Scythians; but this simplicity renders them formidable to their neighbours and irresistible in war. Unsoftened by ease or luxury, unacquainted with the artificial wants of life, these nations pass their lives in manly exercises and rustic employments. But horsemanship is the greatest pride and passion of their souls, nor is there any man who does not possess several of these noble animals. These, though small in size, are admirably adapted for the fatigues of war and the chase, and are endowed with incomparable swiftness. As to the Scythians themselves, they excel all other nations, unless it be the Arabs, in their courage and address in riding. Without a saddle, or even a bridle, their young men will vault upon an unbroken courser, and keep their seats, in spite of all his violent efforts, till they have rendered him tame and obedient to their will.

“In their military expeditions they neither regard the obstacles of nature nor the inclemencies of the season; and their horses are accustomed to traverse rocks and mountains with a facility that is incredible. If they reach a river, instead of waiting for the tedious assistance of boats and bridges, the warrior divests himself of his clothes and arms, which he

places in a bundle upon his horse's back, and then swims over, conducting the steed by the bridle. Even in the midst of winter the Scythian follows his military labours, and rejoices to see the earth thickly covered with frost and snow, because it affords him a solid path in his excursions. Neither the severest cold nor the most violent storms can check his ardour. Wrapt up in the thick furs of animals, the patient horseman pursues his march, while all his food, for weeks together, is comprised in a little bag of seeds or corn. Javelins and bows and arrows are the arms which these people are taught from their infancy to use with surprising dexterity: and no less dangerous when they fly than when they charge the enemy in front, they are accustomed to shoot with an unerring aim at their pursuers and turn the fortune of the battle.

“Such men are scarcely to be conquered by the efforts of the most powerful sovereigns; and therefore the proudest conquerors of the world have failed in their attempts to subdue them.

“Such was the nation which had invaded Syria, and easily triumphed over the efforts of an effeminate and unwarlike people. As I passed through the camp, I was astonished at the order and regularity which prevailed among these barbarians. Some were exercising their horses in the mimic representation of a battle; part fled with incredible speed, while the rest pursued and darted blunted javelins at their antagonists. Yet even those who fled would frequently turn upon their pursuers, and make them repent their rashness. Some, while their horses were running in full speed, would vault from off their backs to others which accompanied them. Some would gallop by a mark erected for their arrows, and when they had passed it a considerable way, turn themselves round upon their horses, and transfix it with an unerring aim. I saw many who vaulted upon their horses, and placed themselves between two naked swords, which would have given them certain death, had they swerved ever so little from the just direction. In another part of the camp, I observed the children, who imitated all the actions of their fathers, and bended little bows adapted to their strength, or guided horses of an inferior stature along the plain. Their women were, indeed, inferior to the Syrians in beauty and elegance, but seemed to be of a more robust constitution and more adapted to give birth to warriors.

“I saw no gold, no jewels, no vain and costly apparel ; but all seemed busy in domestic cares, preparing the food of their families, or nursing their infants. At length I reached the royal tent, which scarcely differed from the rest in its structure or simplicity, and was there introduced to the great Arsaces. He received me with a courtesy which had nothing of the barbarian in it, seated me familiarly by his side, and entered into a long conversation with me upon the laws, manners, and customs of the different nations I had seen. I was surprised at the vigour and penetration which I discovered in this untutored warrior’s mind. Nature in him had produced the same effects which study and philosophy do in others. But what amazed me more than all was to find this Scythian chief as well acquainted with the state and consequences of our manners as if he had passed his life in Greece or Syria, instead of the plains and forests of his own domain. He entertained a rooted contempt for all the arts which soften the body and mind, under the pretence of adding to the elegances of life : ‘These,’ he said, ‘were more efficacious agents to reduce men to slavery than the swords and arrows of their enemies.’

“One day I remember that some of our principal men, judging of the mind of their conqueror by their own, brought to him a celebrated dancer, who, at that time, engaged the whole attention of our city, and seemed to interest it much more than the loss of liberty. This man exerted himself with an agility that extorted the loudest applause from all the spectators but Arsaces. At length one of our countrymen took the liberty of asking the monarch what he thought of this extraordinary performance. ‘I think,’ replied he, coldly, ‘that it would gain him great credit in a nation of monkeys.’

“Another time, he was present at the exhibitions of a celebrated musician, who was reputed to possess unrivalled skill in playing soft and melting tunes upon the lyre. All the audience seemed to feel the influence of his art, by their inarticulate murmurs of admiration, and the languishing postures of their bodies. When the exhibition was finished, the musician advanced, amid the united plaudits of the audience, as if to receive the just tribute of approbation from Arsaces. But he, with a stern look, said to him, ‘Friend, I permit thee to play every night before the Syrians ; but if thy lyre is ever heard to sound

in the presence of my Scythians, I condemn thee to death for the offence.'

"After I had conversed some time with this barbarian chief, who heard me with the greatest attention, the hour of refreshment for the army approached, and I was preparing to retire; but the general stopped me with a smile, and told me I had already entertained him with the greatest hospitality, and that therefore it was just that I should stay and taste the Scythian food. A bit of dried flesh, which I afterwards found was that of a horse, some sour coagulated milk, with an infusion of certain herbs, thickened with a coarse kind of flour, were then brought in and placed upon the ground. I had learned, during my travels in different countries, to discard the false antipathies which so many entertain against the diet of foreign nations; I therefore placed myself by the side of Arsaces, and fed, without any visible repugnance, upon a diet which would have excited abhorrence in the minds of all my countrymen.

"After we had eaten some time, Arsaces asked me what I thought of the Scythian method of living. 'To speak the truth,' said I, 'it is more formidable to your enemies than agreeable to your friends.' He smiled at my sincerity, and I departed; but from that hour he distinguished me with marks of peculiar favour, and admitted me to all his councils. This mark of distinction gave me no other pleasure than as it sometimes enabled me to be useful to my unhappy countrymen, and mitigate the rigour of their conquerors. Indeed, while the great Arsaces lived, his love of justice and order was so great that even the conquered were safe from oppression. The peasant pursued his labours, unterrified by the march of armies, and brought the produce of his fields to a voluntary market. Merchants from all the neighbouring nations crowded to our ports, attracted by the order and justice which were enforced in every part of Arsaces' dominions; and even the vanquished themselves, defended from oppression and protected in their possessions, considered the success of the Scythians rather as a salutary revolution than as a barbarian conquest.

"Such was the condition of affairs, when an unexpected disease put an end to the glorious life of our conqueror, and with him perished all hopes of safety or happiness to the Syrians. His authority alone was capable of restraining so many victo-

rious barbarians: the spirit of rapine and plunder, so long repressed, began now to spread through all the army. Every officer was an independent tyrant, who ruled with despotic authority, and punished as rebellion the least opposition to his will. The fields were now ravaged, the cities plundered, the industrious peasants driven away like herds of cattle, or sold into distant regions as slaves. Now it was that the miserable and harassed Syrians began to find that the riches which they so much esteemed were but the causes of their ruin. The poor, accustomed to hardship, have little to fear amid the vicissitudes of life; the brave can always find a refuge in their own valour: but all the bitterness of existence is reserved for those who have neither courage to defend what they most value, nor fortitude to bear the loss.

“To increase the weight of our misfortunes, new tribes of barbarians, attracted by the success of their countrymen, issued from their deserts, and hastened to share the spoil. But it was not long before the vanquished beheld their conquerors animated by implacable rage against each other, and suffering in turn the violence and cruelties they had inflicted.

“At length one of the principal officers of Arsaces, who is said originally to have descended from the mountains which you inhabit, was raised to empire by the successful efforts of his soldiers. He has already attacked and destroyed all his competitors, and assembled under his banners the remainder of their forces. Tigranes, for thus he is named, possesses all the courage and activity of Arsaces, but he is destitute of his generosity and clemency. His ambition is boundless; he grasps at universal empire, and scatters ruin and destruction in his way. He has already subjected all the maritime cities that derive their origin from Greece, together with the fertile plains of Syria. These mountains, inhabited by a bold and hardy race of men, now present a barrier to his enterprising spirit, and I am assured he already meditates the conquest. His wolf-like soldiers are drawn together from every part; and nothing can escape their fury. In vain did I think myself safe in the humble obscurity of my cottage and the reputed favour of the great Arsaces. Yesterday, a lawless band, not contented with destroying my harvest, and plundering my little property, seized my daughter and me, and dragged us away in chains. What further injuries, what further insults, we might have suffered, it is

impossible to determine, since Heaven was pleased to effect our deliverance when we had least reason to expect it."

Such was the history of Chares, which Sophron and his family listened to with fixed attention. When he had finished, the father of Sophron again embraced the venerable stranger, and assured him of all the safety which their mountains could bestow. "But," added he, "if so imminent a danger is at hand, it behoves us to consult for the general safety; let us assemble all our friends and neighbours, that they may consider whether life is of more consequence than liberty; and if they determine to retain that freedom which they have received from their ancestors, by what means it may be best defended.

Sophron then immediately went out, and ascending a neighbouring rock, thus shouted out, in a voice which echoed over the neighbouring valleys, "Arm, O ye inhabitants of Lebanon, and instantly meet in council; for a powerful invader is near, and threatens you with death or slavery." This sound was instantly repeated by all who heard it, so that, in a short time, the intelligence was dispersed to the very confines of the country.

It was not long before a numerous assembly was convened. The elders of the nation appeared, attended by their sons in all the pride of youth and vigour, who rushed along in arms, and seemed to breathe deliberate rage and unconquerable opposition. When they were all assembled upon a spacious plain, Sophron rose, and, with a becoming modesty, recited the adventures of the preceding night, and the alarming intelligence he had just received. He had scarcely finished, before a cry of indignation burst unanimously from the whole assembly. When it had a little subsided, a venerable man, whose beard, white as the snow upon the summits of the mountains, reached down to his waist, slowly arose, and leaning upon his staff, spoke thus: "Ninety years have I tended my flocks amid these mountains, and during all that time I have never seen a human being who was bold enough to propose to the inhabitants of Lebanon, that they should fear death more than infamy, or submit to be the vassals of a tyrant." At this a second cry, which seemed to rend the very heavens, was raised, and further deliberation judged unnecessary, except upon the most effectual means of defence. For this purpose the aged and more experienced retired to a little distance to consult.

They were not long in their deliberations. It was unanimously decreed that all who were able to bear arms should wait the approach of the enemy within the boundaries of their own mountains. The nature of the country, always rough, and in many parts inaccessible, would afford them, they thought, sufficient advantages, even against the more numerous and better disciplined troops of the invader; and by universal consent, Sophron was named the general of his country, and invested with supreme authority for its defence.

When these measures had been resolved upon, the assembly dispersed, and Sophron was left alone with Chares. It was then the stranger thus accosted him with a deep sigh: "Did success, O virtuous Sophron, depend upon the justice of the cause, or upon the courage and zeal of its defenders, I should have little doubt concerning the result of the present contest. For I can truly say, that in all the countries I have visited, my eyes have never seen a more martial race than have this day assembled. But war, unfortunately, is a trade, where long experience frequently confers advantages which no intrepidity can balance. The troops which are now approaching have been for years trained to the practice of slaughter; they join to a courage which defies every danger, a knowledge of every fraud and subtlety which can confound an adversary. In bodily strength, in numbers, your countrymen are superior; even in courage and the contempt of danger they are not inferior to their enemies: but such are the fatal effects of military skill and discipline, that I dread the event of a combat with such an army and such a leader."

"Alas!" answered Sophron, "I know that my countrymen will perform everything that can be effected by men in their situation; and that thousands will generously sacrifice their lives rather than abandon the cause they have undertaken to defend: yet, when I consider the superior advantages of our enemies, my fears are no less active than your own! This consolation, however, remains, that I shall either see my country victorious, or avoid the miseries which will attend her ruin."

"Hear me then," replied Chares. "The virtues of your friends, my own obligations to yourself, and the desire I feel to oppose the career of mad ambition, conspire to wrest from me a dreadful secret which I have hitherto buried in my own bosom, and had determined to conceal from the knowledge of

mankind. I have already told you that much of my life has been dedicated to the acquisition of knowledge and the investigation of the laws of nature. Not contented with viewing things as they strike our senses, I have endeavoured to penetrate into the deeper recesses of nature, and to discover those secrets which are concealed from the greater part of mankind. For this purpose, I have submitted the plants, the stones, the minerals which surround us, to the violence of all-consuming fire; I have examined their structure and the different principles which compose them, with the patient perseverance of a long life. In the course of these inquiries, I have made many curious and important discoveries; but one above the rest, which I will now impart, under the promise of eternal and inviolable secrecy. Know, then, that I have found out an easy and expeditious combination of common materials, the effect of which is equal or superior to the most potent and destructive agents in nature. Neither the proudest city can maintain its walls, nor the strongest castle its bulwarks, against the irresistible attacks of this extraordinary powder. Increase but the quantity, and the very rocks and mountains will be torn asunder with a violence that equals that of earthquakes. Whole armies, proud of their triumphs, may be in an instant scattered and destroyed, like the summer's dust before the whirlwind; and, what increases that prodigy, a single man may securely give death to thousands. This composition I have hitherto concealed, in pity to the miseries of mankind; but since there appears no other method of preserving the virtuous inhabitants of these mountains, I am determined to employ it in their defence. Give orders, therefore, that a certain number of your countrymen provide me with such ingredients as I shall hereafter name, and expect the amplest success from your own valour, assisted by such powerful auxiliaries."

Sophron said everything to Chares which such an unexpected mark of confidence deserved, and instantly received his orders, and prepared to execute them with the greatest alacrity. Chares, meanwhile, was indefatigable in the execution of his project, and it was not long before he had prepared a sufficient quantity to provide for the common defence. Tigranes now approached with the rage and confidence of a lion that invades a flock of domestic animals. He had long forgotten all the ties which attach men to the place of their birth, and neither time

nor distance had been able to extinguish the hatred he bore towards Sophron. Scarcely did he deign to send an ambassador before his army. He, however, despatched one with an imperious message, requiring all the inhabitants of Lebanon to submit to his victorious arms, or threatening them with the worst extremities of war. When the ambassador returned and reported the fixed determination of Sophron and his countrymen, he was inflamed with rage, and ordered his army to advance to the attack. They marched without opposition till they entered the mountainous districts, where all the bravest inhabitants were ranged in arms to meet them. Then arose the noise of war, and the clang of arms; then man encountered man, and wounds and death were seen on every side. The troops of Tigranes advanced in close array, with long spears; the inhabitants of Lebanon were lighter armed, and with invincible courage endeavoured to break the formidable battalion of their enemies. Sophron was seen conspicuous in every part of the field, encouraging his companions with his voice, and more by his actions. Wherever he turned, he was followed by the bravest youth of his party, and there the efforts and the slaughter were always greatest. Five times, covered with blood and dust, he made a desperate charge upon the troops of Tigranes, and five times did he force his bravest soldiers to give ground. At length the superiority of discipline began to prevail over the generous but more unequal efforts of the defenders. The veterans of Tigranes perceived their advantage, and pressed the enemy with redoubled vigour. This was the decisive moment which Chares had provided for: in an instant the bands of Lebanon retreat by the orders of Sophron, with a precipitation bordering upon flight. Tigranes, supposing himself certain of victory, orders his troops to advance and decide the fortune of the battle; but while they are rashly preparing to obey, a sudden noise is heard that rivals the loudest thunder; the earth itself trembles beneath their feet, then bursts asunder with a violence that nothing can resist. Hundreds are in an instant swallowed up, or dashed against rocks and miserably destroyed. Meanwhile, all nature seems to be convulsed around; the rocks themselves are torn from their solid base, and with their enormous fragments crush whole bands of miserable wretches beneath. Clouds of smoke obscure the field of battle, and veil the combatants in a dreadful shade; which is

from time to time dispelled by flashes of destructive fire. Such a succession of horrors daunted even the bravest; scarcely could the troops of Lebanon, who had been prepared to expect some extraordinary interposition, maintain their post, or behold the spectacle of their enemy's ruin; but the bands of Tigranes were struck with the wildest consternation, and fled with trembling steps over the field. And now these prodigies were succeeded by an awful interval of quiet; the peals of bursting thunder were no longer heard, the lightning ceased to flash, the mists rolled away, and discovered the various fortunes of the fight. Then the voice of Sophron was heard, exhorting his companions to pursue the fugitives and complete their victory. They rushed forward like angry lions to the chase; but all resistance was at an end, and Sophron, who perceived that the enemy was irretrievably broken, checked the ardour of his men, and entreated them to spare the vanquished. They obeyed his voice, and, after having chased them beyond the utmost boundaries of Lebanon, returned in triumph, amid the praises and acclamations of their joyful families. They then examined the field of battle, and collecting all who had any remains of life, they treated them with the greatest humanity, binding up their wounds, and ministering to all their necessities. Among the thickest dead was found the breathless body of Tigranes, miserably shattered and disfigured, but still exhibiting marks of passion and ferocity. Sophron could not behold, without compassion, the friend of his early years and the companion of his youthful sports. "Unhappy man!" said he, "thou hast, at length, paid the price of thy ungovernable ambition! How much better would it have been to have tended thy flocks upon the mountains, than to have died thus amid the curses of thy country!" He then covered the body with a military vest, and ordered it to be honourably burned upon a mighty funeral pile which was prepared for all the dead.

The next day an immense quantity of spoil was collected that had been abandoned by the troops of Tigranes in their flight. The simple inhabitants of Lebanon, the greater part of whom had never been beyond the limits of their mountains, were astonished at such a display of luxury and magnificence. Already the secret poison of avarice began to inflame their hearts as they gazed on costly hangings, enriched with gold and silver, on Persian carpets, and drinking-vessels of the most ex-

quisite workmanship. Already had they begun to differ about the division of these splendid trifles, when Sophron, who marked the growing mischief, rose and proposed to his countrymen that the arms of their conquered enemies should be carefully preserved for the public defence, but that all the rest of the spoil should be consumed upon the funeral pile prepared for the dead, lest the simplicity of the inhabitants of Lebanon should be corrupted, and the happy equality which had hitherto prevailed among them interrupted. This proposal was instantly applauded by all the older and wiser part of the assembly, nor did those of a different character dare to express their sentiments or attempt any open opposition.

From this time Sophron was universally honoured as the most virtuous and valiant of his nation. He passed the rest of his life in peace and tranquillity, contented with the exercise of the same rural employments which had engaged his childhood, and Chares, whose virtues were equally admirable, was presented at the public expense with a small but fertile tract of land, sufficient to supply him with all the comforts of life: this the grateful inhabitants of the mountains continually cultivated for him as a memorial of the signal assistance he had afforded them; and here, contented with the enjoyment of security and freedom, he passed the remaining part of his life in the contemplation of nature and the delightful intercourse of virtuous friendship.

When Miss Simmons had finished, Tommy expressed his astonishment at the latter part of the story. "Is it possible," said he, "there can be anything of so extraordinary a nature as to burst the very rocks asunder and destroy an army at once?"

"Have you, then, never heard the explosion of a gun, or are you ignorant of the destructive effects of the powder with which they charge it?" said Mr. Barlow.

Tommy. Yes, sir; but that is nothing to what Chares did in the story.

Mr. Barlow. That is only because it is used in very small portions; but were you to increase the quantity, it would be capable of effecting everything which you heard Miss Simmons describe. It is now universally the agent of destruction. They have large tubes of iron called cannons, into which they ram a considerable quantity of powder, together with a large iron

ball as big as your head. They then set fire to the powder, which explodes with so much violence that the ball flies out and destroys not only every living thing it meets with, but even demolishes the strongest walls that can be raised. Sometimes they bury gunpowder in the earth, and then they contrive to inflame it and to escape in time. When the fire communicates with the mass, it explodes in an instant, and produces the horrible effects you have heard described. As such are its irresistible effects, it is no wonder that even a victorious army should be stopped in its progress by such a dreadful and unexpected event.

Tommy. That is true, indeed; and I now plainly perceive that a man may be of much more consequence by improving his mind in various kinds of knowledge, even though he is poor, than by all the finery and magnificence he can acquire. I wish, with all my heart, that Mr. Barlow had been so good as to read this story to the young gentlemen and ladies that were lately here. I think it would have prevented their feeling so much contempt for poor Harry, who is better and wiser than any of them, though he does not dress so genteelly.

"Tommy," said Mr. Merton, with a kind of contemptuous smile, "why should you believe that the hearing of a single story would change the characters of all your late friends, when neither the good instructions you have so long received from Mr. Barlow, nor the intimacy you have had with Harry, were sufficient to restrain your impetuous temper, or prevent you from treating him in the shameful manner you have done?"

Tommy appeared very much abashed by his father's rebuke, and hung his head in silence a considerable time: at length he faintly said, "Oh, sir, I have indeed acted very ill: I have rendered myself unworthy of the affection of all my best friends. But pray, do not give me up entirely: you shall see how I will behave for the future; and if ever I am guilty of the same faults again, I consent that you should abandon me for ever." Saying this he silently stole out of the room, as if intent upon some extraordinary resolution. His father observed his motions, and, smiling, said to Mr. Barlow, "What can this portend? This boy is as changeable as a weathercock. Every blast whirls him round and round, nor will he ever fix, I fear, in any direction." "At least," said Mr. Barlow, "you have the greatest reason to rejoice in his present impressions, which

are good and estimable. And I fear it is the lot of most human beings to exhaust almost every species of error before they fix in truth and virtue."

Tommy soon returned, but with a remarkable change in his dress and manner. He had combed the elegant curls out of his hair, and had divested his dress of every appearance of finery. In this habiliment he appeared so totally changed from what he was, that even his mother, who had lately become a little sparing of her observations, could not help exclaiming, "What, in the name of wonder, has the boy been doing now? Why, Tommy, I protest, you have made yourself a perfect fright, and you look more like a plough-boy than a young gentleman!"

"Mamma," answered Tommy, gravely, "I am only now what I ought always to have been. Had I been contented with this dress before, I never should have imitated such a parcel of cox-combs as you have lately had at your house; nor pretended to admire Miss Matilda's music, which I own tired me as much as Harry, and had almost sent me to sleep. Nor should I have exposed myself at the play and the ball; and what is worst of all, I should have avoided all my shameful behaviour to Harry at the bull-baiting. But from this time I shall apply myself to the study of nothing but reason and philosophy; and therefore I have bid adieu to finery for ever."

It was with great difficulty that the gentlemen could refrain from laughing at Tommy's harangue, delivered with infinite seriousness and solemnity: they, however, concealed their merriment, and encouraged him to persevere in such a laudable resolution. But as the night was now pretty far advanced, the whole family retired to bed.

Early the next morning Tommy arose and dressed himself with his newly-adopted simplicity; and as soon as breakfast was over entreated Mr. Barlow to accompany him to Harry Sandford's. But he did not forget to take with him the lamb, which he had caressed and fed with his own hands ever since he had so valiantly rescued him from his devouring enemy. As they approached the house, the first person that Tommy saw was his little friend at some distance, driving his father's sheep along the common. At this sight, his impetuosity could no longer be restrained, and springing forward with all his speed, he arrived in an instant, panting and out of breath, and incapable of speaking. Harry, who knew his friend, and read

his feelings in his face, met him with open arms, so that reconciliation was begun and completed in a moment, and Mr. Barlow, who now arrived with the lamb, had the pleasure of seeing his little pupils mutually giving and receiving every unaffected mark of the warmest affection.

"Harry," said Mr. Barlow, "I bring you a little friend, who is sincerely penitent for his offences, and comes to own the faults he has committed." "That I am, indeed," said Tommy, a little recovered, and able to speak. "But I have behaved so ill that I am afraid Harry will never be able to forgive me."

"Indeed, indeed," said Harry, "there you do me the greatest injustice: for I have already forgotten everything but your former kindness and affection." "And I," answered Tommy, "will never forget how ungratefully I have used you, nor the goodness with which you now receive me." Tommy then recollected his lamb, and presented it to his friend; while Mr. Barlow told him the story of its rescue, and the heroism exerted in its defence. Harry seemed to receive equal pleasure from the restoration of his favourite and the affection Tommy had shown in its preservation; and taking him by the hand he led him into a small but neat and convenient house, where he was most cordially welcomed by Harry's family. In a corner of the chimney sat the honest black who had performed so signal a service at the bull-baiting. "Alas!" said Tommy, "there is another instance of my ingratitude. I now see that one fault brings on another without end." Then, advancing to the black, he took him kindly by the hand, and thanked him for the preservation of his life. "Little master," replied he, "you are extremely welcome to all I have done. I would at any time risk my own safety to preserve one of my fellow-creatures, and if I have been of any use, I am amply repaid by the kindness of this little boy, your friend, and all his worthy family."

"That is not enough," said Tommy, "and you shall soon find what it is to oblige a person like — (here a piece of presumption was just coming out of Tommy's mouth; but recollecting himself, he added) a person like my father."

And now he addressed himself to Harry's mother, a venerable, decent woman, of middle age, and his two sisters, plain, modest, healthy-looking girls, a little older than their brother. All these he treated with so much cordiality and attention that all the company were delighted with him: so easy is it for those

who possess rank and fortune to gain the good-will of their fellow-creatures ; and so inexcusable is that surly pride which renders many of them deservedly odious.

When dinner was ready, he sat down with the rest ; and as it was the custom here for everybody to wait upon himself, Tommy insisted upon their suffering him to conform to the established method. The victuals were not indeed very delicate, but the food was wholesome, clean, and served up hot to table ; an advantage which is not always found in more elegant houses. Tommy ate with considerable appetite, and seemed to enjoy his new situation as much as if he had never experienced any other. After the dinner was removed, he thought he might with propriety gratify the curiosity he felt to converse with the black upon fighting bulls ; for nothing had more astonished him than the account he had heard of his courage and the ease with which he had subdued so terrible an animal. "My friend," said he, "I suppose, in your country, you have been very much used to bull-baitings ; otherwise you never would have dared to oppose such a fierce creature. I must confess, though I can tame most animals, I never was more frightened in my life than when I saw him break loose, and without your assistance, I do not know what would have become of me."

"Master," replied the black, "it is not in my own country that I have learned to manage these animals. There I have been accustomed to several kinds of hunting much more dangerous than this : and, considering how much you white people despise us blacks, I own I was very much surprised to see so many hundreds of you running away from such an insignificant enemy as a poor tame bull."

Tommy blushed a little at the remembrance of the prejudices he had formerly entertained concerning blacks ; but not choosing now to enter upon the subject, he asked the man where then he had acquired so much dexterity in taming them.

"I will tell you, master," replied the black. "When I lived a slave among the Spaniards at Buenos Ayres, it used to be a common employment of the people to go into the woods and hunt cattle for their subsistence. The hunter mounts his fleetest horse and takes with him a strong cord of a considerable length. When he sees one of these wild oxen he pursues it at full speed, and never fails to overtake it by the superior swiftness of his horse. While he is thus employed, he holds the

cord ready, at the end of which a sliding noose is formed ; and when he is at a convenient distance, throws it from him with such a certain hand that the beast is entangled by one of his legs, after which it is impossible for him to escape.

“ That you may form a clearer idea of what a man is capable of executing with courage and address, I will relate a most extraordinary adventure to which I was witness during my residence in that part of the world. A certain man, a native of the country, had committed some offence, for which he was condemned to labour several years in the galleys. He found means to speak to the governor of the town, and besought him to change the nature of his punishment. ‘ I have been brought up,’ said he, ‘ a warrior, and fear dishonour, but not death. Instead of consuming my strength and spirits in such an ignominious employment, let me have an opportunity of achieving something worthy to be beheld, or of perishing like a brave man in the attempt. In a few days a solemn feast is to be celebrated, at which you will not fail to be present, attended by all your people. I will there, in the presence of the whole city, encounter the fiercest bull you can procure. I desire no assistance but my horse, no weapons but this cord ; yet, thus prepared, I will meet his fury, and take him by the head, the horns, the feet, as you shall direct. I will then throw him down, bridle him, saddle him, and vault upon his back : in this situation, you shall turn out two more of the fiercest bulls you can find, and I will attack them both, and put them all to death with my dagger the instant you shall command.’

“ The governor consented to this brave man’s request, more from curiosity to see so extraordinary a spectacle, than from the belief that it would be attended with success. When the appointed day arrived, the inhabitants of all the city assembled and took their seats in a vast building destined for this amazing combat. The brave American then appeared alone, on horseback, armed with nothing but his cord ; and after riding round the place and saluting the company, he waited intrepidly for his enemy. Presently, an enormous bull was let loose, which, as soon as he beheld the man, attacked him with all his fury. The American avoided his assault with great dexterity, and galloped round the bull, which, in his turn, betook himself to flight. The valiant horseman pursued his flying enemy, and while he was thus engaged, desired the

governor to direct him where he would have him seized. He replied, it was a matter of indifference to him; and the American instantly throwing his noose, which he held ready all the time, caught the bull in his flight by one of his hinder legs; then galloping two or three times round the animal, he so enveloped him in the snare, that after a few violent efforts to disengage himself, he fell to the earth. He then leaped lightly from his horse, and the animal, which had been perfectly trained up to this kind of combat, stood still and kept the cord extended; while his master advanced to the bull, and put him to death in an instant by stabbing him with his dagger behind the horns. All the assembly uttered a shout of admiration; but the conqueror told them that what they had seen was nothing, and composedly mounted his horse and waited for a new and more formidable enemy. Presently, the gate of the torillo was opened, and a bull, much more furious than the last, rushed out, which he was ordered to bridle and saddle, according to his engagement."

"This," said Tommy, "is the most astonishing story I ever heard. I do not believe all the fine gentlemen I have ever seen would dare to attack such a bull."

"Master," replied the black, "the talents of mankind are various, and nature has in every country furnished mankind with all the qualities necessary for their preservation. In this country and many others which I have seen, there are thousands who live like birds in cages, upon the food provided by others, without doing anything for themselves. But they should be contented with the happiness they enjoy, if such a life can be called happiness, and not despise their fellow-creatures, without whose assistance they could not exist an instant."

"Very true, indeed," answered Tommy. "You seem to me a very honest, sensible man, though a negro; and I entertain the same opinions. But let us hear how this brave man succeeded in his next attempt."

"When the champion perceived this second enemy approach, he waited for him with the same intrepidity as before, and avoided his formidable shock by making his horse wheel nimbly round the bull. When he had thus baffled his fury, and put his enemy to flight, he chased him some time, as he had done the former, till he drove him near to the middle of the inclosed

space, where a strong post had been firmly fixed into the ground. As soon as he approached the spot, he threw the unerring noose, and catching the bull by the horns, entangled him as he had done before, and dragged him with some difficulty to the stake. To this he bound him down so closely that it became impossible for the creature either to resist or stir. Leaping then from his horse, which remained immovable as before, he took a saddle, which had been left there on purpose, and girded it firmly on the back of the bull; through his nostrils he thrust an iron ring, to which was fixed a cord, which he brought over his neck as a bridle: and then, arming his hand with a short pike, he vaulted upon the back of this new and terrible courser.

“The creature all this time did not cease to bellow with every expression of rage, which had not the least effect upon this valiant man. On the contrary, coolly taking a knife, he cut the cord which bound him to the stake, and restored him to perfect liberty. The creature thus disengaged, exerted every effort of strength and fury to throw his rider, who kept his seat undaunted, in spite of all his violent agitations. The gates of the torillo were then thrown open, and two other furious bulls rushed out and seemed ready to attack the man; but at the instant they perceived the manner in which he was mounted their rage gave way to terror, and they fled precipitately away. The other bull followed his companions, and bore his rider several times round the amphitheatre in this extraordinary chase. This spectacle had already lasted some time, to the admiration of all present, when the governor ordered the man to complete the business by putting all the bulls to death. Instantly drawing his knife, he plunged it behind the horns of the bull on which he rode, which immediately dropped down dead, while the conqueror, disengaging himself as he fell, stood upright by the slaughtered animal. He then mounted his horse again, which had been placed in safety at some little distance, and pursuing the chase as before, with his fatal noose, dispatched both the surviving animals without the least difficulty.”

Tommy expressed the greatest admiration at this recital; and now, as the evening began to advance, Mr. Barlow invited him to return. But Tommy, instead of complying, took him by the hand, thanked him for all his kindness and attention, and de-

clared his resolution of staying some time with his friend Harry. "The more I consider my own behaviour," said he, "the more I feel ashamed of my folly and ingratitude. But you have taught me, my dear sir, that all I have in my power is to acknowledge them, which I most willingly do before all this good family, and entreat Harry to think that the repentance I now feel will endure for ever." Harry embraced his friend, and assured him once more of his being perfectly reconciled; and all the family stood mute with admiration at the condescension of the young gentleman, who was not ashamed of acknowledging his faults even to his inferiors.

Mr. Barlow approved of Tommy's design, then taking his leave of all the company, he departed.

But Tommy began now to enter upon a course of life which was very little consistent with his former habits. He supped with great cheerfulness, and even found himself happy with the rustic fare which was set before him, accompanied as it was with unaffected civility and a hearty welcome. He went to bed early and slept very sound all night: however, when Harry came to call him the next morning at five, as he had made him promise to do, he found a considerable difficulty in rousing himself at the summons. Conscious pride, however, and the newly-acquired dignity of his character supported him. He recollected that he should disgrace himself in the eyes of his father, of Mr. Barlow, and of all the family of the Sandfords, if he appeared incapable of acting up to his own declarations: he therefore made a noble effort, leaped out of bed, dressed himself, and followed Harry. Not contented with this, he accompanied him in all his rustic employments, and as no kind of country exercise was entirely new to him since his residence with Mr. Barlow, he acquitted himself with a degree of dexterity which gained him new commendations.

Thus did he pass the first day of his visit, with some little difficulty indeed, but without deviating from his resolution. On the second, he found his change of life much more tolerable; and in a very short time he was almost reconciled to his new situation. The additional exercise so improved his health and strength, and added so considerably to his appetite, that he began to think the table of Farmer Sandford exceeded all he had ever tried before.

By thus practising the common useful occupations of life he

began to feel more interest in the common concerns of his fellow-creatures. He now found, from his own experience, that Mr. Barlow had not deceived him in the various representations he had made of the utility of the lower classes, and consequently of the humanity which is due to them when they discharge their duty. Nor did that gentleman abandon his little friend in this important trial. He visited him frequently, pointed out everything that was curious or interesting about the farm, and by his praises encouraged him to persevere. "You are now," said Mr. Barlow, one day, "beginning to practise those virtues which have rendered the great men of other times so justly famous. It is not by sloth nor finery that greatness of character or even reputation is to be acquired. He that would excel others in virtue or knowledge must first excel them in temperance and industry. When the Roman people, oppressed by their enemies, were looking out for a leader able to defend them and change the fortune of the war, where did they seek for this extraordinary man? It was neither at banquets, nor in palaces, nor amid the gay, the elegant, or the dissipated: they turned their steps towards a poor and solitary cottage, such as the meanest of your late companions would consider with contempt; there they found Cincinnatus, whose virtues and abilities excelled those of all the rest of his fellow citizens, turning up the soil with a pair of oxen and holding the plough himself. This great man had been inured to arms and the management of public affairs, even from his infancy. He had repeatedly led the Roman legions to victory; yet in the hour of peace, or when his country did not require his services, he deemed no employment more honourable than to labour for his own subsistence.

"What would all your late friends have said to see the greatest men in England and the bravest officers of the army, crowding round the house of one of those obscure farmers you have been accustomed to despise, and entreating him, in the most respectful language, to leave his fields and accept the highest dignity in the army? Yet this was actually the state of things at Rome; and it was characters like these that elevated that people above all the other nations of the world. And tell me, my little friend, would you rather, in a high station, appear to all mankind unworthy of the advantages you enjoy,

or, in a low one, seem equal to the most exalted employments by your virtues and abilities?"

Such were the conversations which Mr. Barlow frequently held with Tommy, and which never failed to inspire him with new resolution to persevere. Nor could he help being frequently affected by the comparison of Harry's behaviour with his own. No cloud seemed ever to shade the features of his friend, or alter the uniform sweetness of his temper. Even the repeated provocations he had received were either totally obliterated or had made no disagreeable impressions. After discharging the necessary duties of the day, he gave up the rest of his time to the amusement of Tommy with so much zeal and affection that he could not avoid loving him a thousand times better than before.

During the evening he frequently conversed with the honest negro concerning the most remarkable circumstances of the country where he was born. One night, when he seemed peculiarly inquisitive, the black gave him the following account of himself:

"I was born," said he, "in the neighbourhood of the river Gambia in Africa. In this country people are astonished at my colour, and start at the sight of a black man, as if he did not belong to their species: but there everybody resembles me; and when the first white men landed upon our coast, we were as much surprised with their appearance as you can be with ours. In some parts of the world I have seen men of a yellow hue, in others of a copper colour; and all have the foolish vanity to consider their fellow-creatures inferior to themselves. There, indeed, they entertain these conceits from ignorance; but in this country, where the natives pretend to superior reason, I have often wondered they could be influenced by such a prejudice. Is a black horse inferior to a white one in speed, or strength, or courage? Is a white cow thought to give more milk, or a white dog to have a more acute scent in pursuing the game? On the contrary, I have generally found, in almost every country, that a pale colour in animals is considered as a mark of weakness and inferiority. Why, then, should a certain race of men imagine themselves superior to the rest for the very circumstance they despise in other animals?"

“But in the country where I was born it is not only man that differs from what we see here, but every other circumstance. Here, for a considerable part of the year, you are chilled by frosts and snows, and scarcely behold the sun during that gloomy season that is called the winter. With us the sun is always present, pouring out light and heat, and scorching us with his fiercest beams. In my country we know no difference in the length of nights and days : all are of equal length throughout the year. We have neither ice, nor frost, nor snow : the trees never lose their leaves, and we have fruits in every season of the year. During several months, indeed, we are scorched by exhausting heats, which parch the ground, dry up the rivers, and afflict both men and animals with intolerable thirst. In that season you may behold lions, tigers, elephants, and a variety of other ferocious animals, driven from their forest homes down to the lower grounds and the sides of rivers. Every night we hear their savage yells, and think ourselves scarcely safe in our cottages. In England you have reduced all other animals to subjection, and have nothing to fear except from each other. You even shelter yourselves from the injuries of the weather, in mansions of brick or stone, that would have scarcely anything to fear from the whole animal creation ; but with us, a few reeds twisted together, and daubed over with slime or mud, compose the whole of our dwellings. Yet there the innocent negro would sleep as happy and contented as you do in your palaces, provided you did not drag him by fraud and violence away, and force him to endure all the excesses of your cruelty.

“It was in one of these cottages that I first remember anything of myself. A few stakes driven into the ground and interwoven with dry reeds, covered overhead by the spreading leaves of the palm, composed our dwelling. Our furniture consisted of three or four earthen pipkins, in which our food was dressed ; a few mats, woven with a silky kind of grass, to serve as beds ; the instruments with which my mother turned the ground, and the javelins, arrows, and lines which my father used in fishing or the chase. In this country, and many others where I have been, I observe that nobody thinks himself happy till he has got together a thousand things which he does not want and can never use. You live in houses so big that they are fit to contain an army ; you cover yourselves with super-

fluous clothes, which restrain all the motions of your bodies : when you want to eat, you must have meat enough served up to nourish a whole village ; yet I have seen poor famished wretches starving at your gate, while the master had before him at least a hundred times as much as he could consume. We negroes, whom you treat as savages, have different manners and different opinions. The first thing that I can remember was running naked about such a cottage as I have described with four of my little brothers and sisters. I have observed your children here with astonishment. As soon as they are born it seems to be the business of all about them to render them weak, helpless, and unable to use any of their limbs. The little negro, on the contrary, is scarcely born before he learns to crawl about upon the ground. Before your children here are taught to venture themselves upon their feet, he has the perfect use of his, and can follow his mother in her daily labours.

“ This I remember was my own case. Sometimes I used to go with my mother to the field, where all the women of the village were assembled to plant rice for their subsistence. The joyful songs which they used to sing amid their toils delighted my infant ear ; and when their daily task was done, they danced together under the shade of spreading palms. In this manner did they raise the simple food which was sufficient for themselves and their children : yams, a root resembling your potato, Indian corn, and, above all, rice ; to this were added the fruits which nature spontaneously produced in our woods, and the produce of the chase and fishing. Yet with this we are as much contented as you are with all your splendid tables, and enjoy a greater share of health and strength. As soon as the fiery heat of the sun declined, you might behold the master of every cottage reposing before his own door, and feasting upon his mess of roots or fruits, with all his family around. If a traveller happened to come from a distant country, he was welcome to enter into every house, and share the provisions of the family. No door was barred against his entrance, no surly servant insulted him for his poverty : he entered wherever he pleased, sat down with the family, and then pursued his journey or reposed in quiet till the next morning. In each of our towns there is generally a large building, where the elder part of the society are accustomed to meet in the

shade of the evening and converse upon a variety of subjects ; the young and vigorous divert themselves with dances and other pastimes, and the children amuse themselves with a thousand sports and gambols adapted to their age. Some aim their little arrows at marks, or dart their light and blunted javelins at each other, to form themselves for the exercises of war and the chase ; others wrestle naked upon the sand, or run races with a degree of activity which I have never seen among the Europeans, who pretend to be our masters.

“ I have described to you the building of our houses : simple as they are, they answer every purpose of human life, and every man is his own architect. A hundred or two of these edifices compose our towns, which are generally surrounded by lofty hedges of thorns, to secure us from the midnight attacks of wild beasts, with only a single entrance, which is carefully closed at night.”

“ You talk,” said Tommy, “ of wild beasts : pray, have you many of them in your country ? ”

“ Yes, master,” said the black, “ we have the lion, which I dare say you have heard of, and perhaps seen. He is bigger than the largest mastiff, and infinitely stronger and more fierce. His paws alone are such, that with a single blow he is able to knock down a man. When he roars, every beast of the forest betakes himself to flight, and even the boldest hunter can scarcely hear it without dismay. Sometimes the most valiant of our youth assemble in bands, arm themselves with arrows and javelins, and go to the chase of these destructive animals. When they have found his retreat, they make a circle round, uttering shouts and cries, and clashing their arms, to rouse him to resistance. The lion, meanwhile, looks round upon his assailants with indifference or contempt : neither their number, nor their shouts, nor the glitter of their arms, can daunt him for an instant. At length he begins to lash his sides with his long tail ; his eyes sparkle ; and, if the number of the hunters is very great, he perhaps moves slowly on. But this he is not permitted to do. A javelin, thrown at him from behind, wounds him in the flank, and compels him to turn. Then you behold him roused to fury and desperation : neither wounds, nor streaming blood, nor a triple row of barbed spears, can prevent him from springing upon the daring black who has wounded him. Should he reach him in the

attack, it is certain death ; but generally the hunter, who is contending for glory and his own life, and is inured to danger, avoids him by a nimble leap, and all his companions hasten to his assistance. Thus is the lion pressed and wounded on every side ; his rage is ineffectual, and only exhausts his strength the faster ; a hundred wounds are pouring out his blood at once, and at length he bites the ground in the agonies of death, and yields the victory, though unconquered.

“When he is dead, he is carried back in triumph by the hunters, as a trophy of their courage. All the village rushes out at once : the young, the old, women and children, uttering joyful shouts and praising the valour of their champions. The elders admire his prodigious size, his mighty limbs, his dreadful fangs, and perhaps repeat tales of their own exploits ; the women tremble at their fierce enemy, even in his death ; while the men compel their children to approach the monster, and tinge their little weapons in his blood. Feasts are then made in every house, to which the victors are invited as the principal guests. These are intended at once to reward those who have performed so gallant an achievement, and to encourage a spirit of enterprise in the rest of the nation.”

“What a dreadful kind of hunting must this be !” said Tommy. “But I suppose if any one meets a lion alone it is impossible to resist him ?” “Not always,” answered the black : “I will tell you what I was once witness to myself. My father was reckoned not only the most skilful hunter, but one of the bravest of our tribe ; innumerable wild beasts fell beneath his single arm. One evening when the inhabitants of the whole village were assembled at their sports and dances, a monstrous lion, allured I suppose by the smell of human flesh, burst unexpectedly upon them, without warning them of his approach by roaring, as he commonly does. As they were unarmed and unprepared for defence, all but my father instantly fled trembling to their huts ; but he, who had never yet turned his back upon any beast of the forest, drew from his side a kind of knife or dagger, which he constantly wore, and placing one knee and one hand upon the ground, waited the approach of his terrible foe. The lion instantly rushed upon him with a fury not to be described ; but my father received him upon the point of his weapon, with so steady and so composed an aim that he buried it several inches in his

belly. The beast attacked him a second time, and a second time received a dreadful wound, not however without laying bare one of my father's sides with a sudden stroke of his claws. The rest of the village then rushed in, and despatched the lion with their javelins.

"This exploit spread my father's fame throughout the whole country, and gained him the name of *The Undaunted Hunter*, as an honourable distinction, from the neighbourhood. Under such a parent it was not long before I was taught every variety of the chase. At first my father only suffered me to pursue stags and other feeble animals, or took me in his canoe to fish. Soon, however, I was entrusted with a bow and arrows, and placed with many other children and young men to defend our rice-fields from the depredations of the river-horse. Rice, it is necessary to observe, is a plant that requires great moisture in the soil; all our plantations, therefore, are made by the side of rivers in the soft fertile soil which is overflowed in the rainy season. But when the grain is almost ripe, we are forced to defend it from a variety of hurtful animals, that would otherwise deprive us of the fruits of our labours; among these, one of the principal is the animal I have mentioned. His size and bulk are immense, being twice the size of the largest ox which I have seen in this country. He has four legs, which are short and thick, a head of monstrous magnitude, and jaws that are armed with teeth of a prodigious size and strength; besides two prominent tusks, which threaten destruction to all assailants.

"But this animal, though so large and strong, is chiefly an inhabitant of the river, where he lives upon fish and water-roots. It is sometimes a curious but a dreadful sight, when a boat is gliding over a smooth part of the stream, of unusual depth and clearness, to look down and behold this monstrous creature travelling along the bottom, several yards below the surface. Whenever this happens the boatman instantly paddles another way; for such is the strength of the creature, that he is able to upset a bark of moderate size, by rising under it, or to tear out a plank with his fangs, and expose those who are in it to the dangers of an unexpected shipwreck. All the day he chiefly hides himself in the water and preys upon fish; but during the night he issues from the river and invades the fields of standing corn, which he would soon lay desolate were he

not driven back by the shouts and cries of those who are stationed to defend them. At this work I had assisted several successive nights, till we were almost wearied with watching. At length, one of the most enterprising of our young men proposed that we should no longer content ourselves with driving back the enemy, but boldly attack and punish him for his temerity. With this purpose we concealed ourselves in a convenient spot, till we had seen one of the river-horses issue from the water and advance into our plantations: then we rushed from our hiding-place with furious shouts and cries, and endeavoured to intercept his return; but the beast, confiding in the superior strength, advanced slowly, snarling horribly and gnashing his dreadful tusks; and in this manner he opened his way through the thickest of our battalions. In vain we poured upon him on every side our darts and arrows, and every missive weapon; so well defended was he in an impenetrable hide, that every weapon either rebounded as from a wall, or glanced aside without in the least annoying. At length, one of the boldest of our youth advanced unguardedly upon him, and endeavoured to wound him from a shorter distance; but the furious beast, rushing upon him with an unexpected degree of swiftness, ripped up his body with a single stroke of his enormous tusk, and then seizing him in his furious jaws, lifted up his mangled body as if in triumph, and crushed him into a shapeless mass.

“Fear instantly seized upon our company; all involuntarily retreated, and seemed inclined to quit the unequal combat—all but myself, who, inflamed with grief and rage, determined either to revenge his death, or perish in the attempt. Seeing, therefore, that it was in vain to attack him in the usual manner, I chose the sharpest arrow, and fitted it to the bow-string; then with a cool, unterrified aim, observing that the animal moved nimbly on to the river, I discharged it full at his broad and glaring eyeball, with such success that the barbed point penetrated even to his brain, and the monster fell expiring to the ground.

“This action, magnified beyond its deserts, gained me universal applause throughout the hamlet; I was from that time looked upon as one of the most valiant and fortunate of our youth. The immense body of the monster which I had slain was cut to pieces and borne in triumph to the village. All the

young women received me with songs of joy and congratulation; the young men adopted me as their leader in every hazardous expedition, and the elders applauded me with such expressions of esteem as filled my ignorant heart with vanity and exultation.

"But what was more agreeable to me than all the rest, my father received me with transport, and pressing me to his bosom with tears of joy, told me that now he could die with pleasure, since I had exceeded his most sanguine expectations. 'I,' said he, 'have not lived inglorious; I have transfixed the tiger with my shafts; I have attacked the lion in his rage; even the elephant has been compelled to turn his back, and fly before my javelin: but never in the pride of my youth and strength did I achieve such an exploit as this.'

"He then went into his cabin, and brought forth the bow and fatal arrows which he was accustomed to use in the chase. 'Take them, take them,' said he, 'my son, and rescue my weaker arm from a burden which it is no longer destined to sustain. Age is now creeping on; my blood begins to cool, my sinews slacken, and I am no longer equal to the task of supporting the glories of our race. That care shall now be thine, and with a firmer hand shalt thou henceforth use these weapons against the beasts of the forest and the enemies of our country.'"

Such was the account which the negro gave to Tommy of his birth and education. His curiosity was gratified with the recital, and his heart expanded in the same proportion that his knowledge improved. He reflected with shame upon the ridiculous prejudices he had once entertained; he learned to consider all men as equals; and the foolish distinctions which pride had formerly suggested, were gradually obliterated from his mind. Such a change in his sentiments rendered him more mild, more obliging, more engaging than ever; he became the delight of all the family; and Harry, although he had always loved him, now knew no limits to his affection.

One day he was surprised by an unexpected visit from his father, who met him with open arms, and told him that he was now come to take him back to his own house. "I have heard," said he, "such an account of your present behaviour, that the past is entirely forgotten, and I glory in owning you for a

son." Tommy returned his caresses with genuine warmth, but with a degree of respect and humility he had once been little accustomed to use. "I will accompany you home, sir," said he, "with the greatest readiness; for I wish to see my mother, and hope to give her some satisfaction by my future behaviour. You have both had too much to complain of in the past, and I am unworthy of such affectionate parents." He then turned his face aside, and shed a tear of real virtue and gratitude, which he instantly wiped away, as unworthy the composure and fortitude of his new character.

"But sir," added he, "I hope you will not object to my detaining you a little longer, while I return my acknowledgments to all the family, and take my leave of Harry." "Surely," said Mr. Merton, "you can entertain no doubt upon that subject: and to give you every opportunity of discharging all your duties to a family to which you owe so much, I intend to take a dinner with Mr. Sandford, whom I now see coming home, and to return with you in the evening."

At this instant Farmer Sandford approached, and very respectfully saluting Mr. Merton, invited him to walk in. But Mr. Merton, after returning his civility, drew him aside, as if he had some private business to communicate. When they were alone he made him every acknowledgment that gratitude could suggest; "but words," added Mr. Merton, "are very insufficient to return the favours I have received; for it is to your excellent family, together with the virtuous Mr. Barlow, that I owe the preservation of my son. Let me therefore entreat you to accept of what this pocket-book contains, as a slight proof of my regard, and lay it out in whatever manner you please, for the advantage of your family."

Mr. Sandford, who was a man both of sense and humour, took the book, and examining the inside found that it contained bank notes to the amount of some hundred pounds. He then carefully shut it up again, and returning it to Mr. Merton, told him that he was very much obliged to him for the generosity which prompted such a princely act; but as to the present itself, he must not be offended if he declined it. Mr. Merton then pressed him with every argument he could think of: he desired him to consider the state of his family; his daughters unprovided for; his son himself with a nature that might adorn a throne, brought up to labour; and his own

advancing age, which began to stand in need of greater ease and comfort.

"And what," replied the honest farmer, "is it but these conveniences of life, that are the ruin of all the nation? When I was a young man, Master Merton, and that is near forty years ago, people in my condition thought of nothing but doing their duty to God and man, and labouring hard: this brought down a blessing upon their heads, and made them thrive in all their worldly concerns. When I was a boy, farmers did not lie droning in bed as they do now, till six or seven. My father, I believe, was as good a judge of business as any in the neighbourhood, and turned as straight a furrow as any ploughman in the county of Devon: that silver cup, which I intend to have the honour of drinking your health out of to-day at dinner, was won by him at the great ploughing-match near Axminster. Well, my father used to say, that a farmer was not worth a farthing that was not in the field by four; and my poor dear mother too, the best-tempered woman in the world, she always began milking exactly at five; and if a single soul was to be found in bed after four in summer, you might have heard her from one end of the farm to the other. I would not disparage anybody or anything, my good sir, but those were times indeed: the women then knew something about the management of a house: it really was quite a pleasure to hear my poor mother lecture the servants. And the men were men indeed."

Mr. Merton began to be convinced that whatever other qualities good Mr. Sandford might have, he did not excel in brevity; and therefore endeavoured, in still stronger terms, to overcome the delicacy of the farmer, and prevail upon him to accept his present.

But the good farmer pursued his point thus: "Thank you, thank you, my dear sir, a thousand times, for your good will; but as to the money, I must beg your pardon if I persist in declining it. Formerly, sir, as I was saying, we were all happy and healthy, and our affairs prospered, because we never thought about the conveniences of life: now, I hear of nothing else. One neighbour, for I will not mention names, brings his son up to go shooting with gentlemen; another sends his to market upon a blood horse, with a plated bridle. And then the girls, the girls! There is fine work indeed! They must have

their hats and feathers, and riding habits; but scarcely one of them can milk a cow or churn, or bake, or do any one thing that is necessary in a family; so that, unless the government will send them all to Australia or New Zealand and bring us a cargo of plain honest housewives, who have never been at boarding-schools, I cannot conceive how we farmers are to get wives."

Mr. Merton laughed very heartily at this, and told him that he would venture to assert it was not so at his house. "Not quite so bad indeed," said the farmer; "my wife was bred up under a notable mother, and is, in the main, a very good sort of woman. She has brought her daughters up a little better than usual; but I can assure you, she and I have had many a good argument upon the subject. Not but that she approves their milking, spinning, and making themselves useful; but she would fain have them genteel, for all women now are mad after gentility; and when once gentility begins, there is an end of industry. Now, were they to hear of such a sum as you have generously offered, there would be no peace in the house. My girls, instead of Deb and Kate, would be Miss Deborah and Miss Catherine; in a little time, they must be sent to boarding-school, to learn French and music. And when they come back, who must boil the pot, or make the pudding, or sweep the house, or serve the pigs? Did you ever hear of Miss Juliana, or Miss Harriet, or Miss Carolina, doing such vulgar things?"

Mr. Merton was very much struck with the honest farmer's method of expressing himself, and could not help admitting the truth of his representations; yet he still pressed him to accept his present, and reminded him of the improvement of his farm.

"Thank you again and again," replied the farmer; "but the whole generation of the Sandfords have been brought up to labour with their own hands for these hundred years; and, during all that time, there has not been a dishonest man, a gentleman, or a madman amongst us. And shall I be the first to break the customs of the family, and perhaps bring down a curse on all our heads? What could I have more, if I were a lord? I have plenty of victuals and work, good firing, clothes, a warm house, a little for the poor, and, between you and me, something perhaps in a corner, to set my children off with, if they behave well. Ah! neighbour, neighbour, if you did but know

the pleasure of holding a plough after a good team of horses, and then going tired to bed, perhaps you'd wish to have been brought up a farmer too. But in one word, as well as a thousand, I shall never forget the extraordinary kindness of your offer; but if you would not ruin a whole family of innocent people that love you, just consent to leave us as we are."

Mr. Merton seeing the fixed determination of the farmer, and feeling the justice of his coarse but strong morality, was obliged, however reluctantly, to desist; and Mrs. Sandford, coming to invite them to dinner, he entered the house and paid his respects to the family.

After the cloth was removed and Mr. Sandford had twice or thrice replenished his silver mug, the only piece of finery in his house, little Harry came running in with so much alacrity and heedlessness that he tore Miss Deborah's best apron, and had nearly precipitated Miss Catherine's new cap into the fire, for which the young ladies and his mother rebuked him with some acrimony. But Harry, after begging pardon with his usual good humour, cried, "Father, father, here is the prettiest team of horses, all matched and of a colour, with new harness, the most complete I ever saw in my life; and they have stopped at our back-door, and the man says they are brought for you." Farmer Sandford was just then in the middle of his history of the ploughing-match at Axminster; but the relation of his son had such an effect upon him, that he started up, upset the beer all over the table, and making a hasty apology to Mr. Merton, ran out to see these wonderful horses.

Presently he returned as much delighted as his son. "Mr. Merton," said he, "I did not think you had been so good a judge of a horse. I suppose they are a new purchase, which you want to have my opinion upon, and I can assure you they are the true Suffolk sorrels, the first breed of working horses in the kingdom; and these are some of the best of their kind."

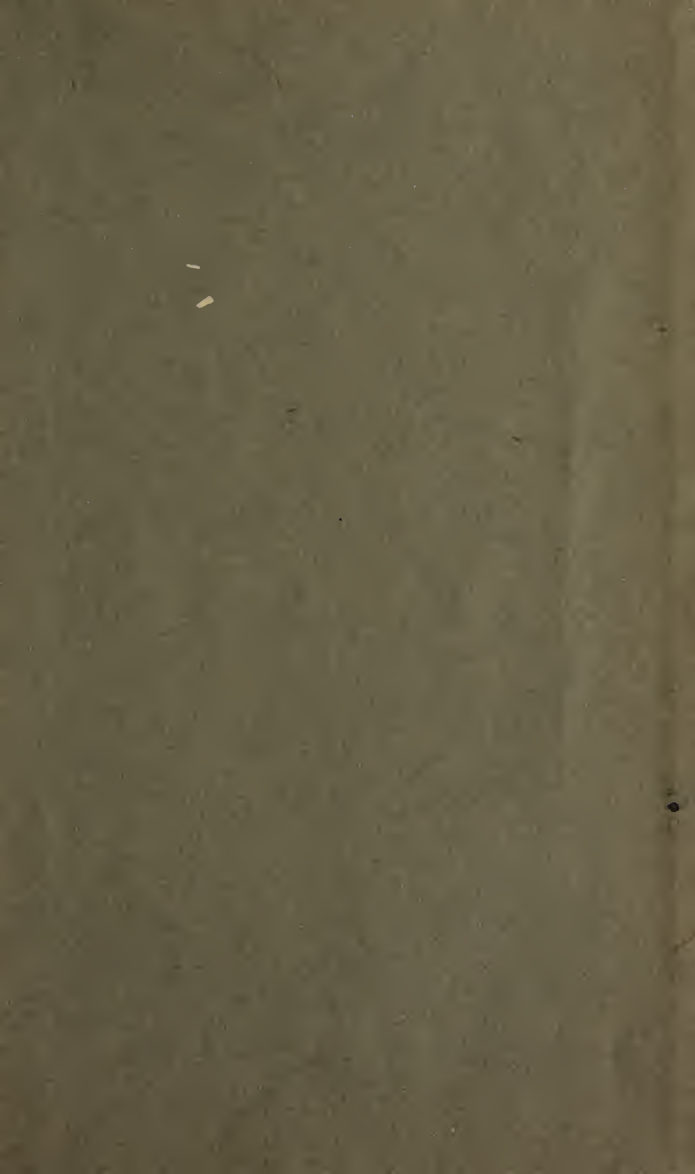
"Such as they are," answered Mr. Merton, "they are yours; and I cannot think, after the obligations I am under to your family, that you will do me so great a displeasure as to refuse."

Mr. Sandford stood for some time in mute astonishment; but, at length, he was beginning the politest speech he could think of to refuse so great a present, when Tommy coming up took him by the hand and begged him not to deny to his father and himself the first favour they had ever asked. "Besides," said

he, "this present is less to yourself than to little Harry; and surely, after having lived so long in your family, you will not turn me out with disgrace as if I had misbehaved."

Here Harry himself interposed, and considering less the value of the present, than the feelings and intentions of the giver, he took his father by the hand and besought him to oblige Master Merton and his father. "Were it any one else, I would not say a word," added he; "but I know the generosity of Mr. Merton, and the goodness of Master Tommy so well, that they will receive more pleasure from giving than you from taking the horses: though I must confess, they are such as would do credit to anybody, and they beat Farmer Thompson's all to nothing, which have long been reckoned the best team in all the country."

This last reflection, joined with all that had preceded, overcame the delicacy of Mr. Sandford, and he at length consented to order the horses to be led into his stables. And now Mr. Merton, having made the most affectionate acknowledgments to all this worthy and happy family, among whom he did not forget the honest black, whom he promised to provide for, summoned his son to accompany him home. Tommy then rose, and with the sincerest gratitude bade adieu to Harry and the rest. "I shall not be long without you," said he to Harry; "to your example I owe most of the little good that I can boast: you have taught me how much better it is to be useful than rich—how much more amiable to be good than to be great. Should I be ever tempted to relapse, even for an instant, into any of my former habits, I will return hither for instruction, and I hope you will again receive me." Saying this, he shook his friend Harry affectionately by the hand, and with many a backward glance and regretful sigh, accompanied his father home.



No.		Date		Description		Amount	
1	1890	Jan 1	Balance			100.00	
2	1890	Jan 15	Received from John Doe			50.00	
3	1890	Feb 1	Received from John Doe			25.00	
4	1890	Feb 15	Received from John Doe			75.00	
5	1890	Mar 1	Received from John Doe			100.00	
6	1890	Mar 15	Received from John Doe			150.00	
7	1890	Apr 1	Received from John Doe			200.00	
8	1890	Apr 15	Received from John Doe			250.00	
9	1890	May 1	Received from John Doe			300.00	
10	1890	May 15	Received from John Doe			350.00	
11	1890	Jun 1	Received from John Doe			400.00	
12	1890	Jun 15	Received from John Doe			450.00	
13	1890	Jul 1	Received from John Doe			500.00	
14	1890	Jul 15	Received from John Doe			550.00	
15	1890	Aug 1	Received from John Doe			600.00	
16	1890	Aug 15	Received from John Doe			650.00	
17	1890	Sep 1	Received from John Doe			700.00	
18	1890	Sep 15	Received from John Doe			750.00	
19	1890	Oct 1	Received from John Doe			800.00	
20	1890	Oct 15	Received from John Doe			850.00	
21	1890	Nov 1	Received from John Doe			900.00	
22	1890	Nov 15	Received from John Doe			950.00	
23	1890	Dec 1	Received from John Doe			1000.00	
24	1890	Dec 15	Received from John Doe			1050.00	
25	1890	Jan 1	Received from John Doe			1100.00	
26	1890	Jan 15	Received from John Doe			1150.00	
27	1890	Feb 1	Received from John Doe			1200.00	
28	1890	Feb 15	Received from John Doe			1250.00	
29	1890	Mar 1	Received from John Doe			1300.00	
30	1890	Mar 15	Received from John Doe			1350.00	
31	1890	Apr 1	Received from John Doe			1400.00	
32	1890	Apr 15	Received from John Doe			1450.00	
33	1890	May 1	Received from John Doe			1500.00	
34	1890	May 15	Received from John Doe			1550.00	
35	1890	Jun 1	Received from John Doe			1600.00	
36	1890	Jun 15	Received from John Doe			1650.00	
37	1890	Jul 1	Received from John Doe			1700.00	
38	1890	Jul 15	Received from John Doe			1750.00	
39	1890	Aug 1	Received from John Doe			1800.00	
40	1890	Aug 15	Received from John Doe			1850.00	
41	1890	Sep 1	Received from John Doe			1900.00	
42	1890	Sep 15	Received from John Doe			1950.00	
43	1890	Oct 1	Received from John Doe			2000.00	
44	1890	Oct 15	Received from John Doe			2050.00	
45	1890	Nov 1	Received from John Doe			2100.00	
46	1890	Nov 15	Received from John Doe			2150.00	
47	1890	Dec 1	Received from John Doe			2200.00	
48	1890	Dec 15	Received from John Doe			2250.00	
49	1890	Jan 1	Received from John Doe			2300.00	
50	1890	Jan 15	Received from John Doe			2350.00	
51	1890	Feb 1	Received from John Doe			2400.00	
52	1890	Feb 15	Received from John Doe			2450.00	
53	1890	Mar 1	Received from John Doe			2500.00	
54	1890	Mar 15	Received from John Doe			2550.00	
55	1890	Apr 1	Received from John Doe			2600.00	
56	1890	Apr 15	Received from John Doe			2650.00	
57	1890	May 1	Received from John Doe			2700.00	
58	1890	May 15	Received from John Doe			2750.00	
59	1890	Jun 1	Received from John Doe			2800.00	
60	1890	Jun 15	Received from John Doe			2850.00	
61	1890	Jul 1	Received from John Doe			2900.00	
62	1890	Jul 15	Received from John Doe			2950.00	
63	1890	Aug 1	Received from John Doe			3000.00	
64	1890	Aug 15	Received from John Doe			3050.00	
65	1890	Sep 1	Received from John Doe			3100.00	
66	1890	Sep 15	Received from John Doe			3150.00	
67	1890	Oct 1	Received from John Doe			3200.00	
68	1890	Oct 15	Received from John Doe			3250.00	
69	1890	Nov 1	Received from John Doe			3300.00	
70	1890	Nov 15	Received from John Doe			3350.00	
71	1890	Dec 1	Received from John Doe			3400.00	
72	1890	Dec 15	Received from John Doe			3450.00	
73	1890	Jan 1	Received from John Doe			3500.00	
74	1890	Jan 15	Received from John Doe			3550.00	
75	1890	Feb 1	Received from John Doe			3600.00	
76	1890	Feb 15	Received from John Doe			3650.00	
77	1890	Mar 1	Received from John Doe			3700.00	
78	1890	Mar 15	Received from John Doe			3750.00	
79	1890	Apr 1	Received from John Doe			3800.00	
80	1890	Apr 15	Received from John Doe			3850.00	
81	1890	May 1	Received from John Doe			3900.00	
82	1890	May 15	Received from John Doe			3950.00	
83	1890	Jun 1	Received from John Doe			4000.00	
84	1890	Jun 15	Received from John Doe			4050.00	
85	1890	Jul 1	Received from John Doe			4100.00	
86	1890	Jul 15	Received from John Doe			4150.00	
87	1890	Aug 1	Received from John Doe			4200.00	
88	1890	Aug 15	Received from John Doe			4250.00	
89	1890	Sep 1	Received from John Doe			4300.00	
90	1890	Sep 15	Received from John Doe			4350.00	
91	1890	Oct 1	Received from John Doe			4400.00	
92	1890	Oct 15	Received from John Doe			4450.00	
93	1890	Nov 1	Received from John Doe			4500.00	
94	1890	Nov 15	Received from John Doe			4550.00	
95	1890	Dec 1	Received from John Doe			4600.00	
96	1890	Dec 15	Received from John Doe			4650.00	
97	1890	Jan 1	Received from John Doe			4700.00	
98	1890	Jan 15	Received from John Doe			4750.00	
99	1890	Feb 1	Received from John Doe			4800.00	
100	1890	Feb 15	Received from John Doe			4850.00	

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